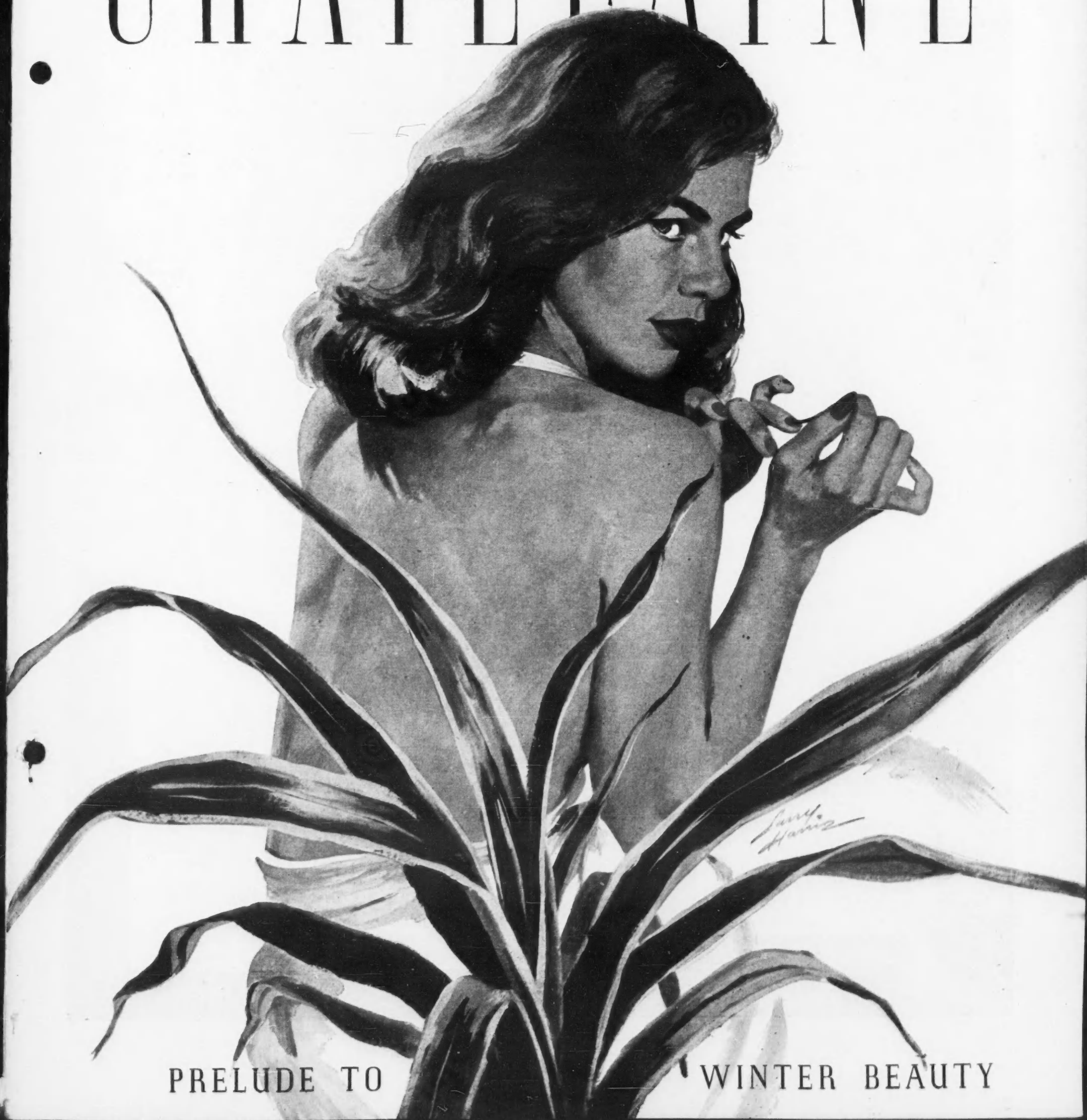


*The Canadian Woman's Magazine*

November 1948 • 15¢

# CHATELAINÉ



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NEW "COMPACT" FRIGIDAIRE**

**Up to 50% more food space.** Yes, each of the three models in this grand new line of "Compact" Frigidaire refrigerators gives you about two cubic feet more food space than conventional electric refrigerators!

**More frozen storage space.** The big new Super-Freezers give you enough space to store a whole week's supply of frozen foods!

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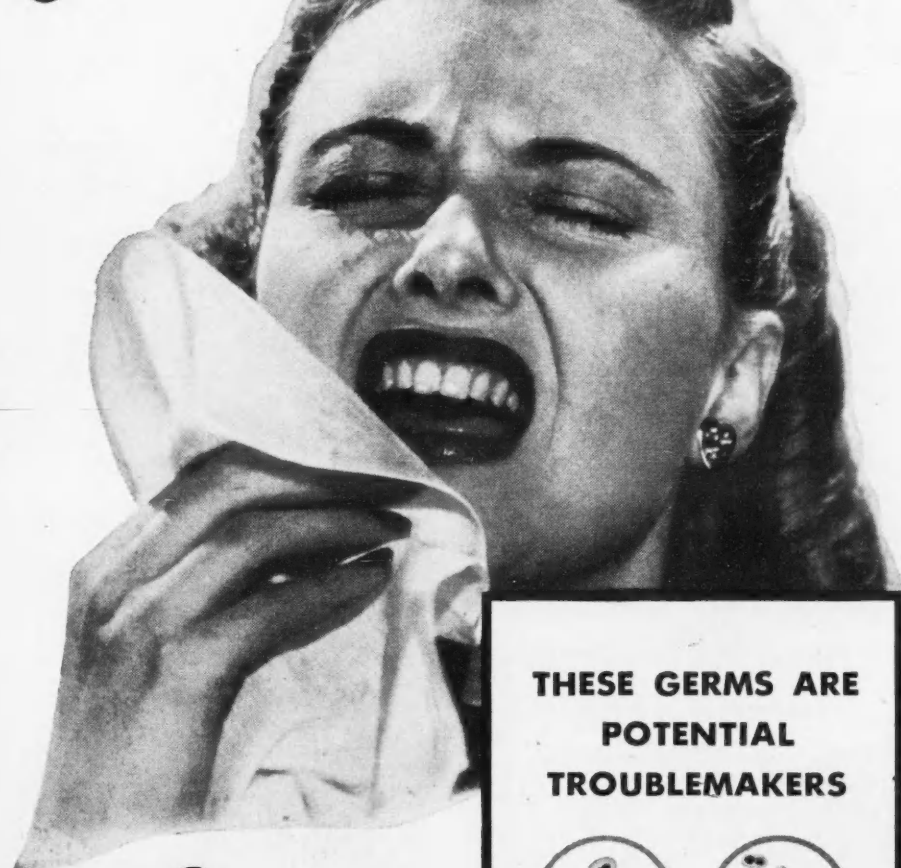
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# Catching Cold?



## Gargle

### LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC —QUICK!

**Germs Reduced as Much as 96.7%  
Even Fifteen Minutes after Gargle—  
tests showed**

If you can get the jump on the cold in the early stages . . . attack germs on throat surfaces before they invade the body . . . you can often "nip" a cold in the bud or lessen its severity.

That's why you ought to gargle with Listerine Antiseptic at the very first hint of a snuffle, sneeze, or a tightened throat.

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces and kills millions of germs, including the "secondary invaders." Just think, clinical tests showed that after this gargle germs were reduced as much as 96.7% fifteen minutes after, and up to 80% one hour after.

In short, Listerine Antiseptic, with quick germ-killing action, is a wonderful aid.

Remember also that in tests over a 12-year period, regular twice-a-day users of Listerine Antiseptic had fewer colds, and generally milder ones, than non-

#### THESE GERMS ARE POTENTIAL TROUBLEMAKERS



*Pneumococcus Type III*



*Pneumococcus Type IV*



*Streptococcus viridans*



*Friedlander's bacillus*



*Streptococcus hemolyticus*



*Bacillus influenzae*



*Micrococcus catarrhalis*



*Staphylococcus aureus*

#### "SECONDARY INVADERS"

These germs, even when a cold is initiated by a virus, contribute to much of its misery when they stage a mass invasion of throat tissues.

users; also that sore throats due to colds were fewer.

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**P.S.** Have you tried the new Listerine Tooth Paste, the Minty 3-way Prescription for your Teeth?

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# To the United Nations

By FRANCES FROST

Mr. Chairman of whatever country,  
may I speak? I thank you.

Gentlemen, is peace on the agenda?

We each have honor as our nations have  
for we are here to represent those nations  
and an honorable man respects the honor of another  
without question. Here before us stands  
a most important question: shall we squabble  
until all men we represent are dead?

Gentlemen, we know each country's people,  
we know the men and women,  
the citizens who have or have not children.  
We know the children, too. They're on the agenda.  
Whoever breathes is on the agenda, sirs,  
and many who are dead or half alive  
due to our previous greed, stupidity,  
or lack of heart. And I beseech you, listen  
to the small important sound your own heart makes  
in all this multitude.

What soldier home  
knows he is home? What wife is sure of him?  
What child knows more than a quick-snatched  
crumb of life?

Mr. Chairman from whatever country  
and gentlemen from whatever honorable nation,  
we are here for a purpose. Let each man sit down  
and think with his heart  
and with the hearts of his sons  
and with the hearts of his fathers before him.

Gentlemen, I thank you for your patience.  
Mr. Chairman, is peace on the agenda?



*So powerful is this poem that  
I feel it should appear as the  
November editorial.*

—Byrne Hope Sanders



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3. Your own new or renewal subscription may be included as part of your order, thus taking advantage of the special Christmas rates.
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BM-1-48

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# I plan my own

**Able-bodied Peter Davidson shops for his own coffin — and discovers facts about the high cost of dying every Canadian should know**

**A** FEW weeks ago a friend of mine died suddenly. He hadn't been able to save a great deal. There was very little insurance. His widow would have to find herself a job as soon as possible. Meanwhile every penny counted—and the bill for the funeral came to \$300.

When I heard that I began to worry. I'm not a rich man either, and I wanted to make sure that if I should die before my wife she, too, wouldn't spend more than she ought. We'd always worked out our budgets together, but that was an item we'd never considered; and after the formidable expense my friend's widow had taken on, I figured it was high time we got round to it.

First, though, we needed more information than either of us had, and eventually we decided that the simplest way to get it would be to go to an undertaker and ask questions. At the last minute she backed down, saying she couldn't face the prospect; which is how it happened that I went alone to shop around for my own funeral. And that is what I'm going to tell you about now; because one thing led to another, and before I finished I'd learned a good many of the reasons why it costs so much to die.

Since until then I'd never even considered having to choose an undertaker, and since we live in Toronto where there are dozens and dozens of them, picking one was a bit of a problem. I solved it by looking through the yellow pages of the phone book, following the principle that firms which seemed from the size of their advertisements to do a lot of business were probably also efficient. For all I knew, or still know, the smaller outfits

were quite as good as the big ones; but that was how, with nothing else to go by, I made my choice.

As it turned out, the place I settled on couldn't have been more typical. I'd seen buildings like it, differing only in detail, in Halifax and Ottawa and Winnipeg and Vancouver. For obvious reasons I can't describe its appearance closely enough to let you identify it if you live in Toronto too; but that doesn't matter, because you've undoubtedly seen plenty of such establishments yourself. They all have a faint resemblance to private houses, with a touch of church and maybe a suggestion of an architect's office; the whole adding up unmistakably to what is called a funeral home—which, when you think of it, is a rather remarkable contradiction in terms, and characteristic of the undertaking vocabulary, apparently designed to rob death of its sting by pretending it doesn't altogether exist.

## So Hideously Vulgar

Before I go on, let me urge you not to get the idea that I'm just trying to be smart about this mortuary double-talk. It is significant of an attitude that helps as much as anything to explain why modern funerals are such expensive affairs, and by the same token why they are often so hideously vulgar and ostentatious. Once we stop calling things by their plain names, we have begun to run away from their reality. The reality of death is simple, and long ago when people faced it as we are required to do by the Christian faith, burials were simple too. When we hide from it behind a screen of soothing



# Funeral



words, and say that a dead person is reposing in a slumber room at a funeral home, we are shifting the emphasis from the spirit, which has gone to eternal life, to the dead flesh it has left behind. And when we do that, we're already half convinced that what happens to the body is tremendously important, and that the more elaborate a burial is, the more we are showing our sorrow and respect.

I have yet to talk to a clergyman of any denomination who was anything but shocked by this increasing concern for the corpse; and I have met some who try to check the trend by refusing to conduct a funeral service unless the coffin is first closed. Nevertheless it is the attitude on which the funeral industry is based, and undertakers are naturally careful to encourage it in all sorts of ingenious ways.

The undertaker I went to see about my own funeral was no exception, and I'm afraid I upset him a little by referring to him as that and not as a funeral director. If he had been an American instead of a Canadian, he probably wouldn't have been too pleased with "funeral director" either; because in the U. S. that means, according to the official terminology of the industry, one who is licensed only to direct funerals. Those who are also licensed to embalm, as he is, are called "morticians;" and in case you've ever wondered what, if any, is the distinction between the two, there it is. It doesn't seem to be widely made here; but "undertaker" is out.

When I told mine why I was there, he changed his expression from deep sympathy to frank interest; and he offered to show me over the whole place and answer any questions I cared to ask. He said it was fortunate that I'd come in the morning rather than the afternoon, when funerals would be going on. Mornings, he said, there usually weren't many people around; and on this particular forenoon I saw no one but his assistants and three bodies, each in an open coffin and each in an air-conditioned room of its own.

## Like Dinner Hostesses

The assistants, when I saw them, were arranging flowers; padding softly in and out of the rooms and banking the wreaths and sprays around the coffins so as to create the greatest possible effect, and now and then standing back with their heads slightly tilted to one side to look at what they had done, for all the world like preoccupied hostesses setting a dinner table. My guide explained to me that the actual arrangement of flowers was by no means all that was done to them. In another part of the building was a small workroom, with a bench and row upon row of vases on shelves along the walls. There the flowers were taken in, when the florists delivered them, by a man whose sole duty it was to unpack, put them in water where necessary, and make certain that the cards of the senders were firmly attached in such manner that they could be read. And after the funeral, my guide said, the assistants would collect the cards, which would then be sent to the family for acknowledgment.

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That, he said, was one of the many services which were included in the price of their funerals; and when I asked him if he could say how many such services there were, he didn't know exactly but thought perhaps 50 or 60. There was another thing the firm was prepared to do about flowers, and that was to have the whole display photographed, with the coffin and of course as much of the body as could be seen; but that was an extra.

On the subject of photographs, he told me that sometimes people wanted them taken so as to show only the body, and afterward had them enlarged and framed. He said he remembered that once, indeed, funeral portraiture had gone even further. They had buried a baby who died before its parents had had its picture taken; and the father, struck by the lifelike air of the poor little thing, had asked whether it could be taken from its coffin, laid on a chesterfield as though it were asleep, and photographed in that position. I couldn't understand how they could bear to look at it, but my guide said they were happy about the result and that it was a great comfort to them.

#### Mattress in the Coffin

After this anecdote he took me to what amounted to a showroom; an immense place, brightly lit, with a deep thick carpet and a number of coffins, all different, set out for inspection. Every coffin had an unobtrusive tag marked with a figure which was also the total charge for the funeral, not counting extras; and he surprised me by saying that the coffin, which he invariably called a casket, was normally a rather small item in the whole cost. I found out later, as you shall see, why that was so; but at the time I found it hard to grasp, because the prices of those I saw ranged from \$100 to \$1,500, and most of the 50 or 60 services went with every funeral regardless.

The \$100-funeral coffin was plain grey, cloth-covered, and lined with what appeared to be slightly sleazy white rayon. The bottom was padded, under the white material, with excelsior—that, at any rate, is what it felt like to the touch—and the lid, instead of being in two sections as in all the others I saw, was in one piece. It may, of course, have been made that way to save manufacturing costs, and indeed it probably was. I couldn't help thinking, though, that it might have a secondary aspect; for my guide insisted there was no profit in funerals at that price, and it occurred to me that this curious singularity of the one-piece lid could easily lead people to spend a little more to avoid it. The next cheapest coffin, at \$125, was also plain grey and a trifle sleazy, but its top was in the customary two parts.

"You will notice," the undertaker said, "that there are no black caskets. We never stock them. We're getting away from the old idea of gloom."

They certainly were getting away from it. There were coffins of oak and mahogany and rosewood, coffins covered with a species of plush which had a design like cut velvet, and even one covered with tweed that reminded me of a suit I used to have years ago. There were coffins with carved and decorated sides, and coffins of a severer sort with half-pillars at their corners and panels

Continued on page 75



#### FINDS COURSE FASCINATING AND PROFITABLE

"Never in my life have I found anything more fascinating than N.I.A. training. I am proud, too, that articles of mine are now being published regularly. The first ones were retouched, but the last appeared as I had written it and of course the wonder of wonders is to see my name under the lead."—Evelyn R. Leitch, P.O. Box 186, High River, Alberta, Canada.

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## Movie Hamlet Makes History

NOT TO MINCE words, Laurence Olivier's production of "Hamlet" is a superb accomplishment. Shakespeare's most brilliant play has been screened into a tense and exciting film that, fortunately, isn't caviar to the general. No one has to be a long-hair to appreciate it.

More than most of Shakespeare, "Hamlet" is rather philosophy than alarums and excursions, more soliloquy than sword play. You are more likely to think of the emotionally embroiled Dane with hand on brow rather than on scabbard. But too much posturing can make Hamlet a ham and, on the screen where action is of the essence, a profound bore. Olivier's remarkably agile camera avoids this trap and makes this film poetry in motion.

You will be thrilled to the marrow as you watch Hamlet, his sword held before him like a cross, climb to the topmost reaches of Elsinore Castle in

willow grows aslant a brook . . . there with fantastic garlands did she come," almost unbearably poignant. Camera and actor are also in motion during the great soliloquies which, to give a realistic effect of unspoken thought, register only on the sound track while the speaker's lips are closed.

Apparently determined that you keep your mind on the main issue, Olivier chose to film "Hamlet" in black and white rather than the spectacular Technicolor of "Henry V." Nor do costumes or sets offer distraction. They are simple, even austere. The queen's chamber is furnished with a bed and the all-important arras behind which Polonius meets his death, the council room with a long table and some chairs.

However, it is well worth keeping your attention on the drama itself, for the cast is nearly flawless in its performance. Stage star Eileen Herlie seems a trifle young for Olivier's "Hamlet" (she is only 28) but watching her, you can understand the frenzy of affection she inspired in her menfolk. Her acting in the electric mother-and-son passage in which Hamlet brings her to the consciousness of her guilt is peerless.

Eighteen-year-old Jean Simmons was a happy choice for Ophelia. She reads her lines ingenuously, and her bewildered, spurned, and finally grief-degraded girl is a moving performance. Acquitting themselves with equal distinction are Felix Aylmer as the officious Polonius, Basil Sidney, once a Hamlet himself, now the guilty Claudius, and Stanley Holloway as the humorous gravedigger.

As you would expect, Laurence Olivier makes an intelligent and commanding victim of conscience. But his anguish is more mental than emotional. Although he indulges in a restrained amount of scenery chewing as becomes a tormented spirit, his feeling seems somewhat hollow. He is better at the parry than the soliloquy.

But let's not carp about it. This is a magnificent "Hamlet," breathing new life into lines that are so familiar they are commonplace expressions and into gems never before heard or long since forgotten. The bard himself would be delighted. +

pursuit of the beckoning apparition of his murdered father. The ghost scenes, incidentally, are a bit too spooky for the young and easily frightened.

To keep you from growing restive during the long speeches, silent flashbacks play out the scene described by the speaker. When Ophelia recounts the symptoms of her lover's madness to Polonius, you see Hamlet "raise a sigh so piteous and profound that it did seem to shatter all his bulk." An animation of the famous painting of Ophelia's death makes Gertrude's lines, "There is a



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*Arlene Dahl*

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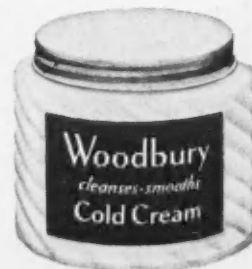


**Tempting!** Dobbin eyes the apple—our eyes go to Arlene, she's so-o radiant! "For fresh morning glow," says she, "try my Cold Cream—deep-cleansing Woodbury!"



**Ver-ree tempting!** Sun down, moon up, it's time for glamour-glow! "Easy," Arlene tells you, "rich Woodbury smooths dryness... brings back that Always-Fresh look."

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*Woodbury Cold Cream*

(MADE IN CANADA)



# Your Manners are Showing

## Teen-Age Special

It's a date! You've got on your prettiest dress, your cleanest face, your newest lipstick. But have you brushed up your etiquette lately? Here's how . . .



by MILDRED SPICER

**B**ET IT'S Friday these days before you know it, and you dash home from class, fling your books on your desk and start the rush that's fun. You bathe and dress carefully for that all-important date. You're ready now for a last dash of lipstick—a last head-to-heel check. But before the doorbell rings, may we remind you of something? However super your getup and meticulous your grooming, keep yourself on the alert, eh? Because your manners are showing.

You'll be wearing your best ones, of course, whatever the occasion. But just in case you haven't had them brushed up as thoroughly as you might have lately, here are a few must-do tips for whatever the evening holds . . .

**In a Restaurant . . .** First, if there's a head waiter the girl follows him and the boy follows her to the table. If not, the boy goes first, finding the table and seating her before he sits down. No matter how many waiters there are around, the boy should *always* seat the girl, and then go to his own place. And of course he will jump to his feet whenever she rises or if any other woman (except the waitress, of course) comes to the table to talk. Don't ever stop a boy from standing up when you do. It's one of the nicest and simplest little gestures of respect a man can make. The boy takes the menu, which the waiter will give to him, and either hands it to the girl or reads it to her (usually gives it to her to read). He may suggest the special grilled steak, but unless you know he's in the millionaire class, choose something between it and the hamburger. Don't ask for extras or items

outside the special dinner. You will be served first and will, of course, start to eat first (after he has been served). Any complaints or comments you have will be made to the boy . . . not the waiter. You also tell the boy, not the waiter, what you want to eat. He passes the word along. Use your forks and knives in the order in which they appear beside your plate, from the outside in. And of course you know that your glass is at the top of your knife (right hand) with your napkin at the left. Put your napkin in your lap as soon as you get settled at the table.

Going out, the boy stands back of your chair and helps with your coat and then lets you go first. A thoughtful man will usually discover where the ladies' room is and ask you if you'd like to powder your nose, indicating the direction. He settles the check quietly and, if he has any complaints to make excuses himself and goes to speak to the waiter or manager privately.

He should never allow himself to be cheated, or to have items forced on him because he doesn't want to make a fuss. A firm, quiet "no" should suffice . . . and for anything beyond that he will see the head waiter or cashier while you wait at the table. When a group of boys and girls are dining together, money should be settled away from the table, one boy having been given sufficient to settle the check beforehand, or be repaid later. Money should never be handed around the table. Always fit in with the general orders and ideas of the group, even if you'd prefer something else, in ordering.

**At the Theatre . . .** So you're going to the show . . . ah, fun! But when you go down the aisle, who goes first? The boy goes first if it is dark and

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SLIPS

Gives smoothly to every movement with its clever elasticized insert...and gives you everything else you love in a slip. All the girls say so.

*For streamlined  
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## Never neglect a needle prick



Any needle prick can become infected. Never take a chance!

Cleanse the hurt properly. Then put on BAND-AID\*, the adhesive bandage that stays put, even on hard-to-bandage places.

It comes to you individually wrapped; keeps out dirt, helps prevent infection.

**Caution:** Remember, not all adhesive bandages are BAND-AID. Only Johnson & Johnson makes BAND-AID.

\*BAND-AID is the registered trade mark of Johnson & Johnson Limited for its adhesive bandage.



The quick easy way to bandage a needle prick



there is no usher, to find the way and choose seats for you. He always asks you where you would prefer to sit, if there is any choice. If there is an usher you follow him first. The boy always goes first, in any place when he might be able to help you. For instance, he gets off a streetcar first, to help you off. But he helps you on first. Walking down the street he is on the outside, although nowadays it is quite correct for a boy to walk between two girls. (It's easier to talk to both that way.)

**If It's a Formal . . .** Here are the boy's obligations and yours. He must ask you early—or if it's your school or sorority affair, the same goes for you. Both boy and girl need at least 10 days to two weeks to plan clothes, etc. (Often more, in the busy season, if the boy has to rent a formal or borrow it from uncles, cousins, etc.) At many formals for younger people now the boys wear dark suits and the girls long dresses. This is one occasion when you should be ready on time. Often boys make arrangements to share cars and perhaps two or three couples have to be picked up. If he's wise he'll telephone your mother to find out what you're wearing, so he can get the right kind of flowers for your corsage.

If flowers are beyond his budget, you'll look just as nice with ribbons or artificial blossoms in your hair. Or a pearl or gold clip.

Be sure to find out where and who the hostesses or patronesses are, and shake hands with them coming and going, no matter how simple it would seem to skip it. This is one of your important obligations to yourself, your family and your escort. If he is really proud of you, he'll want you to meet the hostesses, even if he suggests skipping it. Just one of those strange things about men. Have a little change in your mad-money purse in case you need to tip the girl in the cloakroom (10 cents is enough) and an extra quarter for car tickets should Johnnie, in his excitement, have forgotten to change his money into his party clothes! Follow his plans as much as possible, don't leave the dance floor for more than very short periods, and be a good sport about crowding in to be taken home. That doesn't involve, however, accepting a drive with anyone who has been drinking. The wisest parents usually tuck a bill big enough to cover taxi fare home into daughter's compact just in case of any emergency. And be sure to use it if anything or anybody seems to be getting out of hand. ✦

The above hints on good behavior for teen-agers in today's confusing world are taken from Chatelaine's new booklet . . .

**MIND YOUR MANNERS**  
By Lotta Dempsey

You'll find there, too, valuable advice on when to kiss good night . . . how to be a good sport at games . . . what to do when you're "stood up," and a lot of other useful do's and don'ts . . .

Order from  
Chatelaine Service Bulletins,  
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Price 25 cents.



# BLACK...underneath that exciting BLACK wardrobe



Teamed with matching A'Lure\* Bra—the stretchable bra with the STA-DOWN-BAND, in 3 cup sizes.

Black under black—so right for down-to-the-skin grooming. And so right in this flattering two-some.



Just say "LeGant"  
to your  
corsetiere.



## College girls learn something NOT IN THE BOOKS!



"You poor pet — I could have told you before."

"Wish you had . . . now I can't dance another step!  
You really mean no chafing?"

"I really do! This Free-Stride Modess is the  
softest ever!"

A new improved napkin that doesn't chafe is smooth news for any girl's book! Sorority girls, students on every campus, are quickly learning this brand-new lesson in comfort!

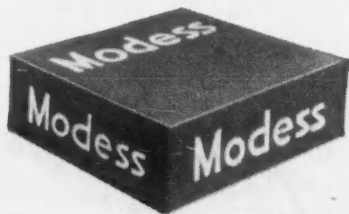
The secret of the chafe-free comfort you'll find in new Free-Stride Modess lies in the clever fashioning of the napkin edges.

Free-Stride Modess has extra cotton on its edges — extra softness right where the cause of chafe begins.

The extra cotton also acts to direct and retain moisture inside the napkin, keeps the edges dry and smooth longer. And dry smooth edges just *don't* chafe!

So safe, too! Every Free-Stride Modess has a triple safety shield to guard against accidents. And never a telltale outline — Free-Stride Modess is silhouette-proof!

New Free-Stride Modess is so luxury-comfortable — so luxury-safe — and it's on sale now! Get a package today.



Walk with comfort! Try the new Free-stride Modess!

## How to *Quarrel*

by Stella Newman

Is your marriage marred by domestic bickering? There's a way to handle a family fight so both come out on top!

A WOMAN reports on a 20-year term of marital unrest which ended in divorce: "We never stopped quarreling, but we never settled anything."

A young wife bemoans the unpacific atmosphere of her home: "If only we didn't quarrel."

That many a marriage splinters on the sharp edge of a quarrel we know. But why do we quarrel at home, and what do we quarrel about? Ask husbands and wives, and many will mention money, sex, children, in-laws or domineering spouses as favorite topics of family feuds. Ask the psychologist, however, and he'll tell you frankly: "People will quarrel about almost anything under the sun." Nobody denies, he says, that angry words are spilled aplenty over such prominent problems as sex or the budget, how to discipline the children or what to do when the in-laws come. But if two people are quarrel-bent, any smaller subject will do as well.

For example, one pair severed their 18-year-old marriage ties after a two-day fracas which hinged on the question of whether their 16-year-old daughter should sip a cocktail in a public restaurant. Around that cocktail, husband and wife mustered their full array of hostile feelings toward each other, and their 18-year-old stock of opposing opinions on everything from alcohol imbibing to teen-age psychology, to which was the more delinquent parent.

The moral of this is that many assorted matters—from sex or cocktails to whether Susie should use lipstick at 13, or have her own latchkey at 15—may send bitter words flying. But they aren't the real causes of our domestic frays. They are *what we quarrel about* not *why we quarrel*. The real causes lie deeper. They are: a lack of mutual respect and regard. A lack of sympathy and tolerance one for the other. A lack of a common bond or interest. The lack of a wholesome spirit of give and take between them. The lack of a feeling of personal responsibility on the part of one or both in making and keeping the partnership a going concern. And we

may mention as the crowning cause of them all, too little of a mature attitude toward marriage, and too much of a neurotic attitude toward it.

If our attitude is mature, we feel that we, personally, have a stake in our marriage—even with too little sex or money, or too much interference from in-laws or too much trouble with our unruly adolescents. We feel that our





# Successfully

marriage is our venture, and that it is worth while despite difficulties and heart-aches, and that *because* it is our venture we must contribute something to it by easing difficulties and assimilating heart-aches.

If our attitude is immature or neurotic, on the other hand, it's what we

get out of our marriage that looms so large in our minds, rather than what we put into it, or what the other members of our family can get out of it too. We figure happiness in terms of what our home gives us. (Some such figuring is normal and natural, but too much is definitely egocentric and lopsided.) Therefore, it's the deprivations or disappointments, rather than the advantages in our marriage, that count so big. So if money is too sparing, or our sex life isn't as happy as it might be, or our husband refuses to send our tots to the nice school we want, or if he doesn't cut a glamorous enough figure, or if he doesn't shower us with attention or praise or gifts, these deprivations outweigh everything else. We feel afflicted, or martyred, or imprisoned in an unbearable situation. And we fight and bicker.

And we imagine that our bickering is in the nature of things. "Isn't it true that I'm henpecked?" cries a husband. "Isn't it true that I'm dominated by my husband?" cries a wife. Isn't it true that my husband is stingy, or that my wife is a spendthrift? Undoubtedly it would be sweeter if husbands were never henpecked, if all males were generous and all females economical, and we all could live happily ever after. But life isn't a fairy tale, and we usually have to live a little *less* happily ever after. In other words, if we're mature individuals we don't throw up the sponge or throw down the glove just because our spouse isn't perfect or life doesn't flow absolutely smoothly and delightfully.

A mother of two youngsters decided it was high time to leave her husband. She and he weren't well-mated physically, she explained, and that was why they were always at swords' ends. But was that really why? And did they have to be at swords' ends? Physical compatibility may be the crowning glory of a marriage. It may contribute greatly to personal happiness. But what do countless other spouses do if they can't have this crowning glory? They may find other purposes in a marriage. They may choose substitute glories or satisfactions—companionship for two, a peaceful home, and happy children. Or what about that too-tight financial allowance which sets us scrapping? Is life unlivable with it? Is contentment really beyond our reach because of it? Or is it that we make overmuch of our

♣ Continued on page 18



## A LIGHT...WELL SERVED

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Never was hospitality more graciously expressed!

Moving in social circles . . . passed from hand to hand . . . each lovely, silver-plated

Ronson puts an instant flame at

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Press, it's lit! . . . Release, it's out!

Yes . . . and it's safely out

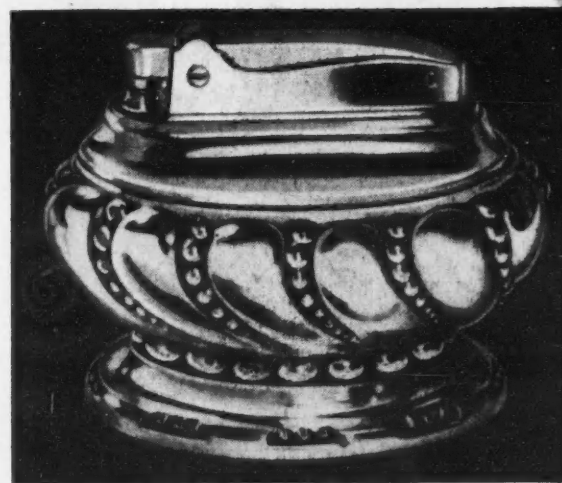
the instant you lift your

finger . . . automatic protection

for treasured furnishings

against the hazards of

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The Famous Ronson "CROWN" Table Lighter in rich silver plate. For any table, any room in your home . . . \$14.00.

At your dealer . . . other lovely Ronson lighters . . . Ronsons for pocket or handbag, starting as low as \$6.50. All feature the famous instantaneous Ronson safety-action:

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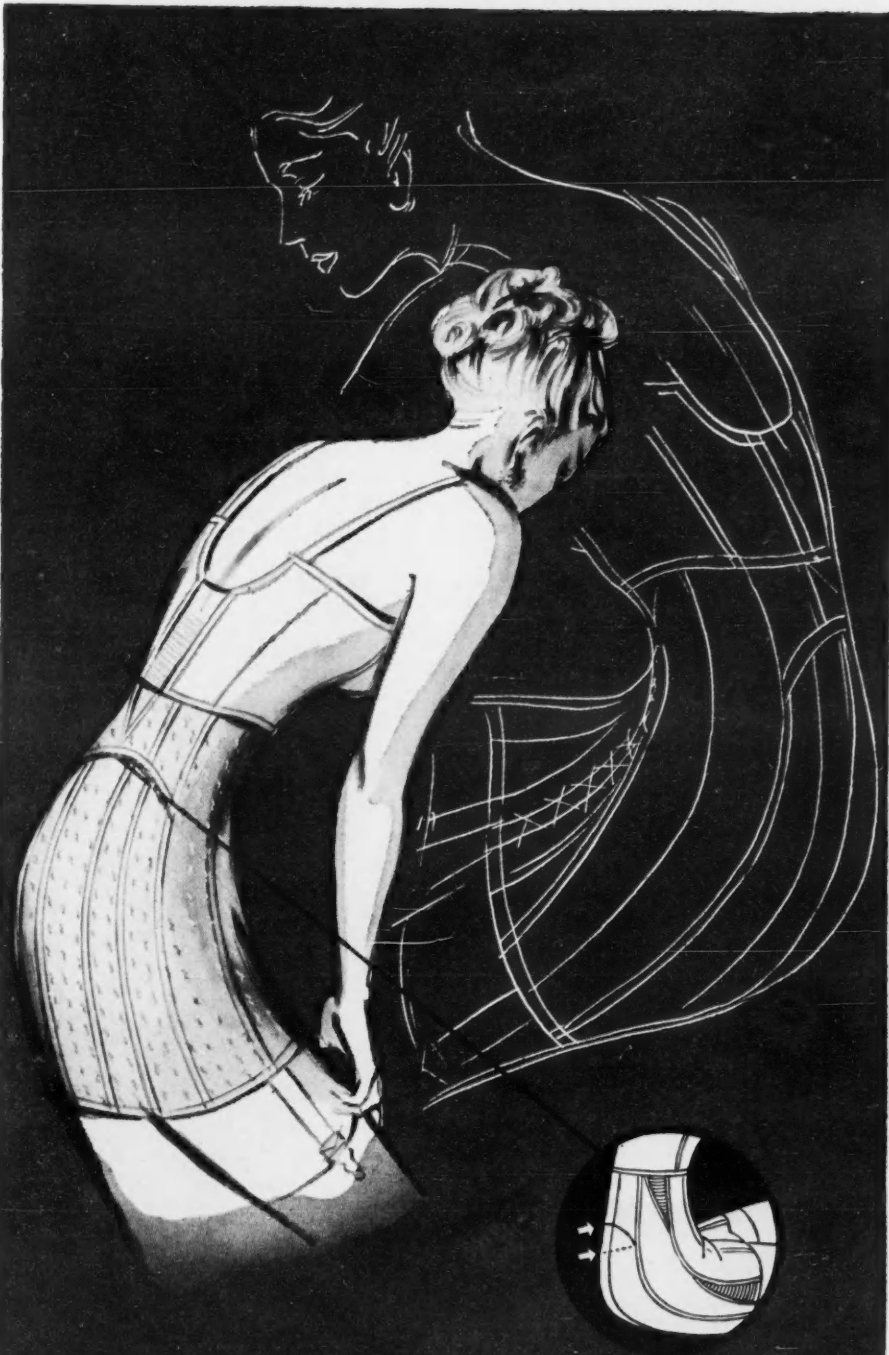
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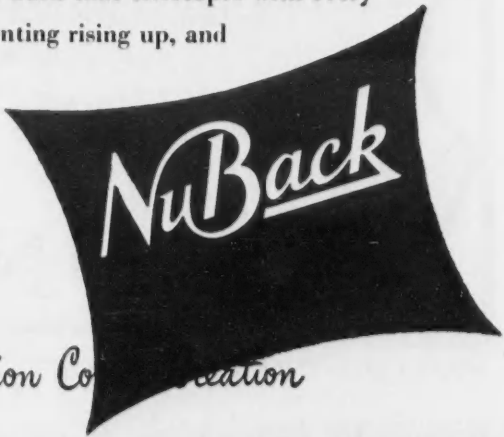


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THAT MAKES IT SO COMFORTABLE!

No other foundation has a feature like this. No other foundation can give you the same style, in the same way or for the same modest prices. It has a curved mesh in the back that telescopes with every movement, preventing rising up, and garter strain.

Available in a complete range of sizes, styles, and types . . . in styles, corsets, and . . . all finely finished.



DOMINION CORPORATION

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# Fashion Shorts

a preview of trends



Your chance to steal a "Stole" idea. Two versions here. Worn with matching unpressed-pleated skirts in purple and pink plaided wool. Topped by a blouse of same fabric or a jersey of palest pink. Stoles are of wool knit in a deeper pink. By David M. Goldstein.

**Waistlines going up**—as the classic Empire look is revived. This winter you'll see the high-waisted look in evening draperies. And chances are there'll be no holding that waistline down in spring fashions.

**Winter blue** to accessorize your loamy brown greatcoat and suit. A touch of it at your throat . . . handbag and gloves to match. All to remind you that brown and black aren't the only colors Old Man Winter is partial to.

**Come rain or shine** umbrellas continue as a fashion-favored accessory. And dashing they are with the companion cases. A touch of the dramatic for your ensemble.

**And by the way** the converse holds true. If your greatcoat is winter blue, accent it with brown. With a saddle-colored belt to wrap in your waistline with éclat.

**Sing a song** of sixpence. A pocketful of—well, better not fill the lovely wide

pockets of your wool with anything. 'Twould spoil the line—which carries over into back buttons—mark that! and a back-flaring skirt.

**Back to back.** There's back interest in even a cloth shortcoat in the new finger-tip length so smart with tweed skirts. On the exit side, an inverted pleat starting from the yoke (as in the regulation length) and crisscross belting. On the entrance side, big patch pockets.

**Add a dash** of color to the landscape with an ombre-colored silk scarf. That's accordion pleated for extra effect. And ripples from gold to bronze (there's that bronze again!) or pale blues and greens to deeper tones.

**So very fitting** is your knitted suit dress. All occasions and seasons pay homage to supple two-piece wool chenilles. Which you can dress up or down with smart accessories. And be set for a candlelight dinner in town or a wind-blown ride in the country.





Unretouched photo

## MIDDLE-AGED ...at 28!

Yes, dry, lined skin can make even a young woman look years older! But this needless aging needn't happen to you—if you give your skin daily care with Noxzema Cold Cream. It has a unique, three-way action. Noxzema *deep-cleanses*... dissolves dulling surface film. It *softens* roughness, smooths away dry skin lines. It *stimulates*—makes tired complexions glow.

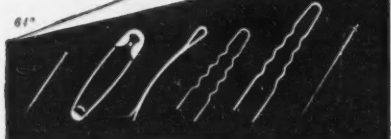
Try Noxzema Cold Cream faithfully for just 10 days. Then look for a fresher, younger, lovelier you! 21¢, 39¢, 63¢ at all drug and dept. stores.

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fashionable women everywhere  
place in those Bob Pins,  
Hairpins, Pins, Safety Pins  
and needles which comprise*

**Kirby  
Beard**  
TRADE MARK  
*Specialities*



Made in England by Kirby Beard & Co. Ltd., Birmingham 11

**Skirt fullness** front or rear is news this season. If you put your best skirt forward; you'll have pockets or folds that wing way out on your stand-alone taffetas and failles. Smooth and straight will be the back.

**Satin and wool** unite happily in an ingenious jacket dress. That's equal to a day at the office and a night at the theatre. Daytime... only the loops of the satin bodice peep through the slits of the jacket. To whisper of the pleasant evening ahead when bodice shines alone.

**Collars bone up** and out on wools and satins—tailored and afternoon dresses. And from Paris the usual last word. A wing collar on a fetching wool. With collar reversed to dip into back décolletage and buttons.

**The latest piece** of bewitchery is an abbreviated jersey cardigan. That buttons over a high-waisted skirt to become an informal flowing wool. Or—and here's the exciting part—tucks into the skirt unbuttoned and is a décolleté slit-topped dinner dress.

**Parry and thrust** department. Dashing fencing jackets with their side closings and double rows of buttons are copied by dresses, suits and especially blouses. The *touché* boys shouldn't be touchy, imitation being the sincerest form of you-know-what.

**Even those old reliables**—shirtwaist dresses—have become lush in keeping with the current fashion theme. They've taken to metallic wool, back motion skirts—but there's still the same look in their button-down fronts.

**Once again**, ostrich plumes. Riding high on little head-fitting Victorian bonnets. Trailing bows of veiling under your chin. All in the best sentimental tradition.

**Buttons for good measure.** On the turnback cuffs of your wool plaid. Streaming down the front of the bold thing. Buttons on the hems of skirts and up their sides.

**Browns take over** for evening. This year it's bronze for that big occasion. Glowing satin to the ankles. With a softly crushed sash for back interest.

**Stoles enchant** the stag line. A film of brown chiffon that captivatingly marks the bare shoulders of your strapless floor-length taffeta. That's brown and bouffant.

**Belt in** your checked or tweed greatcoat. With a leather circle that deepens its dolman sleeves and defines its waistline. Wear it beltless when you're in an expansive mood.

**Holiday dresses** are, even more than usual, rich of fabrics... like darkly striped taffeta and tenderly pastel brocades. With bustle back or peplumed jacket. Gala is their mood.

**Fashion has a vested interest** in vests. Bright velveteen weskits that match or contrast with cardigan or box jackets. A fetching note for a winter ensemble. ♦

## How to get *flawless* nylons (EVERY TIME)



**H**OW many times have you bought a pair of nylons, only to have a flaw start a run the first, or second wearing? ... too many times, probably!

Some flaws are *hidden*! Even under strong lights on a hosiery counter you can't find them!

Yet, there is a *sure* way to get flawless nylons. Shop for *tested* nylons! Buy only the nylons inspected for every flaw—every ring, slub, slip-stitch. Special MERCURY devices test your nylons this way, and weed out even the tiniest flaws! That's why every pair of Mercury nylons that reaches you is sheer perfection. Through washings and wearings, they *stay* perfect longer. So, always ask for MERCURY nylons... the nylons you *know* are flawless!

And you'll love the flattery of Mercury's FRENCH HEEL! It 'pockets' your heel, hugs your arch, clings to your ankle!

For fine LINGERIE, choose Mercury too!

Among the well-dressed

...it's

**MERCURY**



Made exclusively at Mercury Mills Limited, Hamilton, Canada



No more scratches—hard scrubbing—red, rough hands!  
Fine, white Bon Ami lifts off dirt without harmful grit!

*Finish up faster!*

See for yourself what a big difference a grit-free cleanser can make. Sinks and bathtubs stay satin-smooth—free from the dulling scratches that trap dirt and make cleaning harder. Yet even stubborn grease and grime disappear in a wink with Bon Ami.



*Get brighter results!*

You work less when Bon Ami's your cleanser. It actually polishes as it cleans. Imparts a bright "new" sparkle to bathtubs and sinks. Try Bon Ami today. It's both fast and safe. P. S. It's safe for hands, too.

**Two convenient forms:** Bon Ami Powder in the sifter-top can, and the handy, economical Bon Ami Cake.

**Bon Ami**

*"hasn't scratched yet!"*



## "Dear Editor"

Wrong About Prices? . . .  
About That Cover Girl  
. . . Phooey to Romance!

### Prices Will Come Down

I do not agree with your editorial in September Chatelaine, "Prices Won't Come Down." They will come down, just as they did after the last war, 1914-18, when wheat was \$2 a bushel, potatoes \$3 a bushel.

Britain has no bread ration now, which means she has more wheat and her new contract with Canada will be at a lower price, just as soon as Denmark, Sweden and Holland pick up. Bacon and eggs will be cheaper. Britain has always dealt with these countries and prefers their bacon to ours.

I am British Scottish. I know what I'm talking about when I speak of Danish bacon, butter, eggs and margarine. They have stores all over Britain, especially Scotland. Yes, they are working hard in Europe, and they will come back faster than we think.

If people would only get to work on this side of the world as they are doing on the other side, there would be no high prices.

—Mrs. A. H. Benton-Neff  
Spring Lake, Michigan.

### Cover Controversy

I have taken Chatelaine for years, and I can hardly resist putting the August issue in the fire without looking at it. I've turned it over several times so that I won't see that front affront of a woman . . . the awful coloring, the bobby-soxer type. But I will say the stories are good. Here's hoping the magazine will become more sane and normal.

—C. A. Hughes  
Vancouver, B.C.

. . . Congratulations on a beautiful cover girl, charmingly dressed (August cover). The only exception to good contents is the story by Naomi John White, which is very poor. It shows a mentality foreign to Canadian thought, a derogatory view of home life generally with unpleasant emphasis on male derision of the female.

—M. Laidlaw  
Hamilton, Ont.

### Our New Look

Congratulations! September Chatelaine just arrived. I like its "New Look" and hope it may continue to grow and thrive. It is time our Canadian magazines started to take their place in the world.

—Mrs. J. W. Beattiesy  
Arvida, Que.

### Verbal Gymnastics

Let me thank you for the way you presented my story ("The Silver Wand," in June Chatelaine). I was really quite proud when I read it. Nothing grieves a writer so much as to read paragraphs in his own story that he hasn't written, or to find the best parts cut.

It is really too bad your magazine isn't on sale in New York. I particularly wanted to read "Love Story Without Words," advertised for July. That's a wonderful idea and I can't imagine how it was handled. I take off my hat

to anyone who can do that without the necessary dialogue. The thing has been teasing me ever since I saw the announcement. Apparently you people aren't afraid of trying anything different, and that's wonderful.

—Frances Ensign Greene  
Park Ridge, N.J.

### Teacher Wants New Look

As a teacher I was interested in Evelyn Kelly's fashion feature in September Chatelaine "Teacher's Pets." But I was disappointed to find that, except for the photographs, there's not very much help for teacher herself.

I have often thought that when we come into the cities to conventions and get (many of us) our one chance a year to see clothes that might fit our meagre budgets and yet fulfill the exacting demands of classroom life with its dust, chalk and small grubby fingers, we find little of use to us on display. The stores will show windows full of fine books and educational material to honor the teachers at their meetings, but I think if a magazine like Chatelaine would work out some useful, inexpensive wardrobes and ask the stores to show them to us at convention time, hundreds of us would be more than grateful.

—E. S. T.  
Vancouver Island.

### You Can't Live on Peanuts

Thank goodness someone has had sense enough to direct some real common-sense advice toward those foolish Canadian youngsters who think New York is the Mecca of all dreams for the business girl! ("\$50 a Week in New York Is Peanuts"—September Chatelaine.)

As a businessman who makes regular trips to New York and meets a number of former Canadian business and professional men who have fallen for the lure of Big Town and pulled up stakes in smaller Canadian places, I know how disillusioned many of them are; and they make a great deal more than \$50 a week. They manage to afford houses or apartments (long, stuffy crowded commuter miles from their jobs) and struggle to bring up their children and provide for their wives and entertain visiting firemen and relatives who turn up regularly from their home town. Most of them are in debt, and would really be better off in the security and quieter life of their old homes, where their smaller salaries went a heck of a lot further.

I can imagine how much more difficult it all is for the business girl who is trying to get by on what, by New York standards, is a shoestring—\$50 a week.

—E. A. Johnson  
Montreal, Que.

### Check-up on Romance

Having just finished the article in September Chatelaine, entitled "Romance Isn't Easy," I find myself heartily disagreeing with Mr. Adams (in spite of the fact that I do agree with his title).

In the first place I don't agree that a girl should draw a man out about



## No need to bear down!

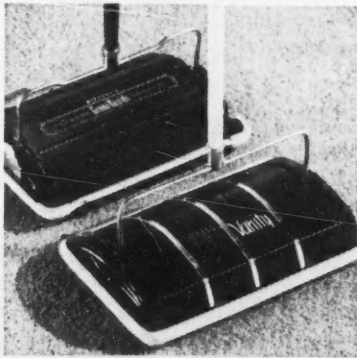
Yes—just glide a new Bissell\* back and forth under beds and tables—everywhere! It sweeps clean, with *no* pressure on the handle whatsoever!



**"Bisco-matic"\***  
brush action  
does work for  
you!

Only Bissell has this revolutionary feature that adjusts the brush *automatically* to any pile rug, from deep broadlooms to smooth Orientals.

Just roll your Bissell along for quick, thorough clean-ups.



"Bisco-matic" Brush Action is now available in two models . . . the "Vanity" at \$8.45, and the "Grand Rapids" at only \$6.95.

Both complete with "Sta-up" Handle and easy "Flip-O" Empty.

## BISSELL SWEEPERS

Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co.  
of Canada Limited  
Grand Rapids 2, Michigan  
(Factory at Niagara Falls, Canada)

\*Registered Trade Mark

his likes and dislikes regarding ideas on food, children, a home and most of all how he likes it furnished. Any men I know right now would start running for the nearest exit. I do not like the idea of letting *him* do all the talking, and thus "appealing to his yearning for mastery" . . . I had hoped that those days were gone forever.

And as far as prodding a man on to marriage by telling him about other suitors . . . well, a gal would have to be a pretty smooth operator to get round that one without sounding as if she were trying to convince herself of her own powers. And, if I ever tried to "set the mood" for a proposal by a good meal, soft lights and music, I am sure it would look as if I were the one who had seen too many movies.

As far as Mr. Adams' friend taking his girl to visit the married couple—the happily married couple, that is—then parking the car and popping the question, well . . . that gal was a little carried away, don't you think?

Now about this "courting test," I scored 21 (and I think I was quite truthful). I go out with several different men, but no one in particular. You've got me worried, Mr. Adams. What do you mean I'm living on an island or am a hermit?

—Mary Louise Edmonds  
Toronto, Ont.

**Ed's. Note:** You may be hep to the other sex, Mary Louise (since you are so scornful of the helpful hints on romance) but your arithmetic is 'way out of tune! In the "How Good Are You at Romance?" test (September Chatelaine, page 92) the idea is that if you score 20 or more you're so attractive that unless you're being rushed off your feet there must be a reason: like, you're a hermit (i.e. dislike human companionship of any kind) or live on an island (with no inhabitants of the other sex in reach).

### No Carbon-Copy Co-eds

There is much to be said for Professor Ske's "Carbon Copy Co-eds" (September Chatelaine), but I differ with the professor's statement that one of the pleasing aspects of Canadian universities, in contrast to the institutions of England, is the closeness with which they are "knit to the surrounding community." I don't agree that we are moving in that direction. Certainly the fortunate university which this writer attends is proud of the fact that its students needn't suffer the humiliation of having to mingle with the common people. According to its handbook, "it (a special building) seeks to provide for all the activities in the undergraduate's life outside the lecture room."

—K. Dinsmore

Toronto, Ont.

### Truly Canadian

I have been a subscriber to Chatelaine ever since the contest for its name was announced in 1928. I did switch to another woman's magazine for the sake of variety, but quickly returned to our truly Canadian Chatelaine and its instructive, entertaining and well-balanced articles. And I intend to stay with it now as long as it promotes truly Canadian ideals.

—M. Maduke

Saskatoon, Sask.



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## Roundabout

BEAUTY EDITOR Adele White and famous Model-man John Powers obviously enjoyed their exchange of ideas in a recent chat in Mr. Powers' New York offices. Under discussion, we learned, was the Canadian vs. American type of beauty—and the connoisseur who grooms and trains the world's most beautiful models observed that while Canadian girls have a head start in the good-looks department, those across the border do more with what they've got! It was one episode in Mrs. White's discussions with beauty experts in New York, Chicago, Montreal, Toronto and other centres to gather material for another Chatelaine "first"—this Beauty Issue dedicated to "A Lovelier You."

of directing student-group plays in amateur theatricals. Although she's been writing (and selling!) since her first try at 16, she's so fascinated with behind-the-scenes stage work that she dreams of having a real theatre of her own some day.

Of "English-Irish-Scotch-Dutch descent," Mrs. Young reports schooling wherever she happened to be—in Canada, the United States, England or on the Continent. She confesses that she once wrote highly colored stories for a chain market until she discovered she was talking seriously about solid-gold bathtubs. After a soul-searching hiatus she began again—to produce such entertaining young-love pieces as the one mentioned.



**Flash**—The striking beauty cover this month by Larry Harris is a portrait of the artist's wife, Stephanie, who, you will remember, also illustrates for Chatelaine.

COULD BE that Nell Young ("Don't Break My Heart" page 26) has absorbed some of her keen insight into the ways of the modern young through her hobby

Long-distance calls from exercised citizens anywhere in the Dominion asking Chatelaine to start-a-movement are not unusual. But one for our Mildred Spicer ("Your Manners Are Showing," page 8) when she returned from attending the Miss Canada Beauty contest in Hamilton, startled us. An irate father of a non-contest winner felt strongly that we should contest the judges' decision. Sorry, Mr. X. Our policy (through long experience) at beauty and baby shows is to hew strictly to the spectator line. Noninterventionist, that is.

OFFHAND, can't think of a better-known name among short-story writers than Sophie Kerr, who wrote "Baby Sitter" page 21 (except, perhaps, Faith Baldwin, whose complete novelette "Which Is Emily?" begins on page 32). Miss Kerr cut her literary teeth on newspaper work, once helped edit a woman's magazine and now lives in a New York apartment whose real owner, she says, is a cat. ✦





# DOCTORS PROVE

## 2 out of 3 women

### can have

# Lovelier Skin in 14 days!



"Woe was me!" says Ina Gardy.  
"I was so ashamed of my dull, coarse-looking complexion! I was just about ready to hide. Then suddenly, I had a chance to try the Palmolive Plan, under a doctor's supervision."



"Naturally, I jumped at it! Altogether, 1285 women made the test. We were all ages, from 15 to 50. Some of us had dry skins; some oily; some just fair-to-middling. My group reported to a leading skin specialist. After a careful examination, he gave us the Palmolive Plan to use at home for 14 days."



"Here's all you do: Wash your face with Palmolive Soap. Then, for 60 seconds, massage with Palmolive's soft, lovely lather. Rinse! Do this 3 times a day for 14 days. This cleansing massage brings you Palmolive's full beautifying effect. After 14 days, my doctor agreed my complexion was smoother, fresher, less dull-looking! See what the Palmolive Plan can do for you!"



**DOCTORS PROVE**  
**PALMOLIVE'S**  
**BEAUTY RESULTS!**

*You, too, may look for these Skin improvements in only 14 days!*



**Less oily—clearer**

"My skin became less oily," says Florence Kilgallen. Excessive oiliness often leaves skin blotchy-looking—robs it of that clear, lovely look. The 14-Day Palmolive Plan brought definite gains to 89% of the women who had oily skin. See if it won't help *your* skin become less oily—clearer.



**Less coarse-looking—smoother**

"Skin less coarse-looking in just 14 days!" reports Imogene Lindsay. The 36 doctors reported almost two-thirds of all the women tested had smoother—actually finer looking skin. Reason enough for every woman who longs for a younger looking complexion to start the Palmolive Plan today!



**Fewer tiny blemishes**

Tiny blemishes—incipient blackheads, often caused by improper cleansing, respond in most cases to the 14-Day Palmolive Plan. "My skin improved a lot," says Bertha Granger. The doctors found finer looking, clearer skins in more than half the cases tested. See what Palmolive can do for you!



**Fresher, brighter color**

"Skin brighter, actually less sallow!" says Marjorie Frerks, after testing the 14-Day Palmolive Plan. The 36 examining doctors report this same important improvement for 2 skins out of 3 among the 1285 women. See if this Plan won't bring *you* fresher skin—and in only 14 days!

P.S. For Tub



For Shower



get the New, Big, Thrifty



Bath Size Palmolive!





# Stockholm was Heaven the day Bill kissed my Hand



We were basking in the sun, as the Swedish people do, when Bill kissed my hand. "I can't help it," he said. "Your hands look so soft. Feel soft, too." Then —



Bill joined us on the Göta Canal trip. And I—I had hopes. I used Jergens Lotion regularly so my hands would always be soft—just in case. And . . .



One moonlit night — "Know where my heart is?" Bill whispered. "You have it—in your soft hands. Keep it—for always?"

**NOW** my hands have to be soft, always. So I'll always use Jergens Lotion.

**You surely know**—Jergens Lotion is now more effective than ever. Your hands feel invitingly softer and smoother than ever with today's Jergens care; they're protected longer, too.

You know about the Hollywood Stars. The Stars use Jergens Lotion 7 to 1 over any

other hand care. Jergens Lotion contains 2 ingredients many doctors use for skin care. Soothes chapping instantly. Regular use helps prevent chapping. Still 10¢ to \$1.00 for today's Jergens Lotion. No oiliness; no sticky feeling.

**Used by More Women than Any Other Hand Care in the World**



**For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use Jergens Lotion**

(MADE IN CANADA)

## How to Quarrel Successfully

Continued from page 11

disappointment in finding ourselves less flourishing than we hoped, and our husband less the financial wizard than we dreamed.

In other words, isn't it true that we put our own disappointments and dissatisfactions into our quarrels, and that we could do much to cure home quarreling if we could make peace with these disappointments and dissatisfactions? Perhaps we could understand this better if in the midst of a quarrel we would ask ourselves quite seriously: What really are we fighting about? Is it really the feeling over the family budget that brings discord into our household? Are our differences on such problems as whether girls and boys should date at 15, or Susie should go to a progressive school, grave enough to wreck a home? Or do we make these differences the grand occasion for an all-out offensive to inform our spouse that we resent his ways of thinking and doing?

Anything can be grist for the quarrel, or it need not be, depending upon our own attitude toward our spouse, and toward our marriage. If we lack sympathy and tolerance, then bitter words fly. Shall we let them fly? There is one school of popular thought which says "Yes, there is always the calm after the storm which justifies the storm." Unfortunately, this isn't always true. For if the antagonistic feeling between husband and wife is chronic, then the storm doesn't bring its much-heralded calm. But what about those occasional disagreements of lesser sound and fury? Don't most homes have them? The truth is most homes *do* have them and will have them as long as humans reside in them. But we call these occasional quarrels *legitimate* quarrels as opposed to the chronic nasty bouts between two ever-opposed people. And we call them *legitimate*, and even *successful* quarrels because they attempt to settle something and can settle something; because they are undertaken in a spirit of ironing out difficulties, not worsening them, of promoting understanding and good feeling, not hardening bad feeling.

### Should Children Know?

And yet sometimes our feelings run strong, and sometimes we do raise our voices. What shall we do if the children are within earshot?

Nobody has ever claimed that a child can get a sense of security from parents who are always embattled. He cannot. On the other hand, nobody believes that two adults, just because they are parents, can live together without ever feeling or voicing some differences. For the child, much depends upon how we voice these differences, and upon the substance of these differences. Are our voices fear-inspiring? Do they suggest a breach of love or goodwill between his protectors? Then of course his stability will be shaken.

"Children," says a psychiatrist, "will not be harmed by a display of strong feelings by adults, within reasonable limits, of course. In fact, they may be benefited by being taught that life and human relationships aren't always glassy-smooth." They may benefit from learning that the raised voice (not the

shrieking, menacing one) is not necessarily ominous, and that human differences can be resolved.

All of this, however, is a large-size lesson for a little human, and can be taken only in gulps to fit his size. We can't expect him to be philosophical about angry brawls which to him represent danger, or to take in his immature stride all mature problems. For example, a highstrung discussion of money stringencies certainly won't make a child of six feel that he is safely anchored. Yet a sober discussion of the same matter may not only *not* terrify a 16-year-old, but may give him the self-respecting feeling that he is being let in on family problems and that his help and co-operation are enlisted.

In this matter of what is fit for young ears, the best psychological rules are common sense and our appreciation of what our particular youngsters can take. But it is a mistake to believe that children are so tender-minded that they must be shielded from all contact with the realities of family life, or from all knowledge of the fact that people sometimes lose their tempers.

### Hot House Atmosphere

In this connection, psychiatry reminds us that the child who winds up with an emotional disturbance doesn't always hale from a home that is strife-torn, or that is too full of the hard realities. He sometimes comes from one which cultivates too much goodness and mildness, and which gives him too much shelter from the unpleasant portions of living. This "hot house" atmosphere may harm the child by leaving him unprepared for the sturdier world which he must face later. After all, life isn't uniformly gentle, nor are people. There are times for anger, and times to fight. Children must learn to hold their own with many kinds of people and in many kinds of situations. How can they if we teach them that to betray anger is shameful?

Is it shameful? Anger, the psychologist says, is a valid emotion. By "valid" he means that given the standard human emotional equipment, all of us must feel anger now and then. We'd be super-human not to. And all of us must express it at times. It's *how* we express it that may be shameful, if we express it too explosively or too often, with too little cause or too much venom.

Husbands and wives sometimes come to psychiatrists' offices, their chests laden with matters left silently unsettled at home. "But I hate unpleasant scenes," is the usual explanation. Evidently, however, the avoidance of unpleasant scenes hasn't worked so well for them. Many a family has peace, but a sickly kind of peace. Husband and wife don't brawl, but not because there is a blessed understanding between them, but because they lack a lively interest in each other as two different humans sharing a common lot. The home where criticism is free and honest and interested (not carping or vindictive), where problems are discussed willingly and sincerely, where there is some show of strong feeling or of legitimate disagreement, is usually the healthier atmosphere for adult and child alike. Hurts are aired, criticisms answered, feelings repaired, and grudges aren't stored up as ammunition for bigger and better quarrels in the future.





Dress by Jack Liebman



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# Baby Sitter

by SOPHIE KERR

Illustrated by John McClelland

CHATELAINE FOR NOVEMBER

THEY were so lighthearted with anticipation that they were both clowning it. Phil was working with his tie and declaiming: "Tonight we live! Tonight Mr. and Mrs. Philip M. Lenster are stepping out with gaiety and abandon! Also at great expense. Dinner at Arica's, with wine; third-row seats for the best musical in town from a soulless scalper; night club undetermined but sure to clip the bank roll. Not to mention an orchid for a lovely lady—my Emma, the queen of my heart!"

"Not to mention my New Look dress—zip me up the back, will you, darling? And your tux let out and pressed and cleaned and your new dress shirt and that large white carnation. But don't we look handsome!" She whirled about, put her arm through his and pulled him before the long mirror. Emma was small, pretty, capable; her hair-do was smooth and sleek, Phil was medium tall, squarish, a little slower than Emma but obviously a solid character.

Emma blew him a kiss in the glass. "Hi, Mr. Lenster," she said, "this is our fifth anniversary—remember? We're old marrieds. Think we still know how to dance?" She stopped abruptly, listening: "I thought I heard Ann cough."

"Ann is sleeping like the good kid she is," said Phil, "and so is Bongo Phil the wonder-boy. Please honey, none of this Momma-and-

✦ Continued on page 45

"Let's begin at the beginning," Emma said. "How many of your friends were here last night?" Julia began to cry, her desolate sobs filling the whole room with misery.





# A Lovellier

by Adele White Health and Beauty Editor

**A**T NO TIME in history have there been so many specialists . . . so many skilled artists in every aspect of feminine beauty. Expert advice on perfecting your figure; your complexion; your hair are all yours for the asking . . . or the reading.

There's no standard recipe for beauty. It's a combination of a lot of things. Good features? Perhaps. A slim figure? Maybe. Sleek healthy hair? A "must." Beauty is all these and something more. It's a mysterious aura which some women have and some have not. It's a spirit which shines out, co-ordinating physical attractions and giving them full meaning. It's like a snug bank account, gathering interest and becoming greater. To acquire it involves discipline, good management and wise investment.

And the opposite is also true. A woman who loses her good looks is like a spendthrift who throws money away . . . gets in debt and eventually ends bankrupt, losing those precious gifts which make *being a woman* an important career in itself.

Each stage, from teens to twenties, from middle years to late maturity, has its own special beauty. If you're wise, if you want real happiness . . . real success, you'll get the most from each one.

But if you feel, and what woman doesn't, that you're not living up to your greatest possibilities; that you're not projecting your very best self to the people around you, now is the time to make a keen analysis of yourself—to compare with the standards of beauty set forth by our forum of world-famous authorities.

## These well-known authorities compare notes on what makes a woman beautiful

**John Robert Powers**, head of the famous Powers' Agency, is responsible for discovering and training sleek, glamorous fashion models. A girl who boasts of being "a Powers' model" has reached the top in that particular field.

"There is no such thing as an unattractive woman," Mr. Powers contends. "There are only women who make themselves unattractive through indifference or bad taste.

"The secret of true, lasting beauty is an inner glow . . . a healthy flair . . . an enthusiasm. These are more important assets than clothes and make-up—which are just so much window dressing, after all!

"To be attractive a girl must have a pleasing personality and interpretive powers—so she adjusts to any situation. She must acquire poise and self-confidence. She must have the perception to know her type, to dramatize it, and *never* to make the error of being a carbon copy of someone else.

"It's not the New Look but the You Look that counts.

"Tricks of looking your best can easily be learned. It's smarter and more effective to *make-down* rather than *make-up*. A true artist never aims to get as much paint as possible smeared on his canvas; it's what he does with a little that counts.

"Grace and posture are the first beauty assets to be cultivated. Go in front of a full-length mirror; take the accordion pleats out of your

neck by stretching it up from your shoulders; slim down your waist by pulling it out of your hips.

"When standing, to show clothes to best advantage, always keep one knee flexed and the other straight; have the heel of the flexed leg touch the instep of the straight one.

"When sitting approach the chair from the side. If possible, always sit at a slant, like a figure S, with ankles crossed, both feet swept to one side. This gives a slender graceful line from head to toe!

"I have been to Canada on many occasions and I believe you have your full share of gorgeous girls, but they don't make nearly as much of their good looks as our American beauties. In spite of the difference in climate, Canadian girls are more like California lassies in build—they are tall, long-waisted, and can easily cultivate a dramatic flair for wearing clothes if they learn the tricks of the trade."

**Ann Delafield** is the founder and director of the largest "Success Course" in the world. In her New York school 3,000 women are groomed, slimmed down and literally made over each year. Another 50,000 who can't attend the school receive the same instructions by mail.

"It has been my observation—and I've observed plenty while talking to large groups of women in Canada—that Canadian women have finer complexions and, on the whole,

better skull formation than Americans. But—how woefully Canadians neglect skin care! Particularly between the ages of 20 to 40. After 40, when they find themselves catapulted into middle age, they start making up for lost time. But sometimes they start too late.

"If you would retain youth and good looks, begin as early as possible to follow basic rules.

"First, you must have a very keen desire for a good figure and a lovely skin. Then memorize this simple sentence: *'I am what I eat.'* Break away from childhood habits of stuffing yourself with more food than you need. When you were very young a big appetite was encouraged. You're a big girl now and it's time to form new eating habits, to develop a taste for simple foods. Don't confuse eye appeal with genuine hunger.

"If you are overweight, find out the reason why. Are you eating through sheer boredom, because somehow you've missed out on an important part of living and you find constant nibbling and munching a substitute for something better? You'll have to have a truth-telling session . . . just between you and you.

"Purify your bloodstream by eliminating from your diet such useless things as rich desserts, strong drinks; and in their place eat vital foods, raw fruits and vegetables. If raw vegetables seem to give you indigestion, chew them more thoroughly.

"Skin creams are excellent to lubricate your



# YOU...



Photograph by Pagano  
Dinner Dress—Nanty Original

complexion, to keep it soft and weather-protected, but it gets its nourishment from your bloodstream—that's why the beauty angle position is important—particularly for women over 40. If possible, hold it from 20 minutes to an hour a day. This position is achieved by lying stretched out on your back with feet higher than your head so the blood flows to your head. The increased circulation has a rejuvenating effect on your face and neck.

"Following this relaxation period, do at least one brisk body-slimming exercise for 10 minutes.

"And—a final word. Each morning, put on your best face; your most becoming clothes. Stand in front of a mirror and say, 'I'm healthy . . . I'm + Continued on page 62

*If you feel you can be better than you are;  
if you're not living up to your very best self,  
now is the time for good resolutions.  
Start today reaching out for the  
good things of life . . . beauty . . . health . . . happiness*



# Mama

## and Miss Prentice

by Marion Valensi

Illustrated by Robert Jungius

**R**ICHARD'S letter arrived on Tuesday. Emily opened it up with the other mail and set her own aside for school. Reading in Bradville she had to close home right now for the post office. This was a first letter from Richard and Emily studied the postmark. Thurston, May 11, 1949. That meant it had come in on the first mail this morning. It must have been written last Friday night after he had sent Mama the regular Sunday letter and so it must be important. Emily was always glad to be taking home a letter from Richard. It was a kind of magic formula for brightening the whole evening, putting Mama in the best of spirits. But sometimes Emily thought about it with a family letter aside. When Mama got one of Richard's letters it was as if she had had a glass of electricity wine. She was kind of afraid with happiness and for a while shared her excitement with Dora and Emily. But Emily knew deep down that both she and Dora were a little bit jealous of Richard and the place he held in Mama's heart. But yet she always hoped for a letter from Richard for Mama certainly deserved all the happiness in the world. Mama was a wonderful woman. Everybody knew it and liked it.

Ever since Emily had been a little girl she had heard people telling what a wonderful mother she had. People were always saying, "When you grow up, Emily, you'll realize what a wonderful mother you have. You just see how sweet she is to all her children." At times like, "You must never forget the goodness your Mama has made for you and Dora and Richard." And of course it was true. A woman with three children and no money, she had managed paying for the house, clothes and food for them, given Emily a formal school education and sent Richard to university. And next year Dora would go away to college.

Of course now it was quiet. But in the early years Mama had had to do a lot more. She had done it by getting up at 5:30 in the morning and baking bread and cake for the neighbors, by mending the machine that after four years from sewing for the neighbors, by saving and arranging and

making and mending. She had done it by keeping clothes and starting butter and selling most of it. By keeping summer baskets from the city and by keeping a good will power and good health and courage. Now they were on their feet. The house was paid for. Emily was reading Richard, although he was not two years out of university. And he had been made assistant principal of a Thurston school. And Emily knew that Richard was a comfortable little income for life. Now Mama was raising the reward of her strenuous years.

Now of course that Mama was old or better or had been a hard worker. Now at all. But that was fine too. For Mama with her good health, her ability to manage and organize, had simply channelled her boundless energy into a wider stream. She still kept practically the cleanest house in town and baked her own bread and put up hundreds of jars of preserves and jam and pickles every year, but she had found time to organize a welfare center and be president of the Ladies Aid. But sometimes she would when she was taking home a letter from Richard, Emily had to remember to herself all Mama's virtues to help her not to be a little bit jealous. For there was no doubt about it. Mama thought more of Richard's little finger than she did of Emily and Dora together. Emily looked down now at the first letter lying on top of the County Examiner at her side. It was so fat it must have a lot of news in it. Under the high-backed cover which she carefully opened in case of her 100 pounds, she Emily was sure that even, she had a letter of excitement. Because it was about Miss Prentice. The girl of excitement depended on a faint glimmer of apprehension.

"I WONDER," Emily thought to herself, "what Mama will do if ever Richard falls in love and wants to get married?" This thought brought a sudden flush to her own cheeks and she slipped the cover down on old Father's back with a snick, so that he looked up his feet and turned for a few days. This was at the moment passing the bag new Basset place, and she asked a soft glance

behind the ornamental iron gate to the tennis court. Since Fred Basset had graduated from college and gone into the bank, he very often took his exercise on the tennis court at this time of day, after banking hours. Yes, they were playing tennis. Emily quickly turned her head and gave the pens a fresh snick. Yes, that was another thing. Mama tried to make her believe that if you wanted anything badly enough you could get it. But everybody wasn't like Mama. Hastily Emily pushed the thought of Fred Basset back in her mind and went back to the letter. She wondered if the letter was about Miss Prentice?

A couple of months ago Richard had mentioned Miss Prentice for the first time. He had written, "I went to a little party last night at the home of one of the teachers. I took Miss Prentice who teaches third grade. We had a fine time and didn't get home until well after midnight, so this letter will have to be shorter than usual, as I plan to turn in early tonight."

Since then there had been several things about Miss Prentice, and a few weeks ago he had said, "Miss Prentice and I went to see *Wacbeth* last night. Afterward we had hot chocolate at Foyers. She is a very sweet girl and quite alone in the world, an orphan, practically missed in boarding school. Now she lives in a boardinghouse in the east end, and I know she never gets a proper home-cooked meal. How I wish she could try some of your fried chicken sometime, Mama."

When Emily and Dora had finished reading the letter—Mama always passed Richard's letters over to them after she had finished—Emily said, "It is too bad we don't know any of Richard's friends."

Mama just said, "Yes, it's too bad that Thurston is a hundred miles away, isn't it?"

Betty turned down. ♦ Continued on page 90

It was terrible to know that Mama was working against them . . . every word and gesture while telling Richard that Miss Prentice would never make him a proper wife.



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page 90

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**F**OR ALMOST six months after she'd been stepped up to young Mr. Walms' office, Miss Francis rated E for excellent—efficient, conscientious, dependable, and as inconspicuous as one of the filing cabinets. Then, on the very day that Marian Blake came home, Miss Francis began to slip badly.

At 4.20 by the large office clock on the wall she sat back in her chair, her grey eyes narrowed at the flawlessly typed sheet in her typewriter. At 4.22, with sudden decision, she ripped it out, tore it into shreds and dropped it into her wastebasket. Three times Miss Francis, who was a wizard at typing, did this strange thing. The fourth sheet, which was not flawlessly typed, she placed in a folder and took to young Mr. Walms' desk.

"The Plunker file," she said. "It's still pending, but she's making headway."

"Good," said young Mr. Walms, intent on the contents of a similar folder.

Normally, at this point, Miss Francis would have gone back to clean up her desk. This time she didn't.

"There's something else," she said, a little breathlessly. "Me. I work here too, Mr. Walms. I'm an employee and—and . . . Well, merely because I'm assigned to you doesn't mean that I'm not entitled to advice and guidance as much as anyone else. At least, it shouldn't."

Nor did it. Every employee of Myles, Murphy and Manz, regardless of race, color, creed, age or sex, was entitled to the advice and guidance of young Mr. Walms. Personnel: Advice and Guidance—Howard Walms, Consultant was lettered in gold on his office door—an innovation in Management-Employee Relations, based on premises (a) and (b). (a) That employees are people. (b) That they are not two people, one when they clock *in* and another when they clock *out*.

Quite the contrary. The employee who clocks *in*, it had been discovered, is identical with the employee who clocks *out*. The identical anxieties, worries and bafflements that gnaw at him *out*, carry over to gnaw at him *in*. Which would have been of no concern to Myles, Murphy and Manz had it not been concurrently discovered that it was costing them an astronomical number of dollars per annum in personnel turnover, decreased efficiency and increased public ill-will. A state of affairs which young Mr. Walms, in something under six months, had already done so much to ameliorate that, if he kept it up, the probabilities were that there would be a substantial increase in his per annum at the start of the next fiscal year.

It went without saying, therefore, that young Mr. Walms' secretary was entitled to all the advice and guidance she might require. A sweet thing, indeed, if his own office went haywire.

"That would make us look foolish," he said, and smiled—absently, but reassuringly. It was part of young Mr. Walms' job to be kind, sympathetic, tactful and reassuring.

Miss Francis, however, gazing fixedly at a spot on the wall back of his closely cropped, crisp dark head, did not seem reassured.

"It's marriage," she blurted breathlessly. "I want to get married, Mr. Walms, and I'm not making much headway."

YOUNG MR. WALMS, still intent on his work, laughed comfortably. A good 30% of the folders in the pending-file cabinets related to young women who wished to be married and who, until they consulted young Mr. Walms, had not been making headway. The Plunker folder, which Miss Francis had just placed on his desk, was an instance. The Plunker girl had not even known how to go about meeting a man. Church solved that one. The Plunker girl, in spite of buck teeth, currently could take her pick between a baritone soloist and the leader of one of the young people's discussion groups.

"It's quite simple," young Mr. Walms reminded Miss Francis reassuringly. "You're familiar with the first step, of course?"

"Oh, yes," said Miss Francis hastily. She had typed the first step so often that she knew it by heart: To Meet a Man: join a church, or a Y or any one of several dozen other places that Mr. Walms advised. But Miss Francis had already met hers. She was ready for Step Two: Attract His



Illustrated by Carl Bobertz





Attention: favorably, if possible, otherwise unfavorably. In either case, *make him notice you. Use any means . . .* and that was what bothered Miss Francis.

"Any means, Mr. Walms?" she asked, gazing fixedly at the spot on the wall. "Fair or foul? Such as—well, lying, for instance?"

"Any means," he said firmly, and was a little surprised that she asked. Young Mr. Walms had grown up with three sisters, who lied as naturally and as effortlessly as they breathed, and all three were happily married to men who adored them. Quite a good deal of young Mr. Walms' success as Advice and Guidance Consultant was attributable to close observation of his sisters, during his formative years.

"Any means," he repeated firmly. "You can't be squeamish, Miss Francis."

"Oh," said Miss Francis thoughtfully. "Oh, I see. Well, in that case, if you say so, Mr. Walms. But how, Mr. Walms? How do I attract his attention? I've done everything I can think of, and—and it's getting me down. I need advice and guidance, Mr. Walms. I really do."

"Very well," said young Mr. Walms resignedly. "Make a folder for yourself, give yourself an appointment, and we'll go into it."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Walms," said Miss Francis gratefully—she had already made herself a folder and given herself an appointment. But she was anxious for a little help now. "I mean," she persisted, "it's affecting my work, Mr. Walms. I—I seem to be slipping."

Again, young Mr. Walms laughed comfortably. Small danger of Miss Francis' work slipping—an opinion he was forced to revise when he reviewed the Plunker file the next day. Before that, in fact. For, on the very brink of assuring Miss Francis that he was again rating her E for excellence, he chanced to glance at the clock—and leaped for his locker.

"Good lord, look at the time," he exclaimed, and not kindly. "Miss Francis, don't you know I'm meeting a train?"

"Oh, heavens," said Miss Francis. "I forgot."

Forgot, she said. Forgot that Marian Blake was returning on that train. Marian Blake, as temperamental a young actress as you could find in a thousand moons. Not, as yet, a successful young actress; thus far, the plays that she'd played in had closed during the out-of-town tryouts. But that wasn't Marian's fault—and she would not like it if young Mr. Walms did not meet her train.

Continued on page 53

# Break My Heart

by Nell Young

**When a conventional young man**

**goes berserk, it's a clever girl**

**who gives him just enough rope for a marriage knot**







# To Keep the World Out

For the first time in his life he  
was in love. Yet Clem knew he  
was being taken for a ride . . . and  
not on the road to happiness

by Marjorie Holmes

Illustrated by Michael

VERNE HALSEY stooped puffily over and put on her rubbers. Rattling briskly in her big Cellophane cape, she pulled on her gloves. "Good night, Miss Moore," she called to another pre-school teacher, "don't work too late."

"Don't worry, I won't, I've got a date."

"Oh, that's nice." Verne's glasses winked cheerfully. "Sorry I've got to rush off, but I'm stopping for groceries. I have an apartment now, with some girls," she announced. "Perfect darlings, both of them. Well, g'night."

She hustled out, scarcely noticing that Miss Moore hadn't replied. She was used to people's taking little interest in her affairs. There wasn't, she had to admit, a great deal of interest in them. Well, what if there wasn't? Her big feet tramped the puddles philosophically. You could make a life for yourself without—without— The word trailed through her mind in baffling clouds of pain and glory—*men!*

In all her 28 years no one had ever paid the slightest romantic attention to her. It was—strange. You'd think that sometime—somebody—That sweet, shy chap from Visual Education, for instance. Men like him now, what sort of girls did they marry? Then, longingly, her usual cheer cracking for an instant—*why not her?*

But then she had her work. Such angels, the pre-school tots, toddling around on their chubby legs. And the babies brought in for checkups. They hushed when you took them, they gazed at you with tears fresh on their fat little cheeks and grinned. You carried them around, talking softly to them, showing them things. Then you handed them back, heart big with a good sweet ache, and said, "Take good care of our baby, Mrs. Olsen." For he was your baby too, in a way. The only babies, these, you'd probably ever have. Well, yes, she'd been happy at Child Welfare. Mustn't get foolish notions just because it was spring.

HER HEART lifted as she marched into the big dill-scented market. She loved to shop. She bought nosegays of saucy-tailed radishes, a white-trunked tree of celery, rolls, wedges of cheese, a scarlet slab of steak. It came to more than the grocery pool allowed, so she paid the difference. She enjoyed eating and feeding others. The girls, she thought, were too thin.

"So you've been flirting with the butcher again!" Kitty cried, at sight of the bulging sacks. She wore her long blond hair in bangs. A popped apron cut her tiny waist. Kitty was so little and cute, Verne thought enviously, and Blythe so smooth—a wonder they'd taken her in.

"Yes, sir, Vernsie, you sure must turn on the charm," scolded Blythe, a tall dark girl in slacks and scarlet sandals. "Our meagre resources didn't produce all that!"

Verne grinned, rubbing her misted glasses. There was something so fond about the girls' kidding, she tried not to mind. They couldn't suspect the dim rivers of pain it sometimes tapped.

"Honey, a man called," Blythe announced, to Verne's astonishment. "Here's the number you're to call back." She winked at Kitty. "Sounds like romance!"

"No such luck," Verne said with dogged honesty, trudging into the kitchen. "I'm a born old maid." Her heart was hammering anxiously. She hoped they wouldn't listen. There'd been that awful time one of the university freshmen had tried to date her as a joke.

"This is Miss Halsey," she stiffly said. Then—"Why, Mr. Fink! Certainly I remember you—the man who took the pre-school movies last week. You bet I'd like to see them! When? Tonight?"

Eyes shining, slightly dazed, she hung up. But already she was oddly riddled with dread. She hoped the girls + Continued on page 40





**Are women less intelligent than men?**

**What is the best way to attract their interest?**

**What do they find humorous? What annoys them?**

**Are women really the conservative sex?**

**What do they talk about to other women?**

# Man

**L**ADY, you're a card!

Nothing is more certain but that somewhere, for somebody's money, and in somebody's book, you're a card.

You're a card with a lot of little columns, and a lot of little holes punched in it.

It is called a Hollerith card, and it is all part of Modern Man's ponderous effort to discover Woman.

Perhaps you think this has been going on for a long, long time—this effort of Man to discover Woman.

But today Man, Big Business Man, is spending money—big money—to discover Woman.

And he is being successful. He is finding out all about you.

He is finding out *little* things about you—where you keep your jam tin; what you do when you've got a headache; what pictures attract you, and what pictures repel you; how you react when you hear words like "Spink" or "Zetnar" or "Yip"; whether or not you can take the battery





# discovers Woman

out of your flashlight, or whether you get your husband to do it; what you use to open tins with, and so on and so on.

He is finding out bigger things about you—what kind of stories you read and when you read them; how many dresses you have in your closet; how much influence you exert when the family car is being bought, or the family radio; what your ideas are on food; on color, and on practically everything under the sun.

All these things about you have been ascertained, transferred to little cards, run through big machines and solemnly discussed in paneled conference rooms.

It is called, in mantalk, Research.

Today Research is Big Business in most countries where businessmen must compete with each other. In Canada, literally hundreds of thousands of dollars are being spent annually

to find out what makes you women the way you are, and where you are going.

Half a dozen independent companies maintain large staffs, and hundreds and hundreds of field workers, just to find these things out about you. And believe it or not, your views are far more important than those of your husband.

"We let the housewives of the country run our business," the research director of a huge U. S. corporation recently told a group of businessmen.

This was not merely a promotional figure of speech. Nor is it true of only a few companies.

You are deciding policy in firms of which you have perhaps never heard.

Even if you have never been approached by an interviewer for one of these research firms—and the statistical odds are that you have not—your views are still being recorded, in a sense. When you take a teaspoonful of soup from the saucepan to see if it is properly flavored, the spoonful you taste is representative of ALL the soup, if it has been properly stirred.

You have sampled the soup.

So it is with this type of research. It has been proved that if the sample of the population is properly designed, the opinions, habits, prejudices and possessions of the sample are representative, to an amazing degree of accuracy, of the whole population.

Your own Chatelaine Consumer Council is based on a carefully worked-out sample of readers.

As a result of all this effort, Man is beginning to learn quite a lot of things about you.

Some of them you will deny, vehemently.

Take your sense of humor, for example.

Humor, to an important majority of you, is only humor when it is aimed at something you don't like.

An advertiser selling hair cream to men can pitch his appeal around a series of cartoons or photographs showing men with dry and/or greasy hair. Or, if he is selling shaving soap, he can show a picture of a man with a stubby unattractive beard. Men will read his advertisement and buy his product.

But—and this has been demonstrated—if the manufacturer of a cosmetic tried to sell his product by showing an unattractive woman as a horrible example, women won't read his ad. If such a manufacturer, in his ignorance, went so far as to show the nonuser, the horrible example, in a cartoon, or so-called line drawing, you would have even less of it.

To get you to read his cosmetic ad, he must use a photograph, and it must depict the "after" effect, not the "before."

To women, beauty is a serious subject. They like it, and it must not be made fun of.

But take something which, on the surface, would appear even more serious than beauty care—say housework. Ah, here the advertiser may be as funny as he likes. Women—most of them—do not like housework, and the advertiser may advertise cleaning products by use of cartoons, and humorous situations as much as he likes.

You will read it.

Humor, to you, is not humor, the advertising men have discovered, if the joke is on women.

Here is something else which research has found out about you. You have an insatiable appetite for pathetic ♦ Continued on page 104







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*To Him...* she was vain, cowardly and selfish.

Many times he had wanted to leave her

*To Herself...* she was loyal, kind and generous—  
a woman adored by her husband

# Which is Emily?

Illustrated by Perry Peterson

## A COMPLETE NOVELETTE

by Faith Baldwin

ON A Friday morning in October Emily Bates drove to the village and left her car in the communal parking space. Her appointment was for 10 o'clock, and she had four errands to do in 20 minutes. She walked down the hill to the main street, left a book at the lending library and picked up one they had saved for her; stopped at the drugstore for cleansing tissues, popped into the cleaner's to ask if Jim's overcoat were ready, bought a dozen three-cent stamps at the postoffice and went on to the beauty shop.

Behind the desk, Miss Rita sat austere, answering the telephone, making notations in the appointment book. And Emily said, smiling apologetically, "I'm afraid I'm a little late, Miss Rita."

She looked at the clock; she was 10 minutes late. But you simply couldn't race in and out of stores without making a little polite conversation with the people who served you. Besides, as Mr. Peter was not pacing up and down between the booths, she deduced that he was not ready for her.

"It doesn't matter," Miss Rita assured her. "Mr. Peter is a little late this morning."

Emily relaxed. The shop was alive with week-end activity. White coats and blue uniforms stalked and scurried between the booths; driers hummed, manicurists bent over extended hands, enquiring, "Peach Bloom Pink, Passionate Crimson or Colorless?" And a woman's voice rose, crying, "I can't hear a word you say. Please wait outside, darling, and look at the magazines. Do throw away that gum. You know what it does to your braces and Daddy simply cannot afford replacements!"

A blue uniform appeared, beckoning. Mrs.

Bates' booth was ready. Emily went down the wide space between the double row of booths to her cubicle where Miss Sallie waited for her.

In the chair she drew a breath of satisfaction. She was one of the few women in the world who enjoyed having a permanent. For three hours she could sit and think. No one would get at her, except the operators. At home, Cora, the cook, and Katie, the housemaid, knew where she was. They would telephone her if the house burned down, if an urgent message came from Jim's office, Howard's college or Jessie's school. But such summons were most unlikely. For three hours she would be free of interruptions, the distractions and claims of her house and family. She would talk to the operators with the surface of her agile mind, listen to them with half an ear, and go on thinking.

This phase of the operation was brushing, washing and drying. Miss Sallie, exclaiming that someone had taken her comb, vanished, and Emily waited, looking into the mirror. The light was not friendly to her, heaven be praised that she looked somewhat more human in her own mirror. Her hair was thick and chestnut-brown—well, mostly chestnut-brown. She might have a rinse. No. Jim disliked rinses. She couldn't conceal them from him, as they came off on her brush and invariably he would pick it up and demand, "For lord's sake, Em, are you dyeing your hair?" But a rinse wasn't a dye. Or, not exactly, it was only temporary, designed to bring out the lights, and to camouflage the few grey hairs.

SHE WAS 42 years and 11 months old. She didn't, she thought, look it . . . or, at most, when she was tired, or troubled; or late at night, sometimes, and early mornings. Her skin was clear, and fair; her brown eyes very dark. She leaned closer to the

mirror. The lines about her eyes were laughter lines, even young people had those.

She toyed, as she often did, with the notion that, if ever Jim went away on a long trip, she might do something about her face and figure. Her figure was good enough, in the right clothes. But she was short, small-boned, and any excess flesh settled around, and below, her waist. She hated diets. You lost in the wrong places, and her neck was too thin, as it was, and her legs and arms, too.

It is horrible to grow old, she reflected, as Miss Sallie returned and began to brush her hair, and futile to be vain. But then, she reminded herself, carrying on the conversation within her mind, I have always been vain, it is a habit one does not outgrow, and it's absurd. Why can't I sink into middle age, into old age, as into a cushion, soft, compliant, comfortable?

Miss Sallie switched her around and lowered the chair, adjusting the head piece, asking if it was all right, and Emily said, "Fine," although her neck felt slightly severed. She thought, as the water gushed over her head and the soap fizzed, I'm a fool.

There was none to contradict her, she did not contradict herself, except to qualify hastily, but not so much of a fool as some, and a fairly nice fool at that. Still, the thought was depressing.

I don't change to Jim, she thought, at least I don't think I do. Now and then, he does look at me as if he never saw me before. And wouldn't care if he didn't again, but mostly, I daresay, he sees me without looking, or looks without seeing. Jessie and Howard too. I suppose I'm the only one who thinks about how I look—or cares.

THE WASHING was over, and Miss Sallie put her under the drier for a little while. Emily thought, I simply must have the ♦ Continued on page 33



*W. J. ...*

Liquor ...

...

...



# and the Home

## Youth and Liquor

## Necessary for a Successful Party?

## Moderation or Abstinence?

# Canadian Women report on Liquor . . .

**Chatelaine's Consumer Council talks  
frankly and honestly on a subject  
that concerns every Canadian family**

**N**O FAMILY is really free from the potential threat of liquor.

That is the dominating theme running through the confidential, straightforward reports from our two thousand Consumer Councilors.

Apart from this realization of the treacherous nature of liquor—they disagree strongly in detail, and give widely contrasted experiences.

Those most violently opposed are fearful of the effect of "social drinking" on their sons and daughters. They've seen young people from homes as strict as their own meet disaster because hostesses continually offered it at parties.

Those who believe in moderation are not certain that their youngsters will follow in their steps.

"This is a vital subject because the danger is always there," these women tell us. "Thank you for giving us a chance to express our ideas."

## **Are Families Serving More Liquor?**

No, they are not.

Those who "view with alarm": Canada's increased consumption of alcoholic beverages will have to look outside the home to find those responsible.

In only 14 out of every 100 homes are beer, wine or spirits served as a matter of course, and nearly half of these are in the top income bracket. A negligible number live in rural homes with the majority in cities and towns.

In 42 out of every 100, alcoholic drinks are served only on rare occasions—Christmas, New Year's, or special celebrations.

But in 44 out of every 100, no alcoholic drinks are ever served. And only two out of every 44 do not serve them because liquor is too expensive. The other 42 do not because they dislike or disapprove.

## **Drinking in Front of Children**

"If you have liquor in your home, and if you have a growing family, do you think it's a good thing, or not a good thing, to drink in front of them?"

Councilors gave a lot of thought to this question and among them wrote many thousands of words in reply.

*Two to one*, they believe it is wiser not to try to deceive young people.

If you and your husband drink, they say, then do so casually and naturally in front of your children. When this is done, young people accept drinking as normal and not something to be curious about and explored away from home.

Lack of frankness in this regard, say these mothers, will only lead to distrust in other matters. "Besides," says one of them, "youngsters have to learn that there are some things which their parents may have and they may not."

"Set your children a good example in *moderation*. It is their best defense. What children see done in their own home is correct to them."

Another councilor put it this way, "If alcoholic drinks are served in moderation, there is a constant example for the young people of the proper use of such drinks. Done openly and with self-control,

the glamour and mystery of the 'forbidden' is removed. If parents hide it, they would be saying, in effect, to their children, 'This is wrong and I'm ashamed of the act,' thereby placing undesirable emphasis on it, and themselves in a compromising light."

However, the group who do have liquor, on occasion, in their homes, and who do not want their children to see them use it, are equally strong in their convictions. It is wrong, they say, to set an example of enjoyment of beer, wine or spirits. If children see their parents drinking, they'll think it's the right thing to do and will probably begin at too young an age.

One councilor feels that "children imitate actions very quickly. They must not be encouraged in any way to think of pleasure in connection with spirits."

Many of these parents told of moderate habits of their own or of friends, and of tragedies in the lives of young people who, coming from this kind of home, became alcoholics.

Throughout the replies there were scores of stories from life. Some of them cheerful, some of them tragic. Many quoted experiences in which children had been promised watches at 21, if they did not touch liquor until that age. Sometimes the plan worked. Just as often, it didn't.

A Kitchener councilor also believes in the "reward" system, strongly. She writes:

"This plan has worked in our family for two generations:

"When each child was about seven years old, he was offered \$100 on his 21st birthday if he would neither smoke nor drink. There were always drinks in the house, but with \$100 in mind, there was simply no interest in drinking. The result was that after the age of 21, the habit was strong, and of the five children in the two generations—two boys and three girls—not one of them smokes—and drinks mean nothing to them."

In writing about young people and the menace of alcohol, Councilors believe that children should



# and the Home

be told of the damage drink can do to their minds as well as to their bodies. They would like to see more information in the schools—films and lectures—on the use and abuse of alcohol. If such knowledge were instilled in children's minds, from the first health lessons, they feel it might teach abstinence, or moderation, at least.

## Youth and Liquor

But however careful parents are in trying to set a good example at home, either by abstinence or by moderation, most of them are apprehensive about the effects of the casual serving of liquor at parties. Many times, they feel their sons and daughters are practically forced into taking a drink at the risk of being considered poor sports.

"Unless a boy or girl is strong-minded, it is difficult to refuse a cocktail at a party where drinking is taken for granted. Tragedies can so often result from merely doing 'what others do.'" That extract from one letter sums up the opinions of hundreds of women.

Our Councilors believe that hostesses have a great responsibility in this regard, and should be mindful of it.

Because some hostesses wonder if it is necessary to serve liquor in the form of beer, wine or cocktails at their "young" gatherings, we asked our Councilors this question:

"If you have young people in your home between the ages of 16 and 20, do you feel that the serving of alcoholic drinks is important to the success of their parties?"

Only one mother in 100 says, "Yes." The other 99 say, "No," and speak from experience, with conviction. They give a very healthy picture of the great majority of young Canadians. They not only feel that they do not need liquor to enjoy themselves, but that they do not want it.

One of our Ottawa Councilors, a girl of 20, writes:

"My parents are occasional drinkers. Our

liquor has always been kept in a top kitchen cupboard, and there are usually a couple of pints of beer in the refrigerator. Therefore I have never had any desire to sneak off to beer halls or wild parties in search of liquor. My first drink was a glass of beer my father offered me when I was old enough to judge for myself. My friends know they are free to have a drink at my home, and that when I go out with them there is no danger of my taking too much and making a spectacle of myself."

But the opposite viewpoint is dramatically summarized by a woman who writes:

"In my family, and my husband's, we have had a great deal of suffering because of drink. A brother who had never taken a drink started courting a girl after he was 30.

"She was a 'regular' and used to encourage him to take 'just one more cocktail.' She was amused at his unworldly ways, and with careful coaching he was eventually converted to more than one.

"Today they are married: and he is a confirmed drunkard."

## Moderation or Abstinence?

"There isn't such a thing as moderate drinking. . . . You do—or you don't!"

"The code of moderation is not good enough—because it gives no protection to the weak."

Just under half the women of Canada would subscribe to those two quotes. But *all* of them are deeply concerned with the importance of teaching either moderation or abstinence to young people.

Those who have no objection to a moderate use of beer, wine or spirits believe overwhelmingly that the best way to teach moderation is by example. When old enough, they say, let young people have a little at home. Preaching antagonizes and everyone knows the lure of "forbidden fruit."

Those who do object to the use of alcoholic

beverages voted again overwhelmingly in favor of the example of parents as the strongest influence. If children see total abstinence at home, they say, it will guide them in their own actions.

Others in this group say: encourage sports and entertainments where no liquor is used in any way.

Stop showing pictures glamourizing liquor, and giving an idea to young people that smart attractive men and women use it. Have education based on fact—not prejudice.

Close the lounges, bars and parlors. Stop making liquor except for medicinal purposes.

One Councilor wrote tersely: "There is no one way. But the most effective lesson against drinking is the sight of a drinking father."

## Necessary for a Successful Party?

Those who believe in moderation point out that visitors from Europe and Great Britain comment on the fact that although the use of alcoholic drinks is greater in these countries than in Canada and the U. S., the abusive use of liquor is much less over there.

There is always so much discussion about the social side of the liquor problem that we checked with our Councilors on this point, in particular. We asked them:

"When you entertain, do you feel that alcoholic drinks are essential to the success of a mixed party?"

Every province, every age group, every income level, shouted a thundering, "No."

For 81% of the women denied it emphatically. Only 11% said, "Yes"—and this proportion dropped from 14% in the biggest cities to only seven per cent in rural homes.

However, the income level did increase quite materially the number who believe that liquor is necessary for a successful evening with friends. Of the 11 out of every hundred who felt it was necessary, most of them were in the largest income group.

Continued on page 111



#### WASHINGTON

*Clever Mrs. Hume Wrong helps husband interpret Canada to U.S., Europe to America, in etiquette-sticklish Washington.*



#### LONDON

*From professor's wife to Canada's hostess in Britain was big change for unassuming Mrs. Norman Robertson.*



#### SANTIAGO

*Former schoolteacher Mrs. Fraser Elliott had to master intricacies of entertaining in smart socially-conscious Chile.*



# They mean Canada

by Maud Ferguson

**I**T SOUNDS exciting, and it is. Any number of Canadian girls—born in places like Oxbow, Sask., or teaching school in towns like Elk Horn, Man.—dream that some day they might marry clever men schooled in international affairs, and go to live in far and wonderful places.

These are women who did. For their husbands are now Canada's official representatives in many parts of the world. And among them is the Oxbow girl, married to the Canadian Ambassador to Chile and living in the palatial official Canadian residence in Santiago; and the Elk Horn schoolteacher who, as wife of our Ambassador to China, took along a whole beautiful model Canadian house and all its furnishings when she went to Nanking to

work with her capable Ambassador husband.

For they work, and hard, these wives who share the job of establishing and maintaining good diplomatic relations with the 30 countries in which Canada now has legations. Many of them have pioneered—gone directly from their own home towns or Ottawa's settled governmental circles—to the new posts set up by Canada in her meteoric rise to major world importance since the beginning of the war. And they always know that tomorrow or the next day may mean new moves to new places as the political situation at home changes.

"If you had a fairy godmother," the successful wife of one senior diplomat was asked, "what gifts would you want?"

"First, the capacity to enjoy new places and new people," she said thoughtfully, "then, a facility for languages; tact; organizing ability and, of course, it would be very nice to have charm."

In Ottawa the girls married to Department of External Affairs officials often feel sadly lacking in these attributes. But, thrown into the game of international entertaining, many of them rise to the occasion skilfully.

For there is no school for diplomats' wives. They all have to learn through bitter experience. In Ottawa they struggle along on the modest salaries Canada pays her civil servants, finding it difficult to do the entertaining they would like to do; trying with + Continued on page 38



# Never before such a WELCOME for a NEW Campbell's Soup !

NOW—TRY THIS  
NEW BEST-SELLER !

- ➔ Deep-flavored Chicken Stock
- ➔ Rich extra-heavy Cream
- ➔ Melting-tender pieces of Chicken

Add up to this  
New, Exciting Soup ...

*Campbell's*

## CREAM OF CHICKEN

Campbell's now make  
4 Kinds of Chicken Soup:

CHICKEN WITH RICE  
CHICKEN NOODLE  
CHICKEN GUMBO

... and the new

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



Everybody likes cream of chicken soup. Now taste this *new* soup and you'll say it's the finest cream of chicken you've ever eaten! Everybody at Campbell's is enthusiastic; in fact, never have Campbell's been so sure of a new soup favorite. This was proved when it was offered in the stores of two important cities, where it outsold in just a few weeks many of Campbell's established best-sellers. Now, many

months later, sales are still mounting. That's a welcome—a welcome you'll echo when you taste this smooth blend of heavy cream and rich chicken stock, with cuts of celery and tender pieces of chicken. Try Campbell's Cream of Chicken Soup. Just taste it and, lady, you'll agree you've found yourself a new family favorite—for *now* and for years to come! Why not make a note now to ask for it at your grocer's?

Made by Campbell's in Canada





## AFTER-SCHOOL TREAT! Big cups of Fry's Cocoa

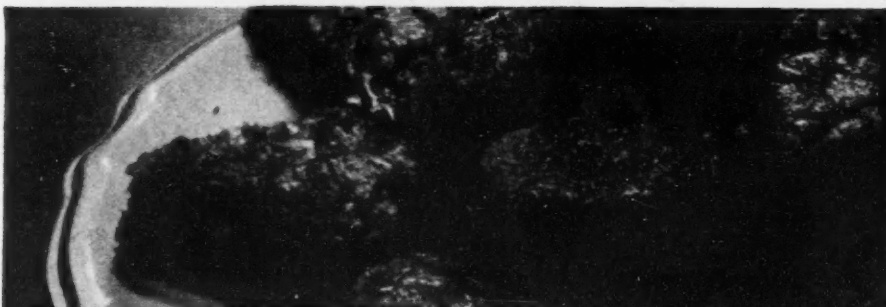
It's just right when the children come in from school, hungry as hunters!

And just right anytime! There's something so satisfying about a steaming cup of Fry's — smooth,

frothy, appetizing. Good for you, too — nourishing and healthful.

But it has to be Fry's for that richer chocolate flavor — the flavor that has made it Canada's favorite cocoa by 3 to 1.\*

\* According to a National Survey



### Everybody's Favorite

#### COOKIE-SHEET CHOCOLATE CAKE

1 cup milk	1 cup sifted all-purpose flour
1/4 cup Fry's Cocoa	1/2 teaspoon baking powder
1/2 cup butter or shortening	1/4 teaspoon salt
1 egg	1/4 teaspoon baking soda
1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed	1 teaspoon vanilla

You can mix this tender, chocolaty-rich cake (be sure to use Fry's) in one saucepan! Slowly add 1 cup milk to Fry's Cocoa. Mix well. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until slightly thickened (about 5 minutes). Remove from heat. Add butter or shortening, egg, and brown sugar. Beat well. Sift flour. Measure. Sift again with baking powder, salt, and soda. Add to chocolate mixture with vanilla. Blend well. Beat 1 minute. Pour batter into greased waxed paper-lined shallow cake pan or cookie sheet (15 x 10 x 1/2 inches). Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 12-15 minutes or until done. Remove from pan. Cool. Cover with Fudge Icing. Makes about 24 squares.

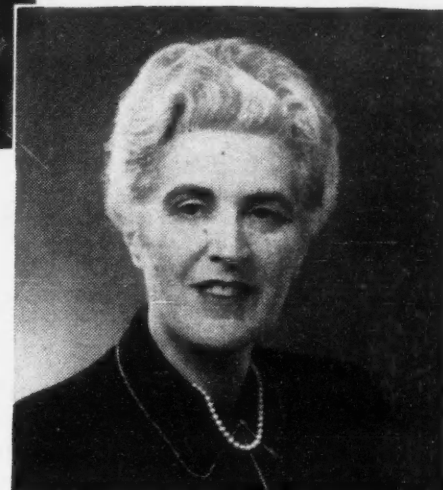
**FUDGE ICING:** 1 1/2 cups granulated sugar; 1/4 cup Fry's Cocoa; 1/2 cup milk minus 1 tablespoon; dash of salt; 1 tablespoon butter; 1 teaspoon vanilla. Mix all ingredients but butter and vanilla. Cook until soft ball is formed in cold water or until candy thermometer registers 234°F. Remove from heat. Add butter and vanilla. Beat until slightly thickened. (about 1 min.). Spread on cooked cake.

**FRY'S** the cocoa with  
the richer chocolate flavor



### ROME

Former Montrealer Madame Jean Desy, as wife of Senior Diplomat, had wide experience in Belgium, Brazil and other capitals.



Continued from page 36

the rest of the country to get "sitters" to look after their babies while they attend functions with their husbands. Actually, of course, life is informal and for those in the junior jobs, functions are few. This really makes it more difficult for them later, for, once abroad life takes on a different color. Often the color is rosier because service in a foreign country is accompanied by increased living allowances, but always it is much more complicated.

Because the function of diplomats is to interpret their country to others, and to learn as much as possible about the places to which they are accredited, a very important part of the job is meeting people. Entertaining and being entertained suddenly take on great importance and, because traditionally this part of life is the responsibility of the distaff side a wife almost overnight becomes an official representative of her country. The appearance of her house; the way in which she behaves; her knowledge of the customs and etiquette of the country in which she is living become things of vital consequence. A country can be seriously discredited by a tactless and gauche young woman; its stock can be pushed sky high by a diplomat whose wife is an intelligent and good hostess.

The first job confronting a wife whose husband heads his mission, is that of getting staff, and this can be very difficult for a woman whose experience of staff has been limited to part-time help or one maid; the second is learning about the protocol of the place to which they have been accredited. Protocol is simply the official and social rules by which the conduct of the mission must be governed. But there is nothing simple about it. Precedence, the thing that determines who is seated where at a formal dinner is a matter of grave concern. It is all too easy to snub unwittingly an important government official or the representative of another country, by placing him too far down the table! +



### PARIS

French-Canadian Mrs. George Vanier, former army wife, fits easily into the difficult life of post-war France.



### NANKING

Mrs. T. C. Davis surprised Chinese with all-Canadian modern house taken piece by piece from Canada to war-torn Orient. She's from Oxbow, Sask.



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## To Keep the World Out

*Continued from page 29*

with their glib chatter, their smooth assured way of sizing up men, would be off on their own dates before he showed up. Clemwood Fink. Even his name was queer, they'd think. Just her type. And he was so shy, she recalled, her heart already rushing out in hot maternal protectiveness. He might not know how to take them, the way she did.

To her relief Kitty's handsome senior medic came early. "Now don't you and Mr. Pink go painting the town red!" Kitty called toward the bedroom where Verne was struggling with her plain brown braids. Mr.—Pink. Verne laughed doubtfully. Nothing was going right. Her hand shook so she spilled powder on her suit skirt, and then couldn't find the brush. And though it was after eight, she had to stop and fix the zipper on Blythe's black formal. Of course he—might not come!

SHE BEGAN to think so after Blythe too—Blythe and the witty and casual boy she was dating steady now—had gone merrily off to their prom. She was sitting stiffly, trying to read, trying to think how she would explain to the girls, when the buzzer drilled its wild music through the apartment, through her heart. Verne dropped her book, for just an instant froze. Dear lord, help me not to bungle, not to mess things up!

Well anyway, the girls, thank heaven, were not here to see. She marched, with a kind of sudden glorious calm, to the door.

"Hello, sorry I'm late." His long thin homely face was eager and apologetic, his hands clutched his shabby hat. "It's a longer walk from my rooming house than I thought." He peered in through his glasses, coughed. "My, what a lovely place."

"The girls and I like it," she said with pride. Plunging blindly into her good warm coat, she noticed that his was frayed and, she suspected, not warm enough. Her heart went out to him in his shyness, his obvious need. "Now we don't need a taxi. I like to walk in the rain."

"So do I!" His face, that wasn't homely at all when he smiled, lighted up. "I—I sort of thought we'd like the same things," he confessed.

Verne's body was heavy, but her heart felt as light as the reflections that danced along the wet pavement like wind-blown flowers. Raindrops pecked at the umbrella that Clem held carefully over her. She felt absurdly fragile, lovely and cherished as Clem guided her about the Education Building and his own Visual Education department, explaining its slides and graphs and many gadgets, its complex routing systems. She was pleased that he knew so much. She was proud—the way wives must be proud, she thought headily—of his ability. She almost wished the girls could see him now. Almost—but not quite.

They went, finally, into the little preview booth. "I don't bring everyone here, you know," he said, busily threading film into the projector. "I've never wanted to. But you—I—ever since taking those pictures at Child Welfare, I've sort of known you'd understand what this work means to me."

"Oh, yes," she cried softly. "It's like the babies there are to me!"

"I got some awfully good shots of you with them," he said.

"Of me?" she exclaimed, flustered. People seldom took her picture. She was flattered and a trifle distressed. "Oh, my goodness, I didn't dream—I!"

"That's why they're so natural," he laughed. "That's what I like about you, Verne, you don't embarrass me like—like a lot of people. I'm so blamed bashful, but you—with you it's all right."

The darkness hid her burning cheeks, her foolish trembling. They sat in a cosy cave of humming darkness, too happy to care what others might think of them. They were snug and alone.

Later, in the Varsity Drug, he tried to get her to order more than a coke, but Verne was adamant. "No sense throwing your money around," she said.

Behind their glasses their eyes met, understood. He reached over and gripped her hand. "Verne, you're swell. I do have to fight to make ends meet, but my stipend will be increased after I get my master's degree, and then—"

"Then nothing," she declared. "I don't have to have money spent on me, Clem." She hoped she hadn't sounded too anxious. She looked uneasily about this gaudy, clattering place where bright bantering groups from the prom were beginning to pour in. They didn't seem to belong here, she and Clem. She was thankful when they were again huddled

under the rain-strummed umbrella, alone once more under its protecting magic wing.

"Well, I—I've certainly enjoyed this," Clem shivered in his thin coat as they stood in the dimly lighted hall before her door. He coughed, and his face seemed a trifle flushed. "We must do it again."

Verne's heart pounded. What did the girls say to clinch another date? Oh, surely, he would call again!

But though she hurried home eagerly each day now, there had been no message. Though she listened, nerve-sick, each time the telephone rang it was for Kitty or Blythe. And that made it even harder—that they should look at her with pity, that they should know.

Then one day she chanced on an item in the campus newspaper, and her breath came sharp. Clem was convalescing from pneumonia in the university hospital! So that's why he hadn't called! She was ashamed of her spurt of relief. The rain, his shabby coat, his probably leaky shoes—oh, why had she let him go out at all that night? Poor Clem, this was all her fault! She would have to make it up to him.

## HAPPINESS

By Charles McMillin



Success is getting what you want.

But happiness, my pet.

Comes from quite a different thing:

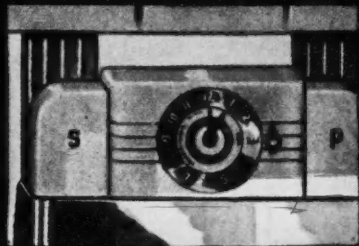
Wanting what you get.



# THE NEW AND GREATER

# Gurney

# ELECTRIC RANGE



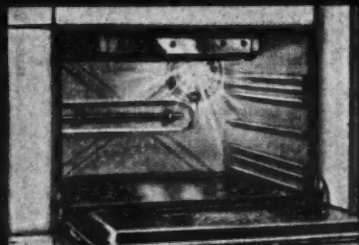
Automatic Oven Heat Control, Lamp Condiment Set, and Selector Switch. The Control Timer is a Telechrome automatic alarm clock.

*New*



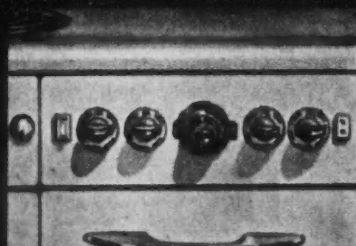
High Speed Flat Surface Elements. Aluminum Reflector pan slides out and is as washable as a china dish.

*New*



Illuminated Oven. The opening of the Double Action Oven Door automatically switches on the light.

*New*



Controls combine 5-Heat Switches and Thermostat. 2 signal lights, one for "bake" and one for "broil", indicate "off" and "on". Rapid response to oven temperature changes.

*New*



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He sat straight up in bed when she came peering uncertainly into the ward. "What d'you mean not letting your friends know?" she scolded, wanting to cry at how helpless and homely he looked with his cheeks blue caverns, his skin as white as the rough hospital gown. She deposited on the night table all the things she'd brought—the cookies baked after work, the fried chicken, magazines and fruit.

"I didn't have much chance. And I knew you were busy with your apartment and the girls." He kept beaming at her as if unable to believe his good fortune. He caught her hand. An orderly put up a screen and they huddled behind it as beneath the umbrella, sole and joyous occupants of a sheeted white star, theirs alone.

They talked a great deal, making up for lost time. Clem was funny and dear, telling her of his boyhood on a farm, his struggle for an education, his work making training films during the war. "Of course I didn't get overseas, do you mind?"

"You don't have to fight to be a hero," she said loyally.

Their hands locked tighter. Their glasses were no barrier for the shining message coded in their eyes.

Verne's world was rich and full those next two weeks. It was as if all the vast untried resources of her love had at last been loosed. As if she had found some magnificent new strength to lavish upon all. Her adored clinic babies, the girls—and Clem. Every night she would start for the hospital, always with her arms and her heart full.

"Nothing like taking advantage of a guy when he's down," Blythe would tease, holding the door wide. And Kitty, with a mischievous pat at her tiny middle, "If the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, he's a goner sure."

Cracks like that shook the foundations of Verne's private heaven a little. She was defensive, and a little hurt. But then they were young and giddy. They could hardly be expected to understand.

Under Verne's ministrations Clem mended fast. She was glad, of course, yet when he announced that he was to be dismissed, she felt as if some dread calamity were about to befall. They had been so happy here, so secure, so—alone! But of course he was anxious to get back to work, back on his feet.

The girls were thrilled. "Goody, now we can meet him," Kitty exclaimed at breakfast. "Why don't you have him up for a home-cooked dinner, Vernsie? That would land him in nothing flat."

"Also give us a chance to see if he deserves a find like you," Blythe said, her dark eyes fondly bemused over her coffee cup.

"Deserve me?" Verne protested. "Why, he's wonderful! He's—I mean—"

"Why, Verne!" Blythe set down her cup, shook a playful, scarlet-tipped finger. "You sound like you're in love."

Cheeks stinging, Verne plunged from the table, fumbled into her plaid tweed coat. Because she was! Stupidly, clumsily, gloriously in love for the first time—at 28. And she didn't want other people observing the phenomenon, others poking around it with their deft little batons of words, however well meant. The first time you enter Eden you're not sure of anything—even your man, she knew wretchedly. Especially if he's shy and sensitive too. You had

to protect him; you—you had to keep the world out.

But the world was bound to intrude. Though she had arranged to meet him at her office the next night, it intruded again in the noisy hilarity of the Varsity Drug. Intruded through the cars that zoomed past as they aimlessly strolled the streets, with nothing to shield and encompass them now, somehow nothing even to talk about. They were too uneasily conscious of the fraternity and sorority crowds sweeping by. The gay casual young world that ignored them, did not include them, filled them with some secret estranging shame.

Finally, defeated, they stood again before her door. "Good-night, Clem," Verne said. "Now you get to bed early and don't work too hard tomorrow. If—if there's anything I can do—"

"No, Verne, you've done too much already. And—I've said it before, but I'll say it again—thanks for everything."

Something in his voice alarmed her. Something final, stabbingly finished. "When," she blurted, desperate, "will I see you again?"

He shoved back his shabby felt hat. His gaunt face was distressed. "Frankly, Verne, I don't know. You see, I'm broke—and you've already done so much."

"Then I can do a little more. Listen, you come up for dinner Friday night. Now no excuses—you come! The girls"—she drew a deep painful breath—"the girls are dying to meet you," she said.

THEY WERE so delighted when she told them, so eager to help, that she was ashamed of her nagging dread. She absolutely had to have a new dress, they said, and visit a beauty parlor. They would cook the dinner (she'd done plenty for them, they insisted) but give her credit for it. The idea seemed to be to make her look glamorous. (Fat chance! she thought, yet feeling a wistful hope stirring) and still keep him sold on her domesticity. "That way you can't lose," Kitty declared.

Verne was confused. She didn't want to have to sell Clem anything—things had been so genuine between them, so natural. But heaven knows she didn't want to lose him. And maybe the girls were right. They'd had more experience with men, that was sure. As long as he was coming anyway, why not let them take over?

She was angry with herself for feeling so nervous those next two days, so uneasy. She had to get over this fear. The girls weren't going to vamp her precious Clem. They—wouldn't even want to! And it was that, she knew, that filled her with such misery. For they would never see beneath his shy awkwardness to his charm, his frequent gentle wit, his splendid capabilities. They would never suspect the thrill that a touch of his big homely hands could bring. However sweet they might be, they would disdain him. And Clem might sense it; Clem, who did not understand them as she did, might be wounded.

Oh, why had she ever risked it? Almost better never to see him again at all. But now there was no way out of it.

She left her office early Friday, but her hair took longer than she had expected. And then she had to pick up her new dress, left for alterations. It was after six when she came panting in.





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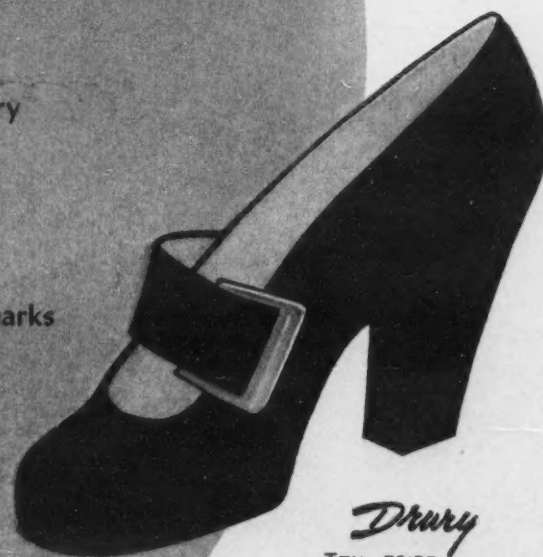
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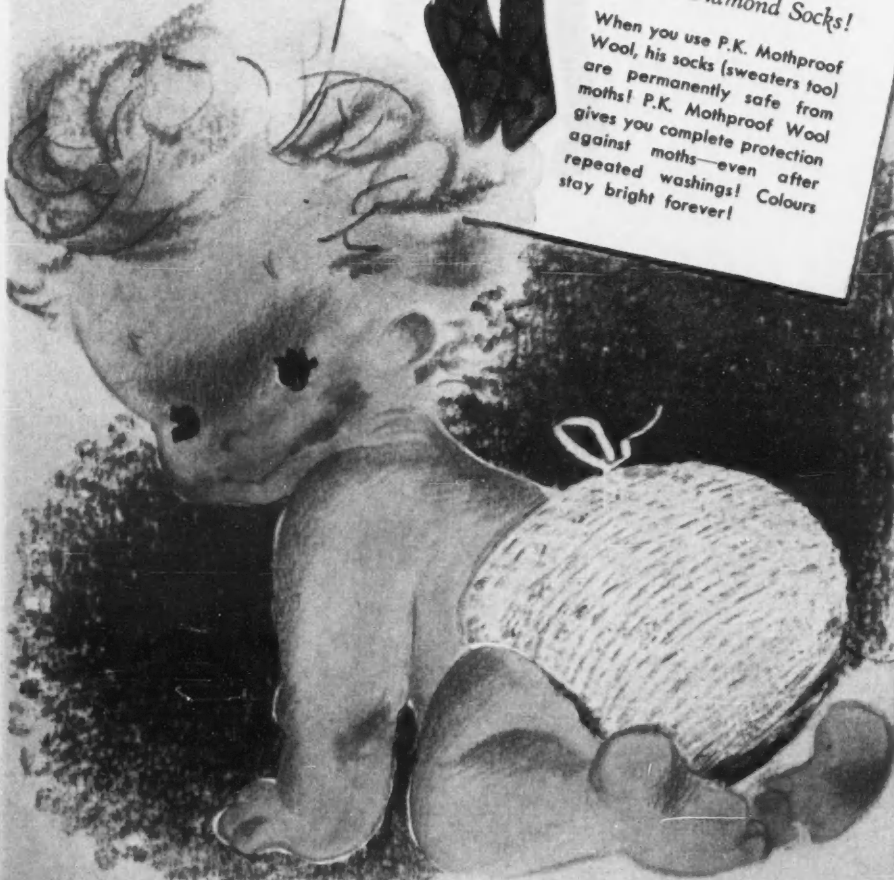
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"Verne?" Kitty's blond bangs appeared in the kitchen door. "Get your bath quick, the water's running."

"Why, you girls! All this work!" Roses stood in copper bowls on the white end tables. A fire crackled in the fireplace. Verne bustled into the dinette. "Shrimp cocktail, stuffed celery! My!"

Blythe, dark and lovely if a trifle disheveled, bunted her aside to light the tall candles. "Scram, he's due here any minute."

Due here—Clem! Suddenly, gloriously, Verne wanted to cry. The water, scented with Blythe's most exotic bath salts, drummed a steamy welcome. They had laid out her slip and hose, even the sensible underwear they kidded her so about. Her throat ached with a guilty wonder. They *did* adore her, the darlings, they were going to help her. Maybe all her fears were groundless. Maybe, the strange, half-sweet, half-painful hope struck her, they would even—play up to him a little!

Kitty darted in, tossing down an apron. "Be sure and carry this. Remember, you cooked the dinner even if we serve it."

"Oh, Kitty, no. I still don't think we ought to," Verne protested, from the bathtub, but Kitty had vanished.

She was straining into her girdle when Blythe appeared. "Good night!" Her dark eyes appraised the elegant black dress with its rhinestone trim. "You did go all out for glamour, didn't you? That'll slay the man."

Slay the man! Verne winced. Anxiety took hold of her again. Was that a mistake, that too? Clem was so poor—and he liked her naturalness. Would it scare him off? She smeared her lipstick and had to start over. What was Blythe doing to her hair? The waves were still stiff, all wrong. Everything was. Why, why had she got into this?

Then, just as they discovered a run in her hose, the buzzer rang. "Tell Kitty to go to the door," Verne groaned. "I'm not ready. I guess I'll never be for things like this, I'm a mess."

"No, wait," Blythe said, still combing furiously. "Now look!" She turned Verne back to the mirror. And miraculously now the waves lay soft and lovely about her face. In the light of the vanity lamps the rhinestones flashed. Verne's cheeks flushed, her eyes were almost as bright. "Darling, you're dazzling," Blythe said. "If he's got any sense he'll ask you to marry him tonight."

"Don't be silly," Verne gasped. But hope, sudden-born and shining, sprang into her breast. Why, she was almost beautiful! And if she could guard his happiness, if she could somehow help him to be assured, at ease, unafraid—he might. He just might!

He was perched on the flowered couch with Kitty when Verne rushed out. Kitty sprang up, and beside her blond, banged, little-girlishness in the simple frock, Verne's joy in her own appearance guttered out. She felt all dolled up in her blazing dress, she felt like a fool. But that didn't really matter, not if Clem—In tender anxiety she saw his stiffly white shirt, his well-pressed suit and polished shoes—and the nervous clutching of his hands, the already stricken look of his eyes behind their glasses.

"Clem!" she blurted. "I—I see you've met Kitty."

AND THEN it began. "Oh, we're just like *that*!" Kitty crooned. "But now

you take over. Verne, you look absolutely out of this world—doesn't she, Clem?" As he nodded, a look of dazed wonder on his dear homely face, Kitty scurried in obvious relief toward the kitchen where they heard an unmistakable gasp, a giggle. "Gee, talk about dopes!"

It crowded Verne's brain, beat through the room. Dopes. You and Clem, that's what the world thinks of us! Oh, I was right in trying to keep the world out, in not wanting to expose our clumsy sacred love to them. She sat stiffly beside him, unable to look at him in his well-groomed shabbiness, ashamed of her own splendor, of her whole selfish blunder. There were no words even to explain that the girls didn't mean anything. That though gay casual people can, by their very flippant self-sufficiency, hurt, they can be very kind in other ways, can honestly want happiness for you. She had learned that much, at least, from living with the girls. If only she could make him understand, share that knowledge with him, somehow.

"Break it up, you two," Blythe sang out in a moment. "This dinner's the answer to a hungry man's prayer—it oughta be, Vernsie cooked it."

"Lucky the guy that gets that gal," Kitty echoed, as Verne and Clem marched toward the table. "Honestly, there's nothing she can't do—cook, sew, clean, can—" She twinkled up at Clem and patted Verne's cold hand. "Clem, you sit at the head and carve for us. Verne, you be mama."

That made for some confusion, sitting down. Verne had hauled out her chair and was almost into it before Clem plunged to shove it under her. She sat so abruptly that she upset her water goblet. Blythe mopped up, arguing, "Now let me mother you for a change. It's high time," she told Clem, who was nervously studying the carving tools. "The way she mothers us."

Kitty shook out her napkin. "But then Verne was born to mother things. Instead of the clinic, she should have about 16 kids of her own, don't you think so, Clem?"

Briefly his eyes sought Verne's, then dropped in agony to his plate. "Oh, yes," he said. "Yes, that's right."

"Girls, please," Verne begged. Her throat was tight, her cheeks hot. Clem was suffering enough, having trouble with his shrimp, attacking the chicken doubtfully. Her hands wrenched in her lap. Help him, please Lord help him, and please don't let them say any more. For it was all so shamefully obvious, their flattery, their preposterous hints of competition.

"We've had had you sooner," Blythe claimed, "but Verne's nights are so often spoken for. By the way, Vernsie, you had two more calls this afternoon."

Verne didn't answer. She ate in blind silence, not tasting the food, not looking at Clem's flaming face, trying not to hear the hoarse unsteadiness of his voice as he politely agreed with all the girls said. Oh, couldn't they see they were overdoing it? That Clem was too smart not to know when he was being taken for a ride!

The nightmare meal was finally over, and she and Clem were being shooed off, by blatant prearrangement, to be "alone." But now, at least, she could undo a little of the damage. She could release him from this horrible collusion.



"Clem, I can't imagine what's got into the girls," she blurted as they sat down. "Why, I—I'm not the maternal saint they painted me at all. Marriage," she scoffed, "children. Mercy, I get enough of that at the clinic!"

He tightened his dry lips. "Yes," he said quietly, "I suppose you do. I couldn't expect—"

"And Clem," she broke in—her eyes were suddenly tear-shot, glancing anxiously toward the kitchen—"you can go now if you want. You—you don't have to stay any longer."

"Yes, I—I suppose that would be best for you. There's some work I should do at the office."

In a few moments Verne got her own coat and crept out. The girls would probably think they'd left together. The girls would probably laugh and congratulate themselves on having played Cupid. Cupid to a couple of—*dopes!* The word stung, bore down into her vitals. Dear heaven, if only Clem hadn't heard, he might have rallied! But even in her anguish, she recognized staunchly that the girls had meant well. They just didn't understand. Wise as they were about quick love, casual love, they could not know about this kind, this fumbling, late-blooming first love between two lonely people, and how gently it must be treated.

SHE WENT automatically to Child Welfare. Maybe if she worked she wouldn't think. But trudging woodenly up the steps, groping her key from her pocket, she suddenly halted, stared. "Clem!" She flung one hand to her trembling mouth. For he was there beneath the little portico, thin and tall and equally startled. "What are you doing here?"

"I wanted to feel near you, Verne. Why—darling, you've been crying!"

She nodded helplessly, letting the tears roll down her face, letting the raw sobs shake her. And then he opened his arms and she was somehow in them,

being held as she had always dreamed of being held—fiercely and yet gently. Being comforted.

"Verne, Verne, was I that dreadful for you?" he begged. "No wonder you asked me to go."

"No, no, it wasn't that. It was all so dreadful for you. I wanted to spare you any more of it. Clem"—she drew back, wiping her eyes, speaking with blunt desperation—"I'm no good at anything but the truth. I—I asked you up because I was afraid I might not see you any more, and I like you so much and the girls—I mean—they wanted to help me—well—land you!" she said with a shamed terseness. "It was all wrong, I was afraid it might be, it was so embarrassing for you—"

"You mean you do love me?" he cried in gentle wonder. "Oh, Verne, you would marry me, even knowing how poor I am, and how—how inadequate?"

"You're not inadequate," she said angrily. "To me you're wonderful. Nothing anybody else thinks or says can change that. And we—we belong together. We mustn't let people who're different from us, people who don't really matter, scare us into thinking we're inadequate for each other, dear."

"Things are all right when we're alone," he said. "When we're alone we're happy."

Verne thought for a moment, and then she said practically, "Yes, but we won't always be alone. We've got to face that too, we can't hibernate even after we're married. But maybe when we're more used to—to love, when we know how to handle it, we'll be more like other people. We can let the world in and the world won't frighten us."

Clem drew her closer. For a long moment he gazed at her, and then, very carefully and very wonderfully, he kissed her. It was her first kiss, filling her heart with beauty, lifting her on wings of delight. And telling her too, that kiss, how soon they would be at home to love—and to the world. +

such attention. "Good evening, Julia," said Emma. "It's nice of you to be so prompt."

Julia was a gangling 15-year-old with a long blank face. Her brown hair was curled in front in an amateurish way and tied up in the back in the prevailing horse-tail mode. She had cinched in her full skirt with a wide red belt and her thin arms hung out of a cheap short-sleeved blouse; her feet were cramped into high-heeled pumps. "Good evening, Mrs. Lenster," she half-whispered. Her eyes dwelt on Emma's gala appearance hungrily.

"Now you understand, Julia," went on Emma. "Mr. Lenster and I will be out rather late, but Mr. Lenster will take you home and if you get too sleepy there's a couch in the nursery. Come along and I'll show you."

Julia followed her, stumbling a little on her high heels. At the door of the nursery Emma put her finger on her lip and then turned on a shaded light.

"Here they are," she said, dotingly. "Little Phil's almost three—he's over there. This is Ann, she's just eight months. They're very good, they usually sleep straight through, but if they do wake up give them a very small drink of water and talk to them *quietly* and turn out the light. Keep them covered and if they twist about and get outside, put

## Baby Sitter

Continued from page 21

Poppa stuff tonight. You worry too much. You relax and have a good time, for gosh sake! Look, I wish that baby sitter would come. I'm raring to go."

"I hope she'll be all right. She's a big girl taller than I—"

"That doesn't make her very big."

"I only saw her for a couple of minutes at the school, but I thought she looked fairly bright." Emma was talking to convince herself. "Anyway the personnel woman, that old sourpuss Miss Almey, recommended her and anybody Miss Almey recommends would have to pass an acid test, I'd say. And I had her check with the school nurse because I couldn't take a chance about her carrying germs or something."

"That was smart! Emma, you're gorgeous! I'm proud to be seen out with you."

"You're sweet," said Emma. "It's no wonder I love you! Oh, there's the bell. You let her in, darling, I'll be right along." She called after him, "Her name's Julia Topping."

She heard Phil's voice as she went down the hall and when she went in he was helping the girl off with her coat and she was obviously not accustomed to



## Kids' "hangout"

You can't keep youngsters out of the kitchen . . . so why not give them a corner all their own! A private snack-bar, located just inside the back door, featuring jumbo jars of their favorite after-school treats. Of course, this is going to invite traffic. But your good Gold Seal Congoleum rug can take any amount of coming and going! With its wear layer of heat-toughened paint and baked enamel equal in thickness to 8 coats of the best floor paint applied by hand . . . Gold Seal Congoleum is *lastingly* pretty—and it cleans up bright as new with the swish of a damp cloth. Just remember! For all-round economy that only real Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs can give . . . look for this seal. It carries the famous money back guarantee of satisfaction!

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Cows"

them straight, very gently. You've done this sort of thing before, I suppose." She pulled the covers over the children with caressing fingers, lingeringly.

"Yes ma'am," said Julia.

"That's fine. There's the couch, take a nap if you get very tired and use that woolen throw. Now come with me."

She led Julia into the kitchen, opened the refrigerator. "I put some sandwiches and milk—here—if you want a snack. And this is the cookie box, you can help yourself. There's a bottle of coke if you don't care for milk. I'll leave this side light on so you can find your way about easily."

She convoyed Julia back to the living room. "Here's the phone, right on the desk, and here are the names of the three places we're going with their numbers, Julia—see, restaurant, theatre, night club, all perfectly clear. If anything happens that you can't handle, don't wait, call us at once. I've written down the time we'll probably be at each place. You understand?"

"Yes ma'am," said Julia, her eyes riveted on Emma's fur coat.

"Make it snappy, Em," said Phil. "They mightn't keep our table."

"Put the bolt on the door, Julia, and don't let anyone in, no matter who, while we're out. And if any phone calls come please make a note of them. Now don't be worried, I'm sure you'll get along perfectly well. Oh, yes—you can read any magazines and books you want. Mr. Lenster will pay you when we get back."

Julia was moved to anxious speech: "I'm to have 50 cents an hour and after midnight a quarter extra."

"That's right."

"Can I play the radio?"

"Well, yes, if you turn it way down; here's the knob, see? You might wake up the children if it was loud. But please don't touch the phonograph or the records, Julia; Mr. Lenster has a special collection and doesn't like them handled."

AS THEY WENT down in the elevator Phil said: "She's an odd fish, doesn't look much like the Graven School type."

"She's sort of a charity pupil, the old lady her mother works for pays for her, Miss Almey told me. Oh, I do hope she'll be all right. Ann and Phil are so little."

"Now don't worry, sweetie, she'll do fine. I'm sure she will."

The doorman greeted them jovially: "You surely look like big doings tonight, Mr. Lenster. I guess you want a taxi."

"You guess right," said Phil. "We're out on the loose." He gave the man a dollar. "Have something on us, Tim."

"Thank you and have yourselves a time."

As they drove off Emma exclaimed: "I wish I'd asked Tim to go up there about 10 and see if everything is all right."

"Tim goes off at eight, honey. Arthur's on nights."

"Tim could have told Arthur." She caught Phil's warning glance: "Oh darling, I'll not say another word of momma-and-poppa talk tonight! But the babies are so precious and that girl's so—I don't know, so unresponsive."

Phil put a comforting arm about her. "I know, I know. But you just stop twittering and forget it. We're strictly for jocund mirth and so forth from now on."

Back in the apartment Julia put her car to the door and when she heard the elevator go down she slipped out into the hall and brought in a package she had hidden three steps down the inside fire stairs. She carried it into the kitchen and opened it. Two cartons of coke, one of sarsaparilla, three boxes of sweet crackers, six packets of gum. She put the coke in the icebox, opened the crackers and piled them on Emma's best plates. They looked, she thought, keen.

Then she went into the bedroom, fingered over Emma's cosmetic tray, tried the lipstick and powder and dabbed herself heavily from a bottle of perfume that Emma cherished beyond pearls. A pair of costume earrings lay on the dresser and Julia put them on. Then she opened the dresser drawers and counted Emma's slips, but didn't take them out. After that she turned to the closet and counted the dresses. "Gosh, what a lot," she said aloud. "They're keen." She took one down, an old blue-sequin dinner dress and looked at it for a long time, attracted by its glitter, held it up to herself and shook her head ruefully. "Too small for me," she thought and hung it back.

Now she went to the living room, opened the cigarette boxes and smiled to find them well filled. She turned on the radio, found a dance band and pranced about the room waving her arms and singing to the music. A ring of the doorbell stopped her gyrations and she ran to open it.

WHEN EMMA LENSTER came in at half-past one Julia was sitting on the edge of the sofa, her coat on, her bag in her hand. "Oh, you poor child!" cried Emma. "You must be dead! Run on down, Mr. Lenster's holding the taxi. Are the children all right?"

"Yes ma'am," said Julia, already at the door. "G'night." She was gone before Emma could say anything more.

Twenty minutes later when Phil came in he began: "You didn't tell her she could have company did you? Arthur says—"

He was stopped by a furious Emma coming from the nursery. "I don't believe she so much as looked at the children. And she's eaten up everything in the house, all the bread, the eggs, the bacon, all the jam and peanut butter and fruit and cookies and orange juice—even all the babies' milk is used up. And she's been smoking—"

They investigated, exclaiming with wrath. The cigarette boxes were empty, but Julia had cleaned the ash trays. The rug had evidently been pulled back for dancing for the waxed floor was cut and scarred. Phil's records had been taken out and put back hit or miss. He swore aloud: "I'll wring her neck if any of them are cracked."

"This table's had something sticky spilled on it."

"There's a burn in this chair cushion."

"And butts in my lovely narcissus!" Emma paused. "Phil, we sound like The Three Bears! She must have had a lot of people up here."

"That's what I was asking you when I came in—did you tell her she might have company? Arthur says some boys and girls came right after he went on duty and he supposed we'd given her permission. And he says the people upstairs kicked about the noise and he came up and told them to be quiet."



"The first thing I'll do tomorrow morning," declared Emma, "is to report her to Miss Almey. She's a—" She ran to the desk. "Phil, that \$10 Aunt Grace sent for little Phil's birthday is gone! It was under the blotter."

"Good lord, that's serious! The rest of it might be kid foolishness, but stealing money's something else again. You sure?"

"I'm sure," said Emma. "No wonder she ran out so fast. Did she say anything on the way home, make any excuses?"

"Never opened her head. I asked her about the children and she said they were all right. Em, they are all right, aren't they?"

They rushed back to the nursery and hung over the cribs. Ann and little Phil were sleeping, rosily, soundly, healthily. Emma sniffed their breath. "She evidently didn't give them any dope or anything like that," she said.

Phil took her hand. "We'd better go to bed. If the kids are okay that's the main thing. We'll go into the rest of this in the morning."

But in the bedroom Emma saw her perfume bottle half empty. "That divine stuff you got me for Christmas that I doled out by the drop," she mourned. "I shouldn't have left it out."

"Better look at your clothes," said Phil.

Emma looked. "I don't think she's taken anything, but they've been taken down and handled. Oh, there's another burn—there—on the bedside table."

"Good lord, she might have set the whole place on fire. Em, this is terrible, really."

"I'll never go out and leave the children again if I have to stay in for the rest of my life," said Emma. "I'll never feel safe about anybody again."

There was not much rest for them in what was left of the night and there was more rage in their hearts as they breakfasted on dry cereal and black coffee. "I'd like to do the phoning to Miss Almey," said Phil grimly. "That girl's a menace. Don't leave out anything, nail her on every item."

"Don't you worry," replied Emma, just as grimly. "I'll tell all—with pleasure. I'll call you up and report to you what happens."

Late in the morning she phoned Phil that Miss Almey, Julia and her mother were to come to the Lenster apartment at half-past eight. "The mother works, you know, so they can't come earlier. I certainly threw the book at Miss Almey and she was as horrified as we were. She says Julia's one of the quietest best-behaved girls they have. She says Julia knows she's there on charity and makes a special effort to live up to the privilege of being in such a nice private school."

"Did you tell Miss Almey about the \$10?"

"Yes, but first I took another look for it, but I know it was under the blotter when we went out."

"Did you tell her about the food and the cigarettes and oh, Em, did you have a chance to look over my records?"

"Yes, I just finished, and I hate to tell you but two or three of them are cracked, those Flamenco things you got in Paris. And I found some more burns, one in the hall rug. Phil, I'm sick over this. I mean, she looked such a harmless kid."

"Harmless as a sabre-tooth tiger! Em, you'd better estimate what the

repairs will cost us, her mother's got to pay it. And Miss Julia can jolly well hand back the four dollars I gave her for last night."

"Yes, she must do that. I'm so thankful nothing happened to the children. I'd have murdered her if she'd done anything to them."

"They don't show signs of any bad treatment, haven't caught cold or anything?"

"No, they're bright as buttons, thank heaven."

"Well, that saves the girl's life. But make a list of damage to show them tonight anyway."

Emma had made her list when Phil came home: Floor scratches, burns, perfume, missing food, cigarettes. At the end she wrote sternly: "Children's diapers unchanged" and underscored it. After all what was a baby sitter for if not to tend to babies?

As they waited for the unpleasant call Emma and Phil went over the list and discussed it. "It'll run to close \$100," said Phil. "More if we have to have the whole floor done over."

"It's not just the damage," said Emma soberly. "This having the house ransacked makes me almost as mad as the damage. It gives me such a feeling of having the essential decencies violated to have my personal belongings rummaged through and pawed over. I suppose I ought to have locked everything up, but it never occurred to me I'd need to. I feel as if horrible insects had been crawling around."

"What burns me up is their breaking those Flamenco records. I know I can't get duplicates. You told her specifically to leave my records alone and told her why."

"I keep telling myself how lucky we are nothing happened to the children, but it doesn't help me much. I don't get it, Phil, her acting like this. She must have known we'd find out."

"Kids don't figure the angles. They just take a chance. And they haven't any sense of responsibility or personal rights."

"I never would have thought she was such a little sneak. She—oh well, what's the use! I do hope we can get this over fast. I hate it."

PHIL OPENED THE door to them. Miss Almey came in first, a dry sharp stick of a woman, her thin lips set in perpetual suspicion. Then came Mrs. Topping, stout, anxious and shabby, on her face the unreal smile of the born sycophant. Julia came last, hanging her head and moving with effort. Emma was shocked in spite of her rancor by the girl's white misery. She looked blind from weeping, she stumbled and sighed. Her hair tonight was in a lank braid wrapped round her head and on her feet were flat, worn-out sandals.

Emma indicated chairs and as she sat down Mrs. Topping began, too glibly, too fluently: "Mrs. Lenster, b'lieve me I'm just all to pieces about this, I can't understand it, she's been such a good girl and a comfort to her mother and this was such a nice chance for her and I want to tell you right away that she never took the money you missed, she's the most honest child alive she wouldn't touch a penny of anybody else's and I do think there must be some mistake about that money and I do hope you'll not be too hard on her she's been like somebody

✦ Continued on page 50

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makings of a decent midnight snack. Isn't there a bit of beef loaf left over, or a few baked spare ribs, part of a boiled tongue or a little meat on the bones of a chicken? Or are you the hot-milk-and-soda-biscuit type? *Chacun à son goût.* What's one man's meat is another man's ulcer.

**Cooking rice?** A few drops of lemon in the water helps to produce snow-white grains.

**I haven't tried it,** but shouldn't mincemeat stowed under a cottage pudding be pretty good? Served with brown sugar sauce.

**Tropical relish** is what they call cranberries—raw, chopped, mixed with sugar, lemon and shredded pineapple. Two cups berries, a cup sugar, ½ cup pineapple, half a lemon.

**Different seasonings** are to a dish what new accessories are to last year's outfit—pepper-uppers.

**Rings on your table.** Bake a sponge cake in a ring mold, fill with ice cream and swirl the edges with cream, whipped; cook a meat loaf ring-shaped and fill with carrots; mold fish, meat and vegetable salads in a shimmery circle and pile with crisp greens; serve fruits in

**Quotation:** One of the rules for a perfect dinner party laid down by Brillat-Savarin in 1825 was this: "Let the gentlemen be witty without pretension and the ladies charming without too much coquetry." Too much coquetry, he says; a little is all to the good.

**Have a heart** if your menus are tending to monotony. Good stuffed and baked, or as a pot roast, centre filled with diced onion and parsley and slow-cooked with a variety of seasonings.

**Why,** raves my friend's husband, do you have to shift things about, what's the big idea of the piano in *that* corner,

come you can't leave the desk where it was? Etc. And so on. As though any woman ever needed a reason for a little change-over. Will no man understand that? Will they always see a rumpus over a trifle such as a raked shin or a bang on the funny bone?

**Try cottage cheese,** crisp biscuits and cherry jam as a dessert trio.

**Ever baste** your beef loaf or hamburgers with the liquid left over from a jar of spiced peaches? Different flavor, cost.

**Here comes cookie.** Measure 2½ cupfuls of sifted flour; sift again with a half teaspoon of baking soda. Beat an egg; add a quarter cupful brown sugar, half cupful of granulated, three quarters cupful melted shortening and one half cupful of blanched toasted almonds, chopped. Now add the flour-soda mixture and blend. Pack in a lined loaf pan or shape in a roll and wrap in waxed paper. Chill overnight. Slice thinly—as required and bake for five minutes in a hot oven. Lemon slices, they're called. Good, easy taste.

**A length of pipe cleaner** is great for cleaning and polishing between the tines of a fork. No pipe dream this, fact.

**Lots of oatmeal** found its way into the old cookie jar. A lot still does. So do other grains in such newfangled forms as flakes, shreds, puffed kernels and so on. If you haven't a recipe you haven't been keeping up with the cooking pages.

**When you boil fish**—don't. Keep it just at the simmering stage.

**Breakfasts:** the world wakes up to a variety of 'em. Frenchmen nibble croissants and sip strong coffee. Englishmen enjoy an aromatic kipper. Down South they go for pones and spoonbreads. Canadians decapitate a matutinal egg and slide down the banister to crispy bacon. Or are you a slice-o'-toast-and-hippa-coffee breakfaster? I hope not.

**Starching** isn't a business for by-gones and by-golly methods. Better to have a recipe and follow it just so. And while I think of it I might remind you that lukewarm water is better than cold for diluting.

**Said by an Englishman,** no less. "Generally speaking, Scotch ideas on food are sound. The people who regard haggis and sheep's head as things that the lips should not allow to enter them and the tongue should refuse to mention, are, begging their pardon, fools." Hoot mon, that's tellin' 'em.

**Saint Andrew** bows November out. And I bow to Saint Andrew. ♦





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Continued from page 47

crazy ever since Miss Almey talked to her this morning after you telephoned she come home from school and was in the house all day crying herself sick and not eating a bite her Pa says he never saw the like, of course I wasn't there because I go to work real early and don't get home till after I've given Mrs. Arnold her supper and got her into bed and—"

Miss Almey stopped this flow. "As nearly as I can find out, Mrs. Lenster," she said with acid precision, "Julia came on time last night and after you had left some of her young friends visited her. She insists she didn't invite them, but that is not true, I have investigated that. She says they only stayed a short time and touched nothing. She also insists that she did not take the money you missed."

"The money was taken by some of her friends then," said Phil. "And if they touched nothing, what became of some 200 cigarettes, a loaf and a half of bread, half a pound of butter, three bottles of milk, a dozen oranges, seven eggs, half a pound of bacon and a quantity of peanut butter and jam? Julia could hardly have eaten that amount and she didn't take it away with her, I am sure. And let me show you this floor." He pulled back the rug. "I suppose they were jitter - bugging. And"—his voice tightened—"my wife expressly told her not to touch my record collection and I find they have nearly all been taken out and some of them damaged."

Emma had been watching Julia. "Let's begin at the beginning," she said. "Julia, how many of your friends were here last night?"

"Only three," said Julia, almost inaudibly. "They didn't do anything wrong, Mrs. Lenster, honest they didn't."

"The doorman says there were seven, four boys and three girls," said Phil.

Julia began to cry, her desolate sobs filled the room with misery. "It's not so, it's not so! Everybody's lying about me. I didn't do anything wrong. I didn't ask anybody here. I didn't take the money."

"Honest, Mrs. Lenster, I do think you're mistaken about her taking the money—" Mrs. Topping began fawningly, but Miss Almey stopped her. Miss Almey meant to run this meeting and was not pleased at the way she was being disregarded. Her voice was as sharp as her face.

"The first thing is that Julia must apologize to you and ask your pardon for what she has done. Julia, say what I told you."

Julia got up waveringly and mumbled: "Mrs. Lenster and Mr. Lenster, I humbly apologize for what I did and beg you to forgive me."

"Tomorrow you will make an apology before the school for bringing discredit to its standards," said Miss Almey. "And now, Mr. Lenster, Julia must return the money you paid her last night as a first reparation."

Phil and Emma exchanged looks of complete wretchedness. They were beginning to hate Miss Almey. They squirmed with discomfort at this torture. But they were not prepared for Julia's reaction.

Her voice rose to a keening wail: "I haven't got that money," she shrieked, "I haven't got it. I can't pay it back."

"But Julia," interposed Phil gravely,

"what did you do with it? I gave it to you not 24 hours ago and you've hardly been doing any shopping today."

"I paid it to the grocery. This morning, going to school."

"What grocery?" pounced her mother.

"You know very well I don't run no bills at the grocery, they won't give me credit since your Pa—" she bit her lips.

"I bought some cokes and some crackers and he did give me credit. It was Joe's place." Every word was torn from her like bits of living flesh from her body.

"You can buy an awful lot of cokes for four dollars," said Phil. "I don't get this, any of it. You didn't ask your friends up here and you didn't touch anything and you didn't take the money and you didn't raise such a rumpus that the people upstairs complained and the doorman had to come up and stop it. You're the complete innocent bystander. It doesn't make sense."

Miss Almey took command again with gusto: "She's not telling the truth, of course. This is a complicated and dreadful affair, Mr. Lenster. Now I have found out that she certainly did invite two of her classmates here last night—to a party—and she told them she lived here—this was her home—and that you, Mrs. Lenster, are her married sister!" She brought out this last with sadistic triumph.

"Well," declared Phil, "now I've heard everything!"

Julia's wail began again: "I did not. I did not invite them. I did not tell them I lived here. They're all liars. I hate them, they're stuck-up, hateful—"

"Crying won't help you," said Miss Almey, gloating, "nor will lying. You must tell the complete truth and help us get to the bottom of this."

"If you wasn't such a big girl I declare I'd whip you," added Mrs. Topping virtuously. "Making up such a story and denying your own folks."

Emma rose with quick decision. "This is all too painful," she said. "I'm going to take Julia back and let her wash her face and get hold of herself. You come with me, Julia." She took the shrinking girl's arm and half-led, half-supported her out of the room and closed the door behind her.

SHE GOT JULIA to her bedroom and dropped her on a chair, brought a glass of milk and a damp towel. "Now, drink this," she ordered, holding the glass to Julia's lips, "and then wipe your face. Miss Almey's right, crying won't help you. Straighten up, child, I'm not going to hurt you." She sat down beside Julia and studied her as she drank the milk. When the glass was empty she set it aside.

"Now we're going to talk quietly," she said. "Please listen to me, Julia. You wanted to have a party, didn't you? You wanted very much to have a party. And you didn't want to have it at home. Why not? You can tell me, I'm not going to be harsh with you. Why didn't you want to have your party at home?"

Julia sighed from her toes and raised her drowned face a little. In her grief her speech had slipped back and down to the slums whence she came. "It was because of Pa. Pa don't work ever, he just lays around and he gets drunk. Mis' Lenster, you don't know how awful Pa is. And I've been to parties at the other girls' and Minnie Courcay said I never had a party myself. They make



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fun of me all the time, they know Ma's old lady pays for me. I hate that old school anyway. Oh, I wish I went to public school where nobody'd notice me." There was passionate truth in her words now and the picture they drew made Emma wince. She saw the drunken father, the sordid home, the sneering girls. She took Julia's limp hand.

"I can see how you'd want to give a party, Julia. I understand that perfectly. But why did you ask boys, too? There aren't any boys in your school. Where did you get the boys, Julia? What kind of boys were they?"

"Two of 'em go to our church and the other two live in our block. They're all nice boys Mis' Lenster, really, they're dreamy. One of 'em—" her voice trailed off and a fleeting look of ecstasy touched her thin face.

"One of them you like very much, is that it? But Julia, these boys knew you didn't live here, they knew you hadn't a married sister—what made you say that?"

"They knew I didn't live here, I guess. But they didn't know you weren't my sister—people don't know much about other people in our neighborhood. And the girls didn't know anything much."

Emma let that go. After all, it didn't matter. "This boy," she asked, "the one you like? What's his name?"

It came to her lips with a hopeless tenderness, slurred and softened in her emotion. "His name's Eddy Lukens, oh, Mrs. Lenster, Eddy's keen—he's terrific. He was in my confirmation class, he goes to high school, he plays trumpet like Harry James—or he could if he had a good instrument—oh, he's wonderful. I wanted to show those girls I knew some keen boys, I didn't mean any harm. Look, what I said about paying for the cokes was true, cross my heart and hope to die. I brought a lot of cokes along with me last night, and crackers too, and Joe let me have 'em on credit and I paid for 'em this morning with the money Mr. Lenster give me last night, that's the honest truth, Mrs. Lenster. I hid the stuff out in the hall till you got away and then I brought it in. I didn't mean they should eat up your stuff, Mrs. Lenster, but I couldn't stop 'em. They said they was hungry. Eddy was hungry, I had to make him some supper, didn't I? But I didn't mean to take your eats, I mean, when I came in."

"I see," said Emma. "The party got out of hand. I take it they went all over the place and looked through everything, including my clothes."

"It was the girls. I tried to stop 'em. I said you'd be sore. I tried to put everything back in its right place. On'y—I did take some of your cologne, Mrs. Lenster, I couldn't help it. I never smelled anything so good."

"Let that go for the moment," said Emma. "Tell me this, Julia, did Eddy like your party? Did he have a good time?"

"I guess so, he ate a lot. But he danced most with Minnie and she asked him to take her home. Mrs. Lenster, it's not etiquette, is it, for a girl to ask a boy to take her home? If he wanted to take her home, wouldn't he ask her?"

"Yes, he certainly would," said Emma, oddly thankful to give one honest crumb of comfort. She got up and walked about the room remembering her own sweet

and stable girlhood, her home, her gentle parents, her friends, her fun. She had always been secure, protected, loved. And here was this waif who had to snatch at a moment's happiness with lies and deceit and conniving. And perhaps with theft. The \$10 . . .

She stood in front of Julia. "I understand why you wanted a party and what happened, Julia. But—that money in the desk . . . do you know who took it? You must tell me, if you do."

"I don't know, hope to die, hope to drop down dead this minute." There was no validity in the protest, only a frantic wish to convince. Now it was clear to Emma. Eddy had stolen the money and Julia would let herself be drawn and quartered before she would reveal it.

"So it was Eddy," she said. "And you're shielding him. Oh, Julia!"

"He never took it. Maybe one of the other boys, or that Minnie, but not Eddy. Eddy'd never do such a thing in this world!"

"Well," hesitated Emma, "well—if you—"

Julia interrupted fearfully: "Anybody who steals money'd be sent to Reform School. I guess everybody knows what Reform School's like." She dropped her head in her hands, shivering.

There was an impatient tap at the door and Phil said: "Emma, come on back. What are you doing?"

"I'll be there in a minute," said Emma. She looked down at Julia and tried to arrange her scattered sympathies. Here was a self-confessed liar, a very stupid liar, a thief or a thief's accomplice, a shirker of the simplest duties, a weak, foolish creature with criminal potentialities—and yet—and yet, Emma could not find it in her soul to be the sentencing judge.

There was a silence and then Emma made up her mind. "You come with me, Julia," she said. "I'm going to get you out of this, some of it anyway. Maybe you don't deserve it but I can't do anything else."

MISS ALMEY and Mrs. Topping were at explosion point and Phil was little better, but Emma forestalled their protests. She spoke directly to her husband: "Phil, I understand more about what happened now," she said, "and I'm willing to drop it if you are. Let's forget about it. Let's give Julia another chance. And please, Miss Almey, don't require Julia to make an apology before the school. It's too cruel."

"No, Mrs. Lenster, it is not cruel," snapped Miss Almey. "It is only justice. Besides, it's our rule. Any girl who does not maintain the school's standards must make an open confession of what she's done."

Emma gave her a long thoughtful look and turned to Mrs. Topping. "Then Julia must leave that school and go to public school. And—if you'll permit her to do that Mr. Lenster and I won't insist that the money be made good." She made this impressive.

"But what'll I say to Mrs. Arnold?" bleated Mrs. Topping. "She's been so kind to Julia and taken such an interest. She'll be very put out."

"I don't know what you can say to her except that you've decided Julia will do better in public school. I don't think Mrs. Arnold matters much, it's Julia who needs your—attention—and your—your love. She's at a difficult age.





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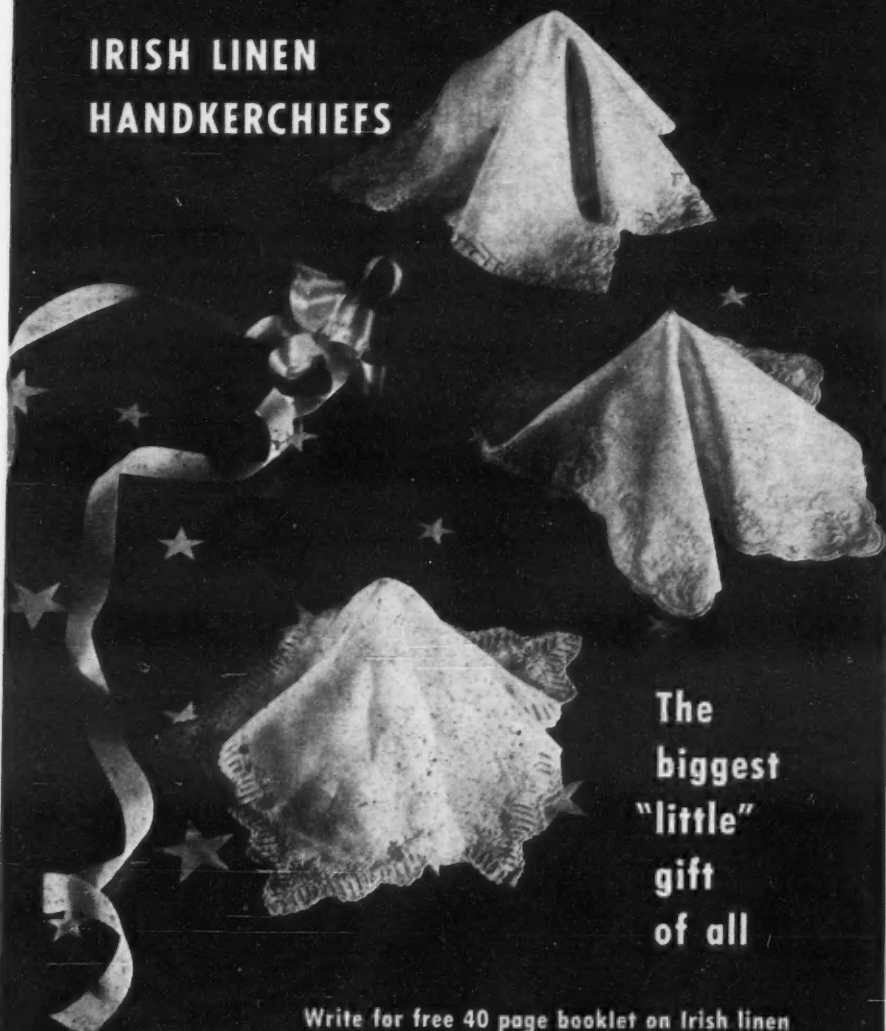
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She's almost grown, Mrs. Topping, in some ways she's a grown woman right now and yet she's also very young and she ought to have a girl's normal interests and—pleasures."

Miss Almey glowered and Mrs. Topping sniffed self-righteously. "I'm sure I've always done my duty by Julia the best I know how. It's not so easy, working like I do and my husband in poor health. Julia'd ought to be thinking about helping me instead of pleasure."

"Yes, I suppose so," said Emma, "but people don't do what they ought to do most of the time and we have to give the young—oh—we have to give them—special privileges. We do, really, Mrs. Topping." She couldn't stand any more. "There isn't anything further to say, I think," she said, dismissing them.

But Mrs. Topping wanted her release confirmed, she didn't quite believe it. "You won't make us pay back the money then?" she asked, with the professional beggar's twang.

Emma cut her off. "No, let the money go. Just you try to look after Julia a little better and be more sympathetic. But remember—public school!"

Miss Almey rose and buttoned her coat with vindictive jerks. "You're behaving very foolishly, Mrs. Lenster," she said, biting it out. "If everyone behaved with such complete sentimentality, ignoring the patent facts and letting erring people off their just penalties we might as well be gangsters."

"You know, Miss Almey," said Emma, "you're perfectly right. We might all just as well be gangsters. And as a matter of fact—I consider you a sort of gangster right now." She opened the door and motioned them out and did not say good-by. And then she turned and flung herself into Phil's arms.

"I couldn't do it," she wept. "I couldn't beat her down any more, Phil. That awful father and mother—and no decent home—and the schoolgirls snooting her—and no fun—no fun ever—and that smug old Almey just torturing her! And you and I with so much and so safe and secure and happy! Oh, Phil, Phil, my darling!"

She held tight to him while she told him what she had learned from Julia and he heard her out fondly, patting her back now and then and wiping off her tears with his handkerchief. And at the end he said, considering: "Yes, I know, Em. I know you couldn't do anything else. I know we couldn't. I felt it when they came in and I saw that poor beaten-up young thing. And I was surely glad you landed a fast one on old sourpuss, that woman's a devil. But even so, I just can't figure out that it helped much. I mean, helped in the over-all picture, social conditions and all that stuff. Do you honestly believe it helped much?"

Emma took the handkerchief for a last wipe. "No," she said, "I don't. But I wasn't thinking about social conditions. I was thinking about a lost child!"

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## Don't Break My Heart

Continued from page 27

"Forgot!" he said, and dropped his muffler as he leaped for the door.

"I must have," said Miss Francis, and retrieved his muffler and draped it over his arm. "I must have. Oh, how dreadful. She'll be raging. She'll be furious. She'll tear you to pieces. Oh, run, Mr. Walms, run. You simply mustn't be late. You mustn't."

And a fine time to think of it, young Mr. Walms reflected as he raced, half in his coat and half out, for the elevators.

A fine time.

"A very fine time," he said, and not kindly, when Miss Francis eventually arrived at the office the next morning—late. Fifteen minutes late. "Fifteen minutes, Miss Francis," young Mr. Walms said, with an icy glance at the clock.

He did not, however, dwell on that. Miss Francis, as it happened, had rolled up a rather exceptionally impressive record for never being late. So exceptional, that normally young Mr. Walms would have been inclined to pass it over.

Normally, he would have been inclined to pass over the last page of Plunker file—which he'd checked while waiting for Miss Francis to appear.

As disgraceful a piece of typing as young Mr. Walms had ever beheld. Normally, however, he would have passed it over, since normally Miss Francis was a wizard at typing.

In conjunction, however, with the appalling fact that she had let young Mr. Walms miss that train...

FOR HE had missed it. And that, he was in no mood to pass over. On that, young Mr. Walms dwelt at considerable length. Young Mr. Walms was still smarting from the way Marian had torn him to pieces for not meeting her train.

"I suppose you realize, Miss Francis," he said, summing it up, "that you let me down badly? I suppose you realize, now, that I was extremely embarrassed? I suppose you realize that Miss Blake was very seriously inconvenienced? Very seriously inconvenienced, Miss Francis. I suppose you realize that?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Walms," said Miss Francis, who had good reason to realize it. Hardly had young Mr. Walms got to the elevators before the telephone had rung, and Miss Francis had been most thoroughly apprised of how greatly Miss Blake had been inconvenienced.

Oh, Miss Francis realized it.

"I still feel battered," she said—not nearly as meekly as young Mr. Walms had expected. Miss Francis, once you noticed, had an independent little chin.

And it was not the first time that Miss Francis had felt battered after a reproof

from Miss Marian Blake. There had been other occasions—in person, when Miss Blake dropped into the office, and several times on the phone. And frankly, Miss Francis didn't like it.

"Frankly, Mr. Walms," she said, not meekly. "If it happens again, I'll—I'll hang up."

"Oh," said young Mr. Walms, rather wishing that he had not dwelt at such length on Miss Francis' having forgotten that train. He hadn't known that Miss Francis had already been reprovved by Marian; but he did know that Marian was apt to reprove pretty roughly. And he also knew that Miss Francis was under no least obligation to accept even the gentlest of reproofs from Marian. Miss Francis was employed by Myles, Murphy and Manz. She was not employed by young Mr. Walms.

"Oh," he said again, much more leniently than he would have believed possible a few moments before. "Oh. Well, well, we will overlook it this time. Just don't let it happen again."

"Oh, I won't," said Miss Francis, who, once you noticed it, was rather a forgiving little person. "I won't, Mr. Walms. In fact, it never would have happened in the first place if I hadn't been so upset over—over Claude."

"Claude?" said young Mr. Walms, rather eagerly seizing the opportunity of changing what could easily become an uncomfortable topic. "Claude, Miss Francis? Who is Claude?"

Claude, it developed, was the young man over whom Miss Francis was so patently going to pieces. He was the young man whom Miss Francis was to use any means, fair or foul, to get. Not, however, that his real name was Claude. His real name, Miss Francis said, was too precious to be bandied about, even in an advice and guidance consultation. A nicety that young Mr. Walms warmly approved. More than once he

had marveled at the freedom with which other consultants had discussed the objects of their affection by name.

"But why Claude?" he probed, very kindly. Young Mr. Walms was feeling distinctly guilty for having forgotten that Miss Francis in was laboring under the stress of an out problem. "I am really sorry, Miss Francis," he assured her. "I shouldn't have spoken so harshly, under the circumstances. But why Claude?"

In fact, young Mr. Walms was rather inclined to argue that particular choice of name. It was a name that he, personally, had never cared for. It suggested, he thought, something rather pallid and wan. Something fragile and willowy; long silky eyelashes and languishing eyes. And Miss Francis, once you noticed her, did not seem a woman who would care for that sort of man.

Rather an attractive young woman,



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Miss Francis, once you noticed her. Not beautiful, certainly. Nothing flamboyant or glamorous. But definitely rather attractive. Nice, wide, honest grey eyes. Nice, wide, generous mouth. Chin a little too independent, perhaps, but a good straight little nose. On the whole, decidedly attractive; too attractive, you'd think, for the limp languid elegance that the name of Claude would suggest.

"Such a soggy name," Mr. Walms objected, when Miss Francis had got her folder and was seated in the consultee's chair beside his desk. "It sounds so—ah—helpless, don't you think?"

"He is helpless," said Miss Francis frankly. "Not soggy, but helpless. That's what makes him so sweet."

"Sweet?" said young Mr. Walms, beginning to have a poor opinion of Claude. He was also beginning to think it odd that Miss Francis was having difficulty in attracting his attention. Almost any young man, he'd have thought, would have noticed Miss Francis without prompting. He was surprised that Claude hadn't.

And so was Miss Francis. She'd been very surprised, for a while. "As a rule, I have to shake them off like burrs," she said frankly. "In fact, I don't think I'd have any trouble with him, if it wasn't for that other girl he's mixed up with."

Young Mr. Walms frowned. "Other girl?" he said, not quite so kindly. Young Mr. Walms wasn't sure that he was going to approve of this case. Assisting Miss Francis to get the man of her choice was one thing; assisting her to break up an already existing romance was something else.

"I'm not sure I like it," he said, frowning. "I'm not sure that I care to be a party to that, Miss Francis. For all we know, this other young woman may be deeply attached. It might break her heart." Even Mr. Walms' sisters, notoriously unscrupulous, had never done that.

Miss Francis, however, had no such compunctions.

"Heart!" she said disdainfully. "You couldn't break her heart with a hammer. And she isn't attached to him, really. She'd throw him down like a shot, if she got something better. Why, the way she treats him, Mr. Walms, you'd think he was a—a footstool. A—a sort of lackey. And the way she laces into him over the slightest little thing—I just wish you could hear it."

Young Mr. Walms said nothing. He was quite satisfied not to hear it; the memory of his own lacing the evening before was still vivid. Not that he blamed Marian. Certainly not. She'd been entirely justified; he should not have depended on Miss Francis. At all costs, he should have got there on time: he was well aware that Marian, poor girl, was heart-broken that the show had closed before getting to Broadway. None of the shows she'd been with had ever yet got to Broadway, and it made her edgy. But just the same, young Mr. Walms still smarted.

"Very well," he said, dragging his thoughts back to Miss Francis. "Very well. If you've made up your mind..."

Miss Francis had. If it was humanly possible to get Claude, she meant to do it. She was determined. The only thing was, how to do it?

"He's noticed me, all right," she said. "Unfavorably. At least... well, not

altogether unfavorably, Mr. Walms. Some of the notice has been favorable. A little. Not much. But I don't know what to do next. None of the other cases have got past Step Two. So... well, what do I do?"

"Feed him," said young Mr. Walms, again absently. His thoughts had gone back to that lacing he'd got from Marian.

"FEED HIM?" echoed Miss Francis, genuinely startled. At the very least she'd expected to be advised to get a new hat, or a long slinky dress, and *Charmez-moi* to dab on her ears.

Frankly, it didn't make sense to Miss Francis. In the first place, the young man she called Claude was perfectly able to feed himself. He wasn't rich, but he made a very good salary—enough to live in a quite good small midtown hotel, where he could order all sorts of food.

"Not to mention all the restaurants and tearooms," she argued, at which young Mr. Walms thumped his desk. Feeding a man was not something that he'd learned by observing his sisters. He'd learned that by himself.

"Tearooms!" he said, and with feeling. Young Mr. Walms knew all about tearooms. He knew all about restaurants, especially those in the theatrical district. He himself lived in a quite good small midtown hotel, where he could order all sorts of food. But he did not call it being fed.

"If you want that man, Miss Francis—although I fail to understand why you should—but if you do, feed him. Give him good, plain, wholesome, home-cooked food, and plenty of it." And young Mr. Walms did not mean friveries. "Never mind the sauces," he said. "Skip the à la. Stick to a good plain gravy. Try a chicken potpie. A crown of fresh pork—and let him carve it, and don't skimp. Make him an apple pie, and have the crust flaky. Make a brown betty. Learn to cook, Miss Francis. Enter a cooking school..."

"Learn to cook?" said Miss Francis, breaking in, outraged. "Learn to cook? Why, my goodness, Mr. Walms, I'm a good cook. Why, only last night I made a brown betty. And had corn pudding with frizzled ham."

"You did?" said young Mr. Walms, incredulously. He hadn't had corn pudding with frizzled ham since he left his father's farm. "Corn pudding with frizzled ham?" he said, and looked hungry.

Miss Francis nodded. "Thick slices of ham, and plenty of eggs in the pudding. Well, I just wish you could taste my cooking, Mr. Walms."

So did he. He wished it again at lunch, where his businessman's plate, consisting of underdone kidneys and overdone liver with onions bathed in grease, was topped off by a flabby, gelatinous substance unsuccessfully masked with a pale yellow-green floury sauce that purported to be lemon, but tasted like a citric synthetic of some sort.

He wished it again at dinner—or rather at dinnertime. For that evening young Mr. Walms didn't have dinner. It was Marian's birthday, and one of her theatrical friends threw a party, but not a dinner party. This party started out as cocktails, and ended at midnight—still cocktails. There were canapes, too, and popcorn and potato chips, but





# PATRICIA ROC

American Canadians Are Different From American Americans;



Those who live overseas, including visiting British film stars, are puzzled by the fact that, of all those living in all the Americas, only residents of the United States are described as Americans. The stars have also been told that Canadian film audiences are absolutely identical with those of the United States.

★ ★ ★

Patricia Roc has flown back to Paris and London, disbelieving this last completely. Canadians speak both English and French. she remarked while here, and must be aware, first-hand, of English, French and American cultures as well as their own. She thinks they are likely to be unlike any other film fans.

★ ★ ★

Miss Roc is a special favorite of the teen-age Canadian. In addition to her own two films, ONE NIGHT WITH YOU and WHEN THE BOUGH BREAKS, they have queried her concerning coming films which show how the youthful Briton lives and behaves.

★ ★ ★

The Huggett family, seen in EASY MONEY, is coming in a series of pictures which cover exactly that subject in uproarious style, including one titled HERE COME THE HUGGETTS. The family has a high quota of teen-agers as well as odd in-law troubles.

★ ★ ★

Another for the list deals with a professional sport, novel to Canadians but full of action, motor-bike racing. It is called ONCE A JOLLY SWAGMAN but may or may not reach these shores with that label.

★ ★ ★

Patricia Roc mentioned a very unusual film version of ALICE IN WONDERLAND, now being finished in Paris in a new kind of color and produced by a new method. Eagle-Lion is bringing it to Canada.

At Your Favorite Theatre Soon



young Mr. Walms had never considered those food. But when he mentioned it to Marian, he got another good lacing, for Marian was once again in an exceedingly temperamental mood.

And entirely justifiable, he was forced to admit. Not that he'd been late for her party. As a matter of fact, he'd been unnecessarily early. Miss Francis saw to that. At a quarter of five she began reminding him, and didn't let up until he'd gone.

Unfortunately, however, she'd forgotten to order Marian's birthday corsage. She said so herself the next morning.

"Oh, heavens," she exclaimed, clapping a horrified hand over her horrified mouth, at sight of young Mr. Walms' forbidding frown. "The camellias. Miss Blake's birthday camellias. I forgot to order them. Oh, Mr. Walms, I could die."

And frankly, at the moment, young Mr. Walms wished that she would. Frankly, at the moment, he was tempted to kill her himself. But he didn't; chiefly because he had a very full schedule that day, and could not possibly have broken in a new secretary.

As a matter of fact, the last thing that young Mr. Walms desired was a new secretary. The three that he'd had before Miss Francis was stepped up to his office had given him a healthy respect for Miss Francis, even at her worst. At her worst, at least, Miss Francis had not fallen in love with him. The other three had. He still shuddered to recall how they'd hovered, standing behind his desk and breathing heavily down on his head. Oh, no. Whatever new failings she might develop, Miss Francis was safely in love with Claude.

Also, as he reminded himself at the drugstore where he lunched lightly on a nationally advertised sure-cure for hang-over, it was not actually a part of Miss Francis' duties to attend to his personal errands. Actually, the job sheet, which listed her duties in detail, made no mention of ordering birthday camellias for Marian Blake.

On the whole, thus reminded, young Mr. Walms felt it obligatory to offer another apology to Miss Francis, that same afternoon.

"No doubt I've been thoughtless," he conceded, somewhat stiffly. "If I've imposed on you, Miss Francis, please accept my apologies."

But that, very generously, Miss Francis flatly declined to do. She did not feel that she'd been imposed on. She felt that young Mr. Walms had been most kind and forbearing, and she couldn't imagine how she'd come to be so forgetful, except that her mind had been so full of chicken potpie. It had been so long since she'd made one that she'd been wondering whether she still could.

"I'd have died if it had failed," she said.

But it had not failed. And her gratitude to young Mr. Walms for suggesting it simply couldn't be put into words. Because Claude, it turned out, was a fool for chicken potpie.

"He went for it like crazy," she said. "I just can't tell you, Mr. Walms."

SHE DID tell him, however. In fact, there were moments in the course of the next two or three weeks when Howard Walms rather bitterly regretted having advised Miss Francis to feed Claude. For Claude, it appeared, was being fed,

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and well fed. And, a fact which Howard Walms somewhat unreasonably resented, Claude was being fed all Mr. Walms' own favorite foods. Claude not only had chicken potpie, but he also had a crown roast of fresh pork with applesauce, and a baked fresh ham with glazed apples, whole; he had a whole leg of lamb, with mint jelly and tiny, very, very green little peas. He had hot biscuits, and homemade hot rolls. He had piping-hot baked sweet potatoes, and he had yams, candied. He had many pies; apple and lemon meringue, and shoo-ly. He had brown betty several times.

But what gave Miss Francis her first gleam of real hope—and what annoyed Howard Walms most unreasonably—was the Sunday brunch that Miss Francis fed to Claude.

"Snow falling outside," she reported, happily shaking snow from her little red wool knitted cap into the metal wastebasket, "and us inside. Claude lolling happily back in the big chair before the fire..."

For Miss Francis, it appeared, had a fireplace. Her apartment, she freely admitted, wasn't much. Just a falling-down little place, in a falling-down old mansion-converted-into-apartments, in a tumble-down part of the city; but it did have a fireplace. And there was nothing, Miss Francis thought, quite so nice as an open wood fire, when snow was falling outside.

"You just can't imagine how cosy it was," she said — quite erroneously. Young Mr. Walms also thought an open wood fire very cosy, but his hotel didn't have one. He could imagine it, however — vividly. He could imagine Claude, too, very vividly. Claude, long, lean and fragile—anaemic, probably—languidly lolling: replete with enormous piping-hot popovers, so hot that the butter melted at sight of them. Lots of creamy, piping-hot scrambled eggs, with little curls of crisp bacon. And pots and pots of coffee.

Claude, young Mr. Walms gathered, had made rather a swine of himself swilling coffee—and frankly, young Mr. Walms rather resented it. He was very fond of coffee, as it happened, and Miss Francis, it seemed, bought hers in the bean, and roasted it a pound at a time, and ground it fresh in a little special grinder she had. With it, she served the very heaviest cream; none of that thin sort, for Claude.

"It's expensive," she admitted. "But it's worth it. To see him lolling back in the chair, reading the paper and sipping my coffee. It's sweet, Mr. Walms."

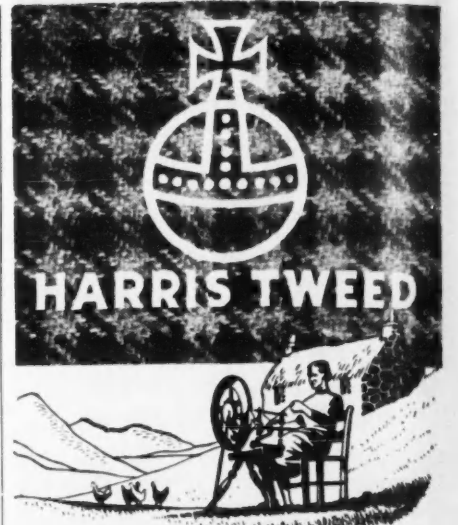
Sweet! It didn't sound sweet to Howard Walms. He was beginning to dislike Claude intensely.

"Sounds pretty lazy to me," he said, and was aware that he said it grumpily. All that week he felt grumpy about it. The thought of Claude, the lazy lout, lolling back in that chair, became highly objectionable to young Mr. Walms. On Friday, when Miss Francis was getting into her galoshes, he spoke of it.

"I think it's about time you get him out of that chair," he volunteered, greatly to the surprise of Miss Francis. Up to then, she'd had to more or less dig for the advice she'd got.

For a moment she just stared; a wide surprised stare. Then she said, thoughtfully: "But how? How do I get him out, Mr. Walms?"

"A thousand ways," he retorted, very



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grumpily. "Take him walking, a good long walk. Or teach him to skate. Sure, make him skate. That'll shake him up."

"But I don't know how to skate," Miss Francis objected. "How can I teach him?" And barely in time, young Mr. Walms stopped himself from saying that he might, just possibly, someday, find time to teach her. But he didn't of course. If he taught anybody, he'd teach Marian.

"Get a teacher," he said impatiently. "Good lord, there are thousands of teachers." And who knew, he reflected with a sort of glum satisfaction, but what Miss Francis would fall in love with her skating teacher. He hoped so. Anything would be better than Claude.

But Miss Francis did not get a teacher. Claude, she reported, was teaching her. They'd gone to the rink in the park and it had been heavenly. Claude, it seemed, was a marvelous skater.

"Simply divine," she reported. "And so graceful, Mr. Walms. He just sort of floats."

Which was just about the way young Mr. Walms might have expected Claude to skate. Floating. Languidly and gracefully floating. It was sickening to young Mr. Walms. A darned shame, he thought glumly, that a nice, intelligent, sensible girl like Miss Francis should have picked out a man like that.

It got on his nerves. And Howard Walms already had plenty on his nerves without having Claude on them too. If it kept up, there was a strong likelihood that young Mr. Walms' out problems would carry over to in. For Marian, as yet, had not got another part, and it was making her very temperamental indeed. A young actress, just starting out, can't afford to remain idle. She's forgotten too quickly.

Furthermore, Marian was pretty fed up with hearing about Miss Francis and Claude. She'd never thought much of Howard Walms' job in the first place; and the idea of any girl, however homely, having to be advised and guided into getting a man was too fantastic for words.

Fantastic and boring, she was thinking a couple of Sundays later, when she and young Mr. Walms were seated—but not comfortably—on a wall bench behind a shelflike little table in a small midtown restaurant, that featured brunch not merely on Sundays, but every day in the week.

A dim, uncheery little restaurant, patronized almost exclusively by stage people, most of whom had not yet really arrived—although why they patronized it was one of the things about stage people that Howard Walms never did understand... Except, of course, that nothing is ever half so exhilarating to stage people as other stage people.

"It beats me what you see in it," he said, when he'd squeezed himself back of the shelf and was seated. "Now, take Miss Francis. She has a fireplace..."

"Oh, for heaven's sake," said Marian, "are you still talking about that little skinned rabbit? That homely little skinned mouse?"

"Homely?" said Howard Walms, staring at Marian as if he couldn't believe his ears. Homely? Miss Francis? With her wide honest grey eyes? With her wide generous mouth? With her straight little nose, and her independent little chin, and her sturdy trim little figure—and not so little, once you

noticed it. There was plenty of Miss Francis, once you noticed it, and all of it good, too. A very good little figure.

"Very good," he said, genuinely astonished that Marian hadn't noticed what a good little figure Miss Francis had. Marian, as a rule, noticed figures. "Oh, she's not thin, of course. She's not emaciated. She's not a skeleton, but... Do you know, Marian, it's just occurred to me. I think you could do with a few more pounds. I think all this starving yourself is bad for your nerves. I like a little weight on a girl. It looks healthier."

Marian was too bored even to lace into him. She yawned, and began to recoat her mouth. Marian hadn't the remotest desire to look healthy; and what a few more pounds would have done to her nerves would have surprised even Howard Walms.

"A lot healthier," persisted young Mr. Walms, for once failing to note the storm signals. He was thinking at the moment of Miss Francis' healthy little face, still wet from snow when she came rushing into the office; and of that little red wool knitted cap she wore. Young Mr. Walms liked red. But he did not like the idea of Miss Francis marrying Claude.

"I don't like it at all, Marian. I think she's making a great mistake."

Marian debated whether to throw a plate at him, or simply to kick him under the table. While she was deciding, she let her eyes rove over the other tables, just in case there might be someone she knew. Wherever Marian went her eyes sought for someone she knew—or could pretend that she knew. A couple of the parts she'd had, she'd got by pretending to know someone she did not know.

As for that little skinned rabbit of a Miss Francis, Marian considered it of the utmost unimportance whether she married Claude, or never married at all.

"What's the difference?" she said, her eyes busily flitting. "What does it matter? And who cares?"

Howard Walms cared. Naturally, he cared. It was his business to care. A fine how-do-you-do, if he'd advised and guided Miss Francis into making a mess of her life.

"It's my job to care," he said, a little stiffly.

"It's not your job to tell me about it," said Marian. "And what is more, if you ever again even say fireplace to me, or mention learning to cook, I will kill you. I would not cook for... Oh, look. Look, Howard, there's Lutie Jergens. I met her once. I think I met her. And—yes. Yes, it is. That's Carl Sackson with her. The producer, you know. Watch my coat, Howard. I must say hello to Lutie."

And Claude, young Mr. Walms reflected as he sat on a hard wall bench, watching Marian's coat, at that very moment was undoubtedly lolling lazily back in a big easy chair, gorging himself on...

No. Not piping-hot popovers and creamy scrambled eggs with curls of crisp bacon. Not this Sunday. This Sunday, Claude was gorging himself on crisp, piping-hot waffles and smoking-hot country sausages, made large and flat and darkly brown.

"Big, flat, smoking-hot sausages," Howard Walms muttered, as he surveyed the two very tired-looking, very small, not flat sausages that he'd ordered

Continued on page 102

## HOW TO LEAD A HAPPY, USEFUL LIFE WITH

# DIABETES

Diabetes results from the body's failure to make proper use of sugars and starches. This occurs when something goes wrong with the system's natural supply of insulin.

Since the development of prepared insulin, many advances have been made in treating and controlling diabetes. There is now hope that radioactive "tracers" and other research will contribute to a greater understanding of this disease.



**1. Today** by utilizing current medical knowledge through close co-operation with the doctor, the average diabetic may look forward to living a happy, useful life.



**2. Prepared** insulin is sometimes used when the diabetic does not produce enough for his needs. New, slower-acting insulins make possible more accurate control of diabetes.



**3. Diet** determines the amount of sugar and starch taken into the body. In some cases, by balancing diet and exercise, diabetes can be controlled without added insulin.



**4. Exercise** helps keep blood sugar at a safe level by using up sugars and starches. Many diabetics, by following their doctor's advice, are able to continue their favorite sports.

### Early discovery helps control diabetes

Since early diabetes has no obvious symptoms, discovery may come only when a doctor makes a urinalysis, and then, if necessary, a blood sugar test.

These tests are important for people most likely to get diabetes—those with a family history of the disease, and those who are overweight and past 40, particularly women. Everyone, however, should try to keep weight down, and to have a regular medical examination which includes a check-up for diabetes.

If diabetes is discovered, it is reassuring to note that with good medical supervision, the average diabetic is living much longer. At age 40, for example, his life expectancy is now more than twice what it was before insulin was discovered in 1921.

To learn more helpful facts about this disease, send for your free copy of Metropolitan's booklet "Diabetes." Address your request to Booklet Dept., 118-L, Canadian Head Office, Ottawa.

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A Lovelier YOU...

# It's New

and you can wear it

by ADELE WHITE

**H**AIR STYLES this winter will carry on the current trend of short hair, with smooth uncluttered lines. The top hair will be head-hugging . . . the back combed out full.

The same length of hair can be styled to suit every age and shape of face. Two important factors are a shining head of hair and an expert job of cutting and tapering. Because, no matter how beautifully your hair is dressed, it can only be smart—show off to best advantage—if it's in good condition. So, the first step is to cultivate a healthy scalp in which the oil glands are functioning perfectly. Dry brittle hair needs weekly warm-oil treatments plus additional vitamin A in your diet (or by capsule). Also, for added sheen, a small amount of cream dressing for a suave look after combing. If hair becomes oily a day or so after washing, it means that the oil is leaking down the outside of the hair shaft rather than nourishing it from within. You can shampoo as often as two or three times a week.

## Smart Simplicity

The hair style shown at the top of the page is ideal for an oval face with a sophisticated but flattering simplicity of line. A side parting gives a smooth, sleek top. The side hair is curled in two rows of large loose pin curls—the first row turned toward the face—the second turned away from it. By alternating the direction of pin curls, you can later comb them into a shadow wave. The wave is brought down to cover the tip of the ear. Back hair has three rows of pin curls all turned upward away from the neck so that the greatest fullness will be in line with the ear and taper down to the neck.

## Teen-Age Special

The middle hair-do is a natural for young round faces. Better limit it to twenties and under as it has a certain sauciness best adapted to youthful faces. The hair is parted horizontally high up across the crown of the head; the front hair is combed forward ending in short bangs. The sides are waved above the ears, the back combed out full.

## Geisha Girl

The bottom photograph has well-defined vertical lines with a fullness on each side to give width to a narrow face. The centre parting is continued right down the back to the neckline. Then the back hair is swirled forward over each ear. The front is shadow-waved on each side of the part and the hair combed over the rolls made by the back hair. This gives the necessary thickness for a dramatic fanning-out effect.

Each of these hair-dos depends on a sleek, polished coif for smartness. ♦



Photographs courtesy American Hairdresser.





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A Lovelier YOU...

## Winter Care of Your Skin

Caution! Blustery weather ahead! Keep your face and hands lovely to look at . . . delightful to touch. Follow the daily routine described below for the care and protection of your skin

### Five-day Plan

The time has come to winterize your face and hands against cold weather . . . just around the corner. Start off with a skin-conditioning treatment. For five nights in a row use a preparation called "cleansing grains" to get rid of surface scaliness and bring out a new baby-smooth skin underneath. Cleansing grains is a granular substance which you mix with a little water, in the palm of your hand until it is the consistency of paste. Rub it over your face, let it dry and then brush off with a washcloth. By-pass the delicate tissue around your eyes and don't use the grains for longer than five days at a stretch.



### The "Drys" Have It

After treatment with cleansing grains massage a rich night cream—a special for dry skin—into your neck and face. Even though your complexion is normal or on the oily side during spring, summer and fall, the cold winter months will probably find it drying out. And the antidote to winter dryness is plenty of lubrication. Start from the base of your throat and work upward to underchin . . . then around forehead, cheeks, nose and chin with an outward rotary movement. Pat lightly with finger tips around eyes. Blot excess cream with tissue but leave a faint film on overnight.



### A Facial While You Bathe

For extra lubrication rub some of your night cream on face and neck before you step into a hot tub. Protect your hairline by a cosmetic headband—or just a strip of cheesecloth. The steam from the bath will open the pores of your skin, liquefy and soften the cream and do a very efficient oiling job.

\* For special occasions—when you want a fresh glowing complexion, give yourself a face pack while tubing. You can buy a jar from your druggist all ready to use. Just like icing a cake, smooth it over your face and let it dry for 20 minutes. Wash it off and apply skin tonic.





### Through the Looking Glass

Every morning in the week, put on your very best face . . . as though you were making a public appearance . . . even though there's no one to applaud but your mirror. It's forming the habit that counts. Make-up must have a scrubbed-clean face as a base, so lather on soap and water with a complexion brush—bristles as soft as a kitten's paw. Never irritate your skin with a harsh brush or too vigorous rubbing. After a thorough rinsing, use cleansing cream and remove it with a pad of absorbent cotton soaked in skin tonic, to give your face a wide-awake tingling freshness.



### Beating the Weather

If you're the outdoor type . . . a girl who loves to ski, skate or walk with the wind in your face, it's best to avoid a weatherbeaten look. Before slipping into your ski helmet, adjusting your sun goggles, protect your face against whipping winds and sun-on-snow, by a generous application of cream foundation. You can wear this either with or without face powder—lots of gals use only foundation and a bright red lipstick as their outdoor make-up—the cream foundation alone gives your skin a shiny, dewy look . . . attractive!

### Handy Work

When you cream and massage your face and neck, your hands can't help but come in for their share of lubrication . . . but it isn't enough . . . not for a pair of hands busy with household chores . . . in and out of hot water a dozen times a day. A generous supply of lotion or cream should be kept on kitchen and bathroom shelves to use as soon as hands are dried. Massage your hands as though you were trying on a pair of tight gloves—push each finger separately up and down—this helps to keep them in good shape. At nights use cuticle oil to prevent nails from splitting and chipping.



### Beauty Under the Skin

Don't try to cover complexion woes with make-up, for nothing out of a box can take the place of basic good health. A toned-up system is the first rule for a pretty face. And a toned-up system means a well balanced diet—much harder to achieve in winter than in the sunshine months. Eat plenty of carrots, green vegetables, eggs and, if you're on the plump side and cutting down on butter, take your daily dose of vitamin A in the form of cod-liver or haliver oil capsules. Dermatologists, you know, dub vitamin A as "the skin vitamin."

Sketches by Ruth McNeill

If your hair  
looks like THIS

... when it should  
look like THIS



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\*some pronounce it "swahv" . . .  
others say "swayv" . . .  
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## A Lovelier You

Continued from page 23

lovely... and there's nothing a healthy, lovely woman can't do or be!"

**Helena Rubinstein**, international authority on charm and good looks:

"A woman should be a little vain—but she should never show it—it's just the machinery that makes the wheels go round. My concept of a modern beauty is the woman who achieves individuality which goes much deeper than surface beauty, based solely on vanity and self-concern. Today's beauty is a combination of intelligence, balance, charm as well as lovely face and figure.

"A really smart woman is more pleased if she's admired by other women than solely by men, because she knows if she can pass the sharp scrutiny of her own sex she'll have no trouble impressing the more gullible male. One of the most important assets is a good disposition—with just a little spark of temperament—not too much, because too much temperament, like too much salt, spoils the dish.

"A soignée Canadian or American woman can't be beaten anywhere in the world. She has the most beautiful legs, the smoothest complexion, and because she's more conscious of diet than European women she has a better figure and better health. But nowadays European women are beginning to copy the good points of their North American sisters, and there is less and less difference between them. European girls read so much about North America and vice versa that it's all one world where good looks are concerned."

**Elizabeth Arden**, world famous beauty expert, says:

"Beauty has no age. We have all the knowledge and the means available today to correct our faults and to make the most of our good points. With time and effort we can accomplish a great deal toward the achievement of our aim, and it doesn't take a great deal of time nor very much effort. No woman need think of herself in terms of years. The remark 'I'm getting old' is an admission of defeat. No intelligent woman should be ruled by her calendar.

"It is not mere vanity to take good stock of yourselves—to look into your mirror with a critical eye. If you do see signs of neglect, remember that the end you desire to see—a lovelier you—can be achieved only through the means you use. The best is the only good. So spend as much time on your chin, your eyes, your neck, devote a few moments every day to your figure—and remember perfection is your aim.

"Youth is only wasted if it is flung away. Day by day you can mold yourself, both physically and spiritually, nearer and nearer your heart's desire—for you know there is a saying: 'The ideal woman does not find roses in her path, she leaves them there.'"

**Harry Conover** heads a New York model agency and is particularly interested in teen-agers. He runs special junior classes.

"Every young girl has a great big shining ambition, and very often the training she receives as a model is the stepping stone to attaining it, because that training gives her self-confidence

and the ability to express herself. It's what I call the apple-honey extra polish. But I don't like to see any girl make modeling an end in itself. She should go on to something more sustaining. All kinds of jobs lead directly from the contacts she makes with various people.

"My girls become actresses, movie and radio stars, fashion co-ordinators for large firms—any number of interesting and profitable careers. Her training as a model should not last more than three years—it's the ice cream and cake department, not an all-round diet.

"Along with poise and self-confidence, a successful model knows how to use make-up to best advantage. She knows that if someone stops and enquires what kind of make-up she's wearing, then she's wearing too much. To be cleverly made up and smartly dressed is to be inconspicuous—never startling.

"A great many girls come to me because friends and relatives have assured them, 'You really should be a fashion model. You look the part.' If that's the case, she'll never make a successful model, because a successful model looks just like the girl next door—the pretty one whom everyone likes, even parents and old folk."

**Albert Pagano**, in partnership with his brother, has built up the largest photographic studios in the world. He is an expert on photogenic types.

"There are two kinds of beauties—the photogenic ones with oval faces, small regular features, eyes far apart, rather full lips and high cheekbones. Those are the points a photographer looks for. Then there is the other type of beauty—the kind a man looks for. He doesn't care if complexion is fair or dark, as long as it's smooth and not a hard lacquer finish. He's not concerned about how far apart eyes are, as long as they're sparkling and appealing. He's looking for a combination of average good looks and above-average intelligence and humor. No matter how white teeth are, an empty smile has no appeal.

"The most popular girl I know is quite homely by accepted standards. She takes a poor photograph, but she has more dates than she can handle, simply because her humor is quick and mellow... never sharp; her interest is in other people; her sympathy is spontaneous and generous. And when she laughs it's so contagious everyone laughs with her.

"Without this wit and wisdom the greatest beauty in the world is a dud."

**Pasquale D'Angelo**, nationally known Toronto photographer of women and director of the School of Charm.

"What makes an attractive, successful woman? Not only a pretty face, but personality and character! She is alert, enthusiastic and alive to the world around her. Many women over 35 who enter our school describe themselves as 'fed up with it all.'"

"I advise such women that before they can master even the rudiments of voice culture, posture and make-up, they must overcome this tendency to develop a mental middle-age spread. Pessimism and indifference will defeat a woman's best efforts to acquire poise and grace of manner. The corrective is simple... read books on current events, take a trip, even for a day, away from the familiar. Attend musical concerts. Find new interests and you'll always be interesting! +



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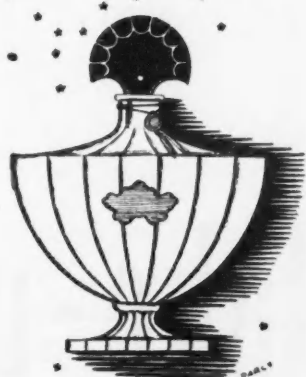
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## Beauty Brevities

HERE ARE A few general rules on color for blue and brown eyes. It's a good idea to keep them in mind when shopping for your winter wardrobe. If exposed to cold steel greys or vivid shades of green, blue eyes tend to wash out . . . lose their natural sparkle. Better lean to soft shades of bluish grey or navy. Also see what a purple shade of blue does to your eyes. It may deepen them to a lush violet. If so, lucky you!

Black- or brown-eyed Susies are smart to search for shades flattering to skin and hair because dark eyes can look out for themselves with little danger of doing a fade-out. Primary colors—the reds, blues, yellows—may be a bit too vivid and should be used as color spikes rather than in an entire outfit. Brown, russet and beige make good background for dark eyes . . . also black, with just the right touches of color to bring out highlights in hair and the best in skin tone.

Liquid lip coloring is a boon to girls who "eat their lipstick off" leaving mouths patchy and unattractive. The liquid coloring is painted on with a special applicator which comes with the package. Once it's dry the color sticks for a long time—a whole day or evening without need for repairs. And, to keep it just the right consistency, a bottle of thinner is added for good measure. Liquid lip coloring can be applied over lipstick, for those who like the feel of cream base mouth make-up.

How good are you at using a lip brush? If your hand is a bit shaky and you find it difficult to draw a nice even line, there's a new lip-shape applicator just meant for you. It looks like a slim gold pencil but instead of a brush tip there is a flat piece of rubber which spreads lip coloring evenly and easily with no danger of bristle spread or brush marks. Also . . . it's completely sanitary . . . can be washed with soap and water.

It's quite a tussle getting into a girdle when skin is slightly moist from a hot bath. To offset this tugging and yanking which leaves you hot and bothered, try dusting your body all over with bath powder. Your girdle will slip on as easily as a well-fitting glove.

Here's a tip from the never-a-wasted-moment department. While waiting for a streetcar or a bus, strengthen your tummy muscles by pulling them in tight—relaxing—then pulling in again. And when you're seated on the car or bus, practice holding your spine against the back of the seat, and your chest lifted high out of your ribs. Gets to be a habit after a while and adds grace and height to your figure. +



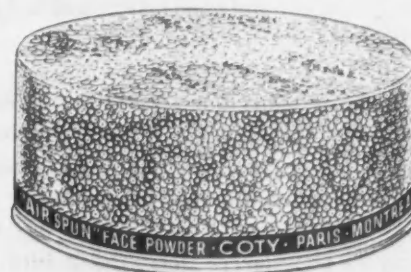
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# A Lovelier YOU...

## There's Magic in Make-up

by Adele White

**F**ROST in the air . . . dry whisper of leaves underfoot . . . it's November, chockful of things to do, people to see, impressions to make! Teen-ager, careerist or busy housewife, you want to look your radiant best this social time of year—especially with mistletoe kisses in the offing! Before the flurry of gift buying catches you up, take time to study your appearance and set about making the most of it. Our Baedeker of Beauty will show the way!

*The clue to an expert make-up job.* It can be summed up in three words . . . a light touch. Unhappily, too many women in applying make-up seem determined to be the girl of no man's dreams. You've seen them, wearing lipstick that appears to have been put on in the dark of the moon, or so heavily powdered they remind you of that whitewashed fence Mark Twain immortalized! Let's vow that on your clean and cared-for face, there'll be no such antics! Buy only essential make-up needs, and learn to use them with professional skill. And as the years roll on, master this growing old gracefully with additional make-up tricks. Treat yourself to a new supply of absorbent cotton and cleansing tissues. Learn to use your hand as an artist uses his palette—to blend becoming colors that will give you a delicate, dewy look. Use good sense and good taste—and make a beauty of yourself.

*Use your foundation sparingly.* That ensures that the finished job will look translucent, not pasty nor masklike. If you prefer a cream foundation, spread a dot on the palm of your left hand, and after rubbing it to a rather dry condition, apply to your face. Don't rub it into your skin—press with firm fingers. Apply lotion foundation by pouring a few drops into the palm of your hand, then distribute evenly over the face and throat. If yours is an oily skin, a cake make-up

is the answer. Avoid that here-and-no-farther look by applying your foundation far down on your neck, and right out to the hairline and ears.

*Rouge is the most wonderful beauty aid on a woman's dressing table.* But, unless applied with a light touch, it can look grimmer than Grimm. Cream rouge is more natural and longer lasting than cake rouge, although its application discourages many women from trying it. To avoid that daubed-on look, never apply cream rouge directly from jar to cheek . . . instead, with one finger place a smidge of rouge on your left hand. With another finger, blend a bit of this into your hand, then place on your cheekbone. Blend lightly, upward to the lower lashes, outward to the temples, and continue blending and dotting until a natural smooth look is obtained. Keep rouge high on the cheek, not in toward the nose, and never let it stray below the mouthline!

Along with your cream rouge, buy a dry rouge in the same tone—you'll find it useful for "touching up." As a lift for evening, try a suggestion of dry rouge on top of your finished make-up, as a final touch. Dry rouge, as you know, goes on after powder, cream rouge over foundation base.

Rouge is indispensable for creating illusions. If you have high, prominent cheekbones, the centre point of your rouge should begin there. If you have a round face, try for that hollow-cheek effect by applying rouge below the cheekbones, and slightly forward, just avoiding the expression lines round nose and mouth.

Is yours a square face? You'll find it becoming to start rouge up and out near your ears, keeping way out toward the jawline. Blend the color faintly down under the lower cheek, shading it off into nothing at the jawline.

Here's a flattering trick for the mature woman: blend rouge high on your cheek, carry it up under the eye, then a smidge rubbed in under your eyebrow to give your eyes added sparkle!

Teeners and older women should observe the same rouge rule . . . less looks best! A young girl's natural glow needs little extra emphasis; too heavy a rouge on the older woman emphasizes facial lines. She should keep everything on the up and up . . . rouge blended high . . . hair combed up and away from the face and softly contoured . . . cream applied in an up and out motion. This upward line tends to keep the older face bright and young looking, for there's nothing to drag contours down. To make doubly sure that rouge is not too heavy, dip your finger into cleansing cream, then in cream rouge. Mix on the palm, and apply to the cheek for a really soft, smooth effect.

*Lipstick shades and fabric colors skip along hand in hand.* Fashion's latest favorites—green, russet, beige, brown and wine—mean lipsticks are now deep wine, clear red, and a new coppery shade, supplanting the pinks of a few months back. Choose a lipstick that harmonizes with your skin, costume, and other make-up, and apply it while lips are whistle-dry. For a neater, longer-lasting job, use a lipstick brush. Then you can shape your lips to gentle, feminine curves, with no smudged edges or sharp angles. Remember your old art class, and keep turning the brush in your hand, holding it firm and flat, not pointed like a pencil.

Once you've mastered the method, you'll be eager to try more subtle touches. If your lips are too thin, enlarge the curve of the upper lip with the brush, fill in, and press lips together to transfer color in a perfect line to the lower lip.

If your lips are too full, use lipstick near the centre of the lips. Blend lightly toward the corner of the mouth and use less lipstick on lower lip.

*If properly applied, a box of face powder should last you months.* Put it on with a pad of fresh absorbent cotton. + Continued on page 112



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**M**ake-up is designed to enhance natural good looks, if used skilfully and with a light touch. It's a good rule for blondes to play up shape and coloring of mouths . . . brunettes to dramatize depth and beauty of eyes . . . and redheads to wear shades which complement their hair.

*Photographs by Pagano.*





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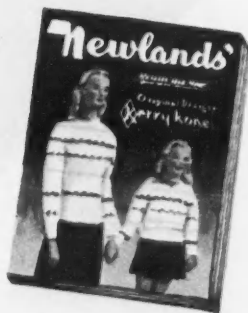
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## Mama and Miss Prentice

Continued from page 24

River Street and stopped of his own accord in front of the house. Mama was on the porch knitting socks for the church bazaar. Her starched apron shone whitely against her blue print dress. Her still dark brown hair lay in smooth scallops over her fine forehead. She got up and came to the porch railing and above the row of pink geraniums in their neat terra-cotta pots, her blue eyes were as bright and keen as a girl's. "I see you have some mail!" Mama called.

Emily held up the paper and Richard's letter. "A letter from Rich," she said. "Want it now, or when I come in from the barn. May as well put Barney up for the night." She liked to tease Mama a little.

"Oh," Mama said, "I'll come and get it!" She dropped her knitting and hurried out to the buggy. Her face was all smiles. But as she took the letter, as if she, too, sensed something in the thickness, her smile faded and her expression became faintly concerned.

Emily drove into the barn, unhitched Barney, got down the hay, emptied a measure of oats in the trough and went back to the house. She went in the kitchen door and there was the spicy odor of fresh apple pie. The big kitchen was comfortable after the cool early May evening. Dora was working at her books on the kitchen table. Mama was reading Rich's letter in the rocker by the window.

Dora said, "I got another D in Math today. Darn logarithms."

"If you'd read fewer novels," Emily said, "you might get an A."

Mama was folding the letter and putting it back into the envelope without offering it to either of the girls.

Emily started to speak, then thought better of it.

"Well," Dora broke in, "what did Rich say? Aren't we going to read his letter?"

"Later," Mama said. "I've just half read it myself. But he's all right. He's fine. Come put your books away, Dora, I want to set the table."

Emily was washing her hands at the sink, drying them on the clean roller towel. "I'll help set the table, Mama," she said. Her heart was beating fast again, and she had a certain feeling that it was about Miss Prentice.

"No," Mama said, "go rest a while. Sometimes I like to do things alone."

"Yes, Mama," Emily said, and motioned Dora to come with her. When they were alone in the parlor, she said, "Couldn't you see, Dora, that Mama wanted to be alone?"

"Why, for goodness sake?" Dora's eyes were questioning.

"I've lived with Mama longer than you have. When she's worried or upset, she wants to be alone to think things out. Something in Rich's letter upset her."

"You don't suppose he has lost his position?" Dora said.

"No, I think it is something about Miss Prentice. I think maybe he has got a case on her and told Mama."

"But why should—" Dora gasped. And then as if she understood she said, "Oh, I see. But Emily, Rich is bound to fall in love some day and get married, isn't he?"

"I don't know," Emily said slowly. "I only know it will be hard on Mama if he ever does. It will be hard for Mama to give Richard up to any woman."

"But Rich is so handsome and so nice. He's bound to have girls fall in love with him. And I think you are wrong. I think Mama wants us all to get married. I know she wants you—"

Then Dora stopped and blushed. "I'm a girl, it's different," Emily said. "With me Mama is trying to sell a bill of goods. With Rich she feels that someone is trying to sell him a bill of goods, and I guess she wants to be sure that it is good enough for Rich."

"And that," Dora giggled, "would have to be better than good, that would have to be perfect. And I guess Mama would want to pick it out too."

"You shouldn't talk like that!" Emily tried to bristle. "Mama is wonderful."

MAMA CAME to the door. Her eyes were bright blue the way they were when she was going out to put on a drive

for the Ladies Aid. Her cheeks were pink. "Well, children, supper is ready," she said. "And after we have eaten I'll tell you about Richard's letter."

But it wasn't really until after the dishes were washed and they were settled for the evening, that she mentioned the letter again. "Well," Mama said slowly, "we are going to have company."

"Company?" Dora's eyes widened. "Who, for land's sake?"

"A Miss Prentice," Mama said. "One of the teachers at Richard's school."

"But school isn't out yet?" Emily broke in.

"She has been ill," Mama said. "Poor little thing. La Grippe. The doctor has ordered her to take a good rest before she goes back to school. And since she boards right in the city, Richard with his kind heart has suggested that we take care of her for a couple of weeks. I'm sure I understand his position. Naturally he wants to be well liked by his teachers, and this will certainly make them all feel very kindly toward him."

"But," Dora broke in, "isn't this the girl he has been taking out?"

"Well," Mama said, "I shouldn't attach any significance to that. Poor little thing, we should feel very sorry for her. There is nothing so terrible as ill health. La Grippe at this time of year sounds very odd. And then the doctor ordering her to take a rest. I'm always suspicious of the lungs. Perhaps we had better be careful with the dishes, wash hers separately. She must have from

## From an Office Window Remembrance Day

11 A.M.

By Lotta Dempsey



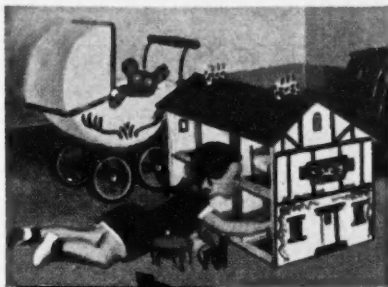
Whistles blew;  
And the street fell still.  
Unstirred . . .  
Unheard . . .

In the autumn chill  
Everything stopped.  
(But the grey rain's fall)  
For the soundless tread  
Of the young-and-dead  
To rise like a wall.  
To deafen us all.



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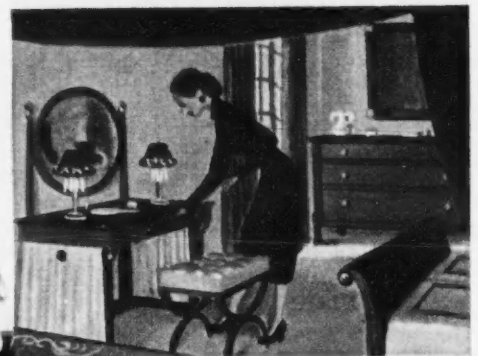
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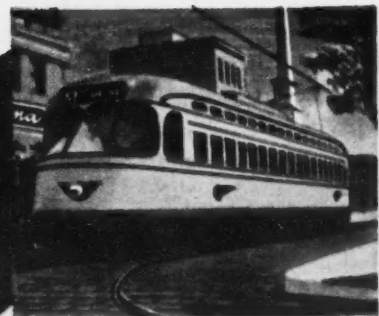
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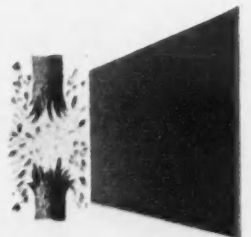
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eggs and plenty of milk every day."

"Oh, it can't be her lungs," Emily said. "Richard would never have—"

Mama interrupted. "Any young woman would naturally conceal a weakness like that from a young man!"

"Nonsense," Dora said. "The strongest people are weak after La Grippe. Linda Harris is very husky, but after she had La Grippe she was weak as a kitten for weeks."

"Well," Mama said, "we certainly hope it will be like that with Miss Prentice, don't we?" But suddenly Emily felt that Mama didn't hope so at all. And quite as suddenly, with an uncanny intuition, Emily felt that she saw Mama's campaign. Certainly no young man in his right mind would want to marry a young woman in poor health—someone with weak lungs. So with an almost defiant fervency Emily sent up a little prayer that at least Miss Prentice would not look frail.

But the next afternoon on the station platform Emily knew that her prayer had not been answered. She had driven up with Mama and together they had waited for the afternoon train. And even if Miss Prentice had not been the only woman to alight Emily knew that they would have recognized her, simply from the description of frailty. She was very slender with huge dark blue eyes and pale fair hair in little short ringlets around a small delicate face. Emily almost gasped. No schoolteacher could be so lovely! Emily and Mama went forward together, but when they reached Miss Prentice, Mama just put her arms around her gently and gave her a very gentle little hug. "You poor dear child," Mama said, "you look ready to drop. But just try to hold up a little longer and we'll have you tucked up cosy in bed and we'll feed you a nice bowl of strengthening chicken broth. We'll try to bring the roses back to those pale cheeks in no time. It won't be our fault if we fail."

"Oh, please," Miss Prentice smiled, and in spite of being so thin, two little dimples showed at the corners of her mouth. "I know you mean to be very kind, but I am not really an invalid. And I'm always thin. It's probably my short hair that makes you feel I'm so young and helpless. I'm not really. And I half think it is just plain silly for me to take this time off. But my old doctor is a kind of fussbudget."

"I know," Mama said, exactly as if she were humoring a child. "I know all about doctors," and she patted Miss Prentice's hand and said to Emily, "Emmy, you toss Miss Prentice's suitcases into the buggy and unhitch Barney and take the reins." She smiled at Miss Prentice. "My girls are both such big husky things."

EMILY SWUNG Miss Prentice's suitcases into the back of the buggy and felt her face scarlet with embarrassment that wasn't all because Mama had made her feel like some kind of Amazon.

Driving home, Miss Prentice, scarcely taking up any room between them, explained her short hair. "You see," she

said, "last winter I had typhoid. Really and truly until then I had never been sick." She smiled up at Mama with a kind of shy anxiety.

Mama smiled back. "Well now don't you worry, dear, we'll put some meat on those thin little arms." But over Miss Prentice's head she gave Emily a quiet sad glance.

Miss Prentice laughed. "Oh, but I'm not really bony, Mrs. Duncan. I'm just small." But two bright spots of color suddenly burned in her cheeks.

Afterward, when Miss Prentice's feeble protests had been overruled and Mama had popped her into the spare room bed, with a tray of chicken broth, and Mama had come back downstairs to Emily and Dora, she said, "Emily, did you notice that hectic flush on Miss Prentice's cheeks as we were driving home?"

"Oh, Mama," Emily said. "That wasn't a consumptive flush. The poor girl was just embarrassed by you making her seem like such an invalid."

"Yes, she was upset. I could see that plainly," Mama said. "And she was protesting much too pointedly about her health. Poor little soul, I am sorry for her. I'd probably be doing the same thing if I were in her shoes. Maybe some people think that to be delicate is interesting, but I know the value of health." Mama squared her shoulders and beat harder at the sponge she was setting for her bread.

Dora stopped eating cookies for a minute and looked up and grinned. "Goodness," she said, "I'd trade my

140 pounds any day to look like Miss Prentice. She's beautiful. And anyhow men like little frail delicate women. It makes them feel strong and important."

"Until they find themselves with an invalid wife," Mama snapped. "Well, one thing certain and you may as well know it, I should certainly hate to see

poor Richard saddled with a delicate wife."

"But she said she wasn't delicate!" Emily said.

"Good gracious!" Mama's face grew suddenly crimson. "You don't suppose I ever thought of Richard in connection with Miss Prentice? Why she is just one of his teachers. Don't you worry, when the time comes for Richard to marry, he will make a sensible choice." She put down the pan of sponge on the bench beside the stove and tucked the white cloth over it with steady deft fingers. Then she began to talk about whether she would have ham or roast chicken on Sunday. Miss Prentice had informed Mama that Richard would be up on Saturday for the week end. Emily knew it had been a surprise to Mama, but Mama had never let on. She had just said, "A lot of car fare to waste for two days."

After Emily and Dora and Mama had finished their dinner, Mama went up to talk to Miss Prentice. She told the girls not to come with her, because so many people might excite an invalid so that she couldn't go to sleep. But Mama herself stayed upstairs almost an hour.

## PRAYER

By Hudson Lewis

Now I lay me down to rest,  
Electric blanket 'cross my chest;  
I pray my merciful Creator  
Protects the voltage regulator,  
So if I die before I wake  
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When Mama came down she said that she was tired and going to retire, and that the girls, too, would be sensible to get a good night's sleep. Mama kissed them both, put the cat out, wound the alarm and took her bedroom lamp from the shelf. Mama had always slept upstairs in the parlor bedroom.

As soon as Mama had gone to bed, Emily put aside the papers she had been marking. She had been practically dying to see Miss Prentice ever since they got home.

Dora was finishing the last chapter in a novel and she told Emily to go on ahead and say good night to Miss Prentice, that she would come in a few minutes. So Emily went up alone, feeling as excited as if she were playing the part in a drama. She felt almost too nervous to knock on Miss Prentice's door. But she did.

"Come in," Miss Prentice called. But her voice sounded almost as if she had been crying. She was sitting up in bed and she looked lovelier than ever in a frilly little white nightgown with a light blue wool scarf over her shoulders. But her eyes were suspiciously bright, her cheeks too pink and even the tip of her short little nose faintly pink too. There was no doubt that Miss Prentice had been crying. But she now said almost brightly, "I'm so glad you've come, Emily. Do sit down and tell me all about your school. At least we are both teachers and have that in common." She smiled a trifle shyly.

Emily went over and sat for a moment in the chair she knew Mama had left only a few minutes earlier. She said, "But maybe I ought not to stay. Maybe it will tire you out too much?"

At that Miss Prentice turned her face away and her eyes again filled with tears. "Oh," she cried, "why did you have to say that, Emily?"

Emily felt like a huge stumbling young ox. "But," she stammered, "I didn't say anything wrong, did I?"

Miss Prentice looked sadly at Emily and seemed to try to smile. "No, Emily, you really didn't. I'm very much ashamed. I almost hate myself. I seem to do nothing but make mistakes. If I hadn't been foolish and drunk that strange water last winter when I knew better, I should never have had typhoid. And if I hadn't gone to a party a few weeks ago wearing a spring coat on a cold night, just because I wanted to look pretty, I'd never have taken that nasty cold. And if I hadn't come up here thinking that it was for the best, I — oh, Emily, let's talk about school!"

BUT EMILY felt tongue-tied. It was almost as if Miss Prentice had confided in her and they were close in a strange unspoken understanding. Emily put out an awkward hand and touched Miss Prentice's curls. "Your hair is so lovely. I just wanted to touch it. It is so soft and golden. And I do know how you feel. We are all strangers. We are Richard's folks and we're different. But honestly we're not, and when Rich comes up on Saturday it will be fine. Everything will be fine."

Miss Prentice's small delicate hand tightened suddenly over Emily's. "You are sweet, Emily. Richard is crazy about you too. He thinks you are wonderful and so smart. And you are just as handsome as he said you were."

Emily gasped. "Oh, but surely Rich never said that!"

Miss Prentice laughed. "Of course he did, silly, and he was right. And tomorrow I'll tell you a lot of other things he said; but I guess now maybe you'd better go to sleep. I don't think your mama would like to have us stay up much later. And I am tired."

Emily did the one thing she knew Mama would have warned her against. She kissed Miss Prentice good night. When she went out into the hall Dora was coming upstairs. "Don't go in," she told Dora. "Miss Prentice is almost asleep. You'll see her in the morning."

"All right," Dora said. "I'm sleepy too." But when they were in the bedroom together and had begun to undress, all at once Dora said, "Emily, don't you feel very sorry for Miss Prentice?"

"Sorry? Why?" Emily tried to keep the excitement out of her voice.

"Because Mama is so determined that she is not the wife for Rich."

"That is silly. We don't even know whether Rich likes Miss Prentice. Or what Mama thinks. Or whether Miss Prentice likes Rich."

"We know that she is in love with Rich all right," Dora said. "You can see it plainly. And we know what Mama thinks too. And I honestly believe she came up here with an idea that she could win Mama over, maybe with being frail, needing sympathy."

"I think," Emily said, "that you read too many novels. Hop in and I'll blow out the lamp."

"I'm in," Dora said, "but I wish she hadn't come. I like her."

"So do I," Emily said. "But everything happens for the best. You know how often you have heard Mama say so."

"But Mama can make things happen," Dora whispered.

"Hush and go to sleep," Emily said. But for a long time after Dora was asleep Emily lay awake, thinking about Miss Prentice.

The next morning, when Emily left for school, Miss Prentice was not yet up. But when she came in the afternoon, Miss Prentice was sitting on the porch with Mama. The sun was warm but Mama had thrown a shawl over Miss Prentice's shoulders. This time Emily did put Barney in the stable before she came up to the porch with the mail. She had put off an unpleasant task as long as possible. There was a letter from Richard, but it wasn't for Mama, it was for Miss Prentice.

"Oh," Miss Prentice cried, and her eyes suddenly shone. "For me? How nice." And she tore the letter open and read it through, just tossing scraps to Mama. "He is well. He's taking the eight-thirty out Saturday morning. He has been asked to preside at an important meeting. He sends his love." But all the time she read, Miss Prentice's eyes were bright and eager and a little dimpled smile played around her mouth as if there were all kinds of amusing things in the letter which were for her alone. When she finished she just put the letter in her pocket. But she said, "Oh, this is a heavenly spot. Certainly Richard was right. I'm so glad I came."

But Emily knew a kind of sinking feeling. Suddenly she felt almost as angry at Miss Prentice as she had at Mama. How stupid of Miss Prentice not to show the letter! How much more difficult she had made everything!

But Mama didn't seem to mind at all. She just said, "Miss Prentice, f



you feel able, maybe you'd like to bake a cake to surprise Richard?"

FOR A SECOND Miss Prentice didn't answer. Then she looked up at Mama and the two color spots burned in her cheeks again.

"No, Mrs. Duncan," she said, "it wouldn't tire me too much, but I have never baked a cake in my life. I wish I didn't have to admit it, but I must. You see I've lived in boarding schools and boardinghouses ever since I was seven years old when my parents died. I have never learned to cook. But I can sew. I make all my own clothes." And she looked up at Mama with a kind of frightened pleading in her eyes.

"Oh, well," Mama said, "I daresay you'll learn to cook if you ever marry. Cooking is the easy part of housekeeping. But then maybe you'll marry a rich man and never have to do the hard heavy work of washing and ironing and baking. I can see you have never done any housework either. Your lovely little hands show that."

Miss Prentice looked down at her hands, then up at Mama. "No," she said, "I haven't. But if it were necessary I could." Then she turned to Emily and said, "Do let us take a little walk, down toward the river." And she stood up and threw off Mama's shawl and looked a picture in her sprigged challis dress.

"You may tire yourself out," Mama said. "Don't go farther than the bridge. And you had better put that shawl back over your shoulders, Miss Prentice. It gets cool and dampish here in the hills toward evening. And we all know what another cold on top of the one you have just had might mean." She looked at Miss Prentice with grave concern in her eyes.

Miss Prentice said, "I'll go up then and get my own jacket."

"No," Mama said, "Emily will get it for you. You shouldn't go up and down stairs so often."

Miss Prentice just stood very still, kind of biting her lips. Then she said, "Thank you, Emily. It is on the first hook to the left." When Emily came back down neither Miss Prentice nor Mama seemed to have spoken.

And for a minute or two while they walked down the street together neither Miss Prentice nor Emily spoke. Then suddenly Miss Prentice said, "Emily, I'm frightened. Your mama thinks I'm an invalid or something and I can't seem to make her know that it is not a fact. She doesn't like me."

"Oh," Emily said, "Mama is just like that. She's really wonderful. She takes care of all of us like that. When you begin to put on a little weight you'll see that she will be different."

"But I never shall. I'm always like this." Miss Prentice laughed almost hysterically.

"But what difference if she doesn't?" Emily started.

Miss Prentice interrupted. "The difference is that your mama is very strong and clever and she is able to make you all see things through her eyes. Rich adores her. He'll believe whatever she tells him. He thinks she is wonderful."

"She is wonderful," Emily said, feeling a little bit angry now at Miss Prentice.

"Oh, I know she is," Miss Prentice said; and then as if suddenly she wanted to change the conversation, she said,

"What a magnificent house and grounds!"

At that moment Fred Basset came out of the driveway in a new red runabout with his team of fast bays. He lifted his hat to Emily and said, "Hello, Em—" Then he was swallowed in a cloud of dust.

"Why, Emily," Miss Prentice cried, "you're blushing. Is he one of your beaux?"

"No," Emily said, "I have no beaux, Miss Prentice. I've just never been popular, I guess. When we were in high school Fred Basset and I used to play tennis together and we went on a few picnics. But since he has come home from college, he runs around with a different crowd, I guess."

"But, Emily," Miss Prentice said, "you should have lots of beaux. You're so pretty. But you really ought to wear your hair plain, not curled but brushed straight back to show your widow's peak. You are the magnificent type, not the ingénue. I'd really like to help you make a new dress next week."

"But you are here to rest, Miss Prentice."

"Oh—rest fiddlesticks! And Emily, I wish you would call me Libby."

"Mama would never allow you to do any sewing."

Miss Prentice looked steadily at Emily. "Emily," she said, "does your mama always get what she wants?"

"Yes," Emily said, smiling a little, "I'm afraid she does. And here is the bridge and we had better turn back."

"It does get cool in the evenings. I wish it were Saturday and Richard here," Miss Prentice shivered slightly and fastened the lower button of her jacket.

"It will be wonderful when he comes," Emily said. "We'll have fun." But somehow inside she felt that it might not be wonderful at all. And she was right. It seemed to her that from the moment of Richard's arrival on Saturday, the sky clouded over, rain threatened and everyone but Mama seemed to feel a pressure of sadness. It was terrible to see the way Miss Prentice looked at Richard, her love showing plainly in every glance. And it was terrible to see the way at first Richard watched Miss Prentice's every move with a sort of fierce tenderness, and then later with almost a quiet sad tenderness. But most of all it was terrible to know that Mama was working against them. For now Emily had no doubt. She was in every word telling Richard subtly that Libby Prentice could never make him a proper wife. Emily knew it and Dora knew it. And Libby Prentice knew it. And there was nothing any one of them could do, least of all Miss Prentice. Even Miss Prentice, Emily felt, would be too wise to speak to Richard about it, and only make matters worse.

And so the week end wore on, everyone trying to be gay and feeling only sad. The desperation of Libby's love for Richard so plain in her eyes, and the desperation of Richard's love showing in the irritation with which he listened to his mother saying, "No, Miss Prentice must not walk so far. Miss Prentice isn't husky like our girls, you must realize, Richard!" all the little seeds of doubt his mother was sowing so carefully taking unwilling root. The story about Herb Wharburton's invalid wife, the moral being that above all a man needs a strong healthy woman to bring strong healthy children into the world.



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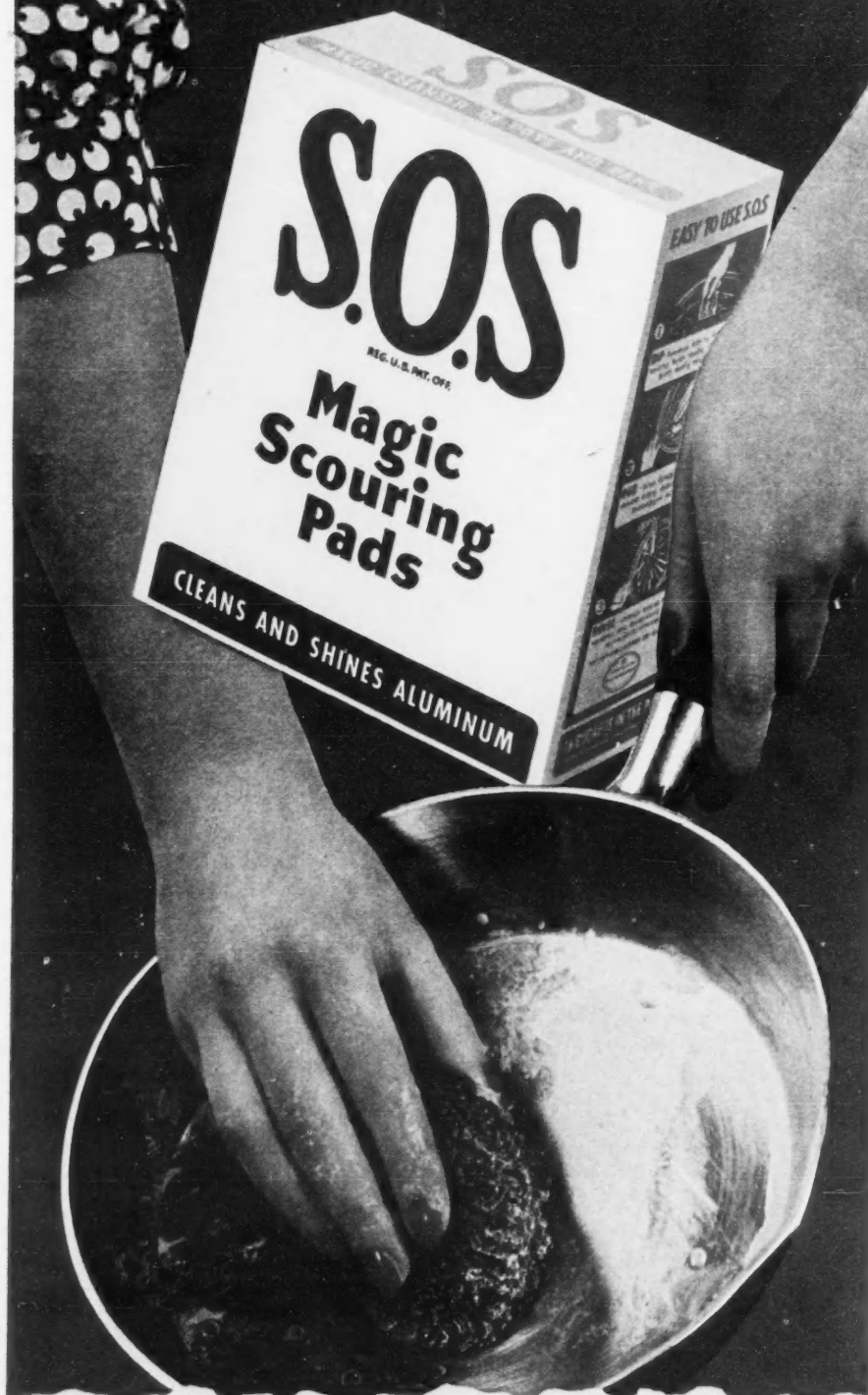
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all the while Mama tenderly slipping a shawl over Libby's shoulder, a cushion behind her back, or remarking on the delicacy of her small hands.

In the midst of it all Emily felt sick. She loved Mama. She loved Richard, and she loved Miss Prentice, the one person who had praised her and told her she was pretty.

BUT IT was finally Miss Prentice who gave her the greatest surprise. It was on Sunday afternoon. They had finished one of Mama's best chicken dinners, and Mama and Richard had come back down from Richard's room where Mama had been putting some things in his suitcase. Richard had gone upstairs alone, but Mama had followed him at once with an excuse about putting a jar of plum preserves in for his landlady. But now they had come back down and it was almost time to leave for Richard's train and they all sat in that half-sad, unsettled waiting quiet that precedes any departure. It was Richard who broke the quiet. He said suddenly, "Libby, why don't you pack your things and come back with me. After all the substitute isn't working out too well, and if you take it easy for a few days with Miss Jones to assist you—" He stopped as if he were unable to go on, and Emily felt that he was frightened.

Mama spoke right up. "Nonsense. I've never heard of such a thing. Miss Prentice needs this rest." But there was for an instant a faint anxiety in her eyes.

It was Miss Prentice who furnished the surprise. She looked around at all of them, her eyes wide and serious. "No," she said, "I came here to stay two weeks and I think I had better do it. Every day now I am feeling stronger. And your Mama is so very kind."

Emily suddenly wanted to cry out, "Oh, don't stay, Libby! Go with Rich! Can't you see what is happening?"

Dora saved them all. "I'm not going to let Miss Prentice go back. She is helping me with my math."

Everyone laughed then, but not heartily. Mama said, "I'd better drive to the station with you and Miss Prentice to hold old Barney if Doc Hamlin shows up with his automobile."

Richard and Miss Prentice looked at each other for a second and then Miss Prentice said, "Of course you must come with us, Mrs. Duncan. I shouldn't want to drive home alone at all!"

What went on at the station Emily never knew. But when they came home Miss Prentice asked to be excused and went to her room to write letters.

While Mama prepared a bite of supper she hummed, "Old Dog Tray," which Emily knew meant that she was feeling fine.

The next afternoon when she came home from school Emily found Mama and Miss Prentice sitting on the porch as usual. But Miss Prentice was all dressed up in a very pretty new pink dress, and wore a pink ribbon around her curls, as if she were going to a party. And the minute Emily came home, Miss Prentice said, "Come on, Emily. I want to take a walk."

"I should think," Mama said, "that you have had enough walking for the day, after being up and down this morning."

"Oh," Miss Prentice said, "but I rested this afternoon." And she stuck her arm through Emily's and almost pushed her to the steps.

Emily felt that there must be some-

thing very important which Miss Prentice had to tell her. Perhaps even a planned elopement with Richard! But Miss Prentice didn't talk at all about Richard. She just talked quickly and excitedly about nothing, the wild flowers, the blue haze in the mountains, some white lawn which would make Emily a sweet dress. When they came to the Basset Place, Emily saw that Fred Basset and his friends were on the tennis court as usual.

"Oh," Miss Prentice said, "do let us stop and watch them. I'd love to learn tennis."

"I used to play with Fred," Emily said, "and so now I'd rather not stop. He might think I was hinting for an invitation."

"Nonsense," Miss Prentice said. "Oh, just see him hit that ball."

It was while Emily was watching the ball that Miss Prentice bent down suddenly and came up with a tennis ball. "Why," she said, "they must have lost this!"

Emily felt her hands grow cold, her face hot. Then she heard Miss Prentice call out, "Hallo—hallo there!" And holding up the ball cry out, "Is this yours?"

Emily saw the puzzled look on Fred's face, then the quick smile as he came across the lawn toward them. Emily wanted the ground to swallow her. So this was why Miss Prentice had gone to town—to buy a tennis ball. This was her reason for dressing up and insisting on a walk. Suddenly Emily felt very sorry she had ever doubted Mama's judgment. Miss Prentice was a flirt and probably not in love with Richard at all, but just out to get a husband, and now if possible a rich one. No wonder she had wanted to stay on, when Rich asked her to go back with him! Fred had come down to the fence and he and Miss Prentice were smiling at each other. Fred took the ball and said, "Thank you very much." But Emily could see that he knew perfectly well he had not lost it. Stammering some kind of an introduction, she tried to move on. But Miss Prentice and Fred Basset were already laughing and talking together.

"If you are visiting Emily," Fred was saying, "how about coming over one afternoon for a game, both of you?"

"I can't play," Miss Prentice said, "but I'd love to learn."

"And I'd like to teach you," Fred said, his eyes already on the pink ribbon in her curls.

Emily said, "I'm afraid that isn't possible just yet, Fred. You see Miss Prentice has been ill. She's here to recuperate."

Miss Prentice smiled and touched Emily's arm. "Well, I guess that is so," she said, "but breathing all this fine country air and eating up all Mrs. Duncan's fat hens I ought to be able to play next week, surely. But I will tell you what you can do for me, Mr. Basset! If I come into the bank tomorrow, will you identify me so that I can cash a small cheque?"

Fred Basset laughed. He showed all his fine teeth and laughed heartily. "You bet I will, Miss Prentice," he said.

Miss Prentice smiled prettily then and looked very sweet and innocent and said, "Well, good-bye then until tomorrow, Mr. Basset."

But right in front of Emily they flirted with their eyes. There was no other word for it.

When they had finally moved off,



Emily said, "You know that you found that ball in Garwood's store this morning."

"Why, what an accusation, Emily!" Miss Prentice cried. But she didn't look cross. She looked smiling and teasing. "I thought you were Richard's girl."

"Has anyone ever said that I was Richard's girl?" Miss Prentice asked almost too quietly. "Am I Richard's girl?"

"Well," Emily said, "but—"

"Well and but," Miss Prentice repeated. "Two very unimportant words when they stand alone. And I'm like that too. I'm alone and not very important, so that I have to take care of myself the best way I know. Now we'll not talk about it any more."

Emily felt queer. She felt that she had been snubbed and yet not snubbed. She felt suddenly very uncertain.

HOWEVER, BY the end of the week, the end of that incredible week, Emily was not uncertain. She knew that she hated Miss Prentice, that she was far, far more dangerous than a person with only lung trouble. She knew that Mama as usual had been right. Miss Prentice would never have made a proper wife for Richard. When, late Wednesday evening, Emily had seen through the register in her floor that a light still burned in the kitchen beneath, she had deliberately opened it a crack and sat on the floor to see whether Mama was writing to Richard. Only part of the floor and the top of the kitchen table were visible, but it was enough to see Mama's hand and pen as it scratched fiercely over the pages writing to Richard. Emily was glad.

The truth was that since the episode of the tennis ball Miss Prentice had simply gone out boldly for a mild flirtation with Fred Basset, buggy riding with him every afternoon.

Now Emily's loyalty to Mama was like a consuming fire. But when she spoke about it to Dora, Dora just said, "Nonsense. You're jealous. You have always been crazy about Fred, and I don't blame Miss Prentice one bit. Why shouldn't she try to land him. He's rich and she can live like a lady! Even Mama said she ought to marry a rich man. Besides, Miss Prentice can see that Rich is still Mama's baby, and that Mama will never allow him to marry her. I think she is smart."

"But when Richard comes up on Saturday, what can Miss Prentice say to him?" Emily demanded.

"She can just give him the gate, and I won't be sorry for him," Dora said.

But it was actually not until Friday that things began to happen in earnest. First there was the Runaway. Emily didn't see the Runaway. She heard it second hand from Mama and Dora. For Fred Basset had already brought Miss Prentice home when Emily came early from school.

"I wish," Mama said, her face crimson with excitement, "I wish you could have seen the way she looked at him when he lifted her down from the buggy. As if he were a god. And saying in that little soft voice of hers, 'But you did really, Fred, you did really save my life! Truly he did, Mrs. Duncan. He is the most wonderfully brave man I ever knew!'" Mama imitated Miss Prentice's eyes by making her own wide and innocent.

"But what happened?" Emily gasped.

"Was she hurt? Where is she?"

"She was not hurt. She is resting

and has asked for her supper on a tray!"

"Well," Dora broke in, "it seems that Fred took her for a buggy ride out Creek Road." She giggled. "I know it sounds bad, but after all half the weddings in this town are the result of buggy riding out Creek Road one way or another—"

"Remember that you are still a lady," Mama said.

"Then," Dora went on, "she asked him to get out and pick her some wild flowers under the rock, while she held the bays. Evidently she couldn't hold the bays. They ran off, but luckily turned around in Wilkens' barnyard so that Fred, racing after them, was able to catch and stop them and save Miss Prentice's life!"

"And," Mama put in, "has no one thought it queer for a pair of runaways to turn around? I'll bet she had those horses under control in two minutes!"

"But as frail as she is—those little hands—how could she?" Dora seemed to grin.

"Frail!" Mama said. "Those little thin wiry things can't be killed!" Then she stopped suddenly and said, "Well, anyhow I'm glad all this happened before she caught poor Richard!"

"Do you suppose she has caught Fred?" Dora asked.

It was then that Emily knew she couldn't stand another minute's talk. It was then that she knew that she had never quite given up Fred Basset.

"I'm sick of the whole thing," she cried. "My head is splitting. We haven't had a nice day since she came. And I don't want to hear anything more. I want to go up and rest too!" And she had raced up to her room and thrown herself down on the bed and cried as she hadn't cried in years. It was when she had stopped crying and lay quiet in her misery that she heard Mama send Dora off to borrow Aunt Louella's four quart freezer. After all tomorrow was Saturday and Rich was coming home and Mama was going to give him his favorite maple ice cream. The door slammed and Dora went out.

And then a minute later Emily heard something else. She heard Miss Prentice get up and go down to the kitchen. Now, completely without shame, Emily sat down beside the register to listen.

Emily could see the yellow bowl on the table with the green peas Mama was shelling. She could see Mama's hands working steadily, calmly dropping peas in the bowl, pods on a paper. She couldn't see Miss Prentice at all. For a second there wasn't a sound. Then Mama said, "I thought you wanted to rest, Miss Prentice?"

"No," Miss Prentice said, "I wanted to think out some way for us to have this talk alone before Richard arrived tomorrow. Then I heard you send Dora on an errand and I decided on this time before Emily got in from school."

Mama didn't tell Miss Prentice that Emily was already at home, that she had come early. She just said, "Hadh't you better sit down, Miss Prentice? You may have a relapse after today's excitement."

"A relapse!" Miss Prentice said. "As if you didn't know that I'm practically as well as ever again. That I'm actually as strong as a little horse. And you probably know too that my biggest reason for coming up here was to make friends with you."

"Why should that be necessary?" Mama asked.



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"Because I was in love with Richard, and although he had not formally asked me to be his wife, I knew Richard loved me."

"Ah—" Mama said, "but all that was before you met Fred Basset. Now you aren't sure."

"Oh, yes," Miss Prentice said, "I'm still sure that I love Richard. But since you have pointed out to him and to me that my health is so poor that I ought only to marry a rich man, I've about decided to take your advice."

Emily saw Mama make a sudden movement. "Be careful how much you tell me," Mama said. "This will not sound good if I repeat it to the Bassets."

"But they wouldn't believe you," Miss Prentice said. "They would just think you were trying to justify my jilting Richard for Fred Basset."

"Jilting Richard!" Mama cried, "how absurd! And has Fred Basset asked to marry you—are you so sure of him?"

"No, not yet," Miss Prentice said, "but he will ask me, I assure you. And that is what we have to decide now, Mrs. Duncan, before Richard comes tomorrow. For, if I marry Fred Basset, Mrs. Duncan, I'll have him buy the large vacant property across the street. My house will stand just across the road. And it will be the best kept house in town. And whenever Richard comes home he'll see me, healthy and happy, and with, I hope, several fine children. And since I know how much he loves me now, he won't have forgotten me. And whenever he sees me he'll remember that if it hadn't been for you, I'd be his wife. He'll remember all the silly things you told him and he'll know that you ruined his life. At least he'll feel that way."

"You think you are very clever, don't you?" Mama said. But somehow Emily could hear that Mama's voice had lost its sureness. "Well, I am clever too!"

"Yes," Miss Prentice said, "I know that. We are pretty well matched, I think. And we are both fighting for the man we love best in the world. But now it looks to me as if we'd have to share him, or both lose him. And frankly, another reason I don't want to marry Fred is that Emily is in love with him. A man on the rebound is easily caught."

Then Mama said, "But what good would it do if you didn't marry Fred Basset? Emily would never stoop to a Runaway. By the way, was it difficult to hold them, Libby—did you use the whip at first?" It was the first time Mama had called Miss Prentice, Libby.

"No," Miss Prentice said, "the difficulty was in pulling them up enough for Fred to rescue me!"

Then suddenly there was either the sound of laughter or one of them crying, and Emily heard them both move. They seemed to have moved toward the window or around the table. For a second Emily wasn't sure. Then she saw that the sunlight cast only one blurry shadow across the table.

Emily moved. Her arm was cramped. She flexed it and got up, but her knees felt like water. They shook as she crossed to the bureau and looked into the wavering mirror. Miss Prentice's words came back to her. "A man on the rebound is easily caught." She put up her hand and brushed her hair back smoothly so that the widow's peak was plain. She widened her eyes and smiled softly. It wasn't quite right. It should be a smile of tenderness, of understanding. She tried again. It was perfect. +



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## MURINE

FOR YOUR EYES





## Plan My Own Funeral

Continued from page 6

between. There was a bronze coffin (the costliest of the lot). There were coffins lined with quilted satin, and coffins which had comfortable mattresses.

Coffins weren't the only things on display, however. There were also urns for the ashes of those who had been cremated. I supposed that they would take the place of coffins, and so of course they eventually do; but in cremation, the undertaker said, a coffin is obligatory, and most people arrange for it to be done in the usual expensive kind, as though for ordinary burial.

### Strange Burial Clothes

The final feature of the showroom was a glass case with sample clothes for dead men and women whose own were considered not to be stylish or dignified enough. The women's dresses were grey and beige lace gowns such as a dowager might wear to a garden party or a wedding—or rather, they appeared to be as they hung there in the case. Actually they were only fronts, with tapes to tie them at the back where it wouldn't be seen as the body lay in state; and because of that they could be sold for a mere \$15. The man's outfit was more comprehensive: a blue serge suit, white shirt and collar, and a blue polka-dot tie, assembled as a single unit and ready to be put on. It too differed from the clothes of living people; being similarly made to be taped at the back and having, instead of trousers, a kind of coarse dark cotton skirt reaching from just below the waist to the feet. It cost \$9.98. For some obscure reason this fantastic garment was the only thing in the entire experience that gave me the creeps; and when I saw it I had an almost irresistible impulse to run wildly from the room and into the sunlight of the street outside.

Instead, leaving the coffins and urns and the sinister wardrobe, the undertaker and I walked slowly along a passage to his office, whereupon we got down, as he said, to cases. Had I decided what funeral I wanted, he asked, and were there any more questions?

I hadn't made up my mind, largely because I found myself torn between the realization that undertakers after all do a great deal for the money they charge, and a growing feeling that as far as I was concerned I didn't want any part of it.

Since I clearly couldn't tell him that after he'd been so obliging, I just said I wasn't quite ready to choose, and began asking questions. First I wanted to know what he meant when he made the point that the coffin was normally a smallish item in the cost of a funeral. The answer, in a single brisk word, was overhead—the expenses of operating the business, of paying wages to the embalmers, the assistants, the small clerical staff, the recovery of the capital laid out for the building and equipment.

Take the hearse, he said. It cost \$8,000. Besides that the firm owned three big black limousines of a most luxurious sort at about \$5,000 each, and the van, or service car, in which bodies were brought from hospital or home. There was the air-conditioning plant. There was an electric organ in the "chapel." There were things like the machinery for lowering coffins into

the grave, which cost at least \$200, and the large mats of artificial grass that cover the mound of freshly dug earth—\$100 a set, and they don't last forever.

Those are general items, whose cost has to be distributed over every funeral; and they amount to so much that I gathered profits don't really begin to signify until the price charged reaches \$200, or more. From the undertaker's angle, the \$300 funeral of my friend that startled me into shopping for my own didn't seem especially out of line.

In justice to undertakers, and before I change over to the attack, I want to talk about two aspects of the way they handle funerals which are, or so I feel, entirely good and admirable. Their organization works with such smooth competence that after the telephone call summoning them to come and take away a body, and once the coffin has been chosen, there is nothing further whatever for the survivors to attend to.

That, I think, is the first good thing. The second is that undertakers, by providing a place outside the home where the dead can lie until they are buried, do make death easier for the living to bear.

On the other hand (and here I begin the indictment) the emotional strain avoided by taking and keeping the body away from home can be counteracted by the emotional strain of sitting through a ceremony which is too often stage-managed to the point of melodrama. Lights cunningly disposed, flowers theatrically massed, the rehearsed solemnity of the undertaker's men, wave on wave of syrupy organ music—it needs unusual fortitude to endure them without breaking down.

### Snobbery of Death

At another level of courage it is becoming harder and harder for people to arrange the kind of funeral they can afford and want (or at any rate dislike the least) without being forced by custom into what they don't want and can't afford. The pressure toward lavish and expensive burial is strong, and felt most acutely by the very families who have most cause to do things modestly. There is a snobbery of death which is no less demanding than the snobbery of life, and still less excusable.

I said, or rather implied, earlier in this article that I'd talked about funerals to ministers and pastors and parsons of many different denominations. They all agreed in condemning both wasteful expense and ostentation, and they were all sad that there was so little they could do to prevent them. Each had stories of hardship arising out of the touching extravagance of poor folk trying to honor their dead, and each had seen examples of bad taste among the rich.

For my part, I have now decided on my funeral. I am going to be taken directly to a crematorium from the place where I die, as soon as I am dead; and there, after the wonderful words of the burial service have been spoken, I shall be burned to ashes. It won't take much of whatever I have been able to leave my wife, and to spare her was what I set out to do; so my mind is quiet.

Maybe yours wouldn't be if that was the kind of funeral you knew you were going to have. The important thing, for you as for me, is to remember that the cost and manner of our burial are things we are free to determine—if only we will take the trouble. ♦

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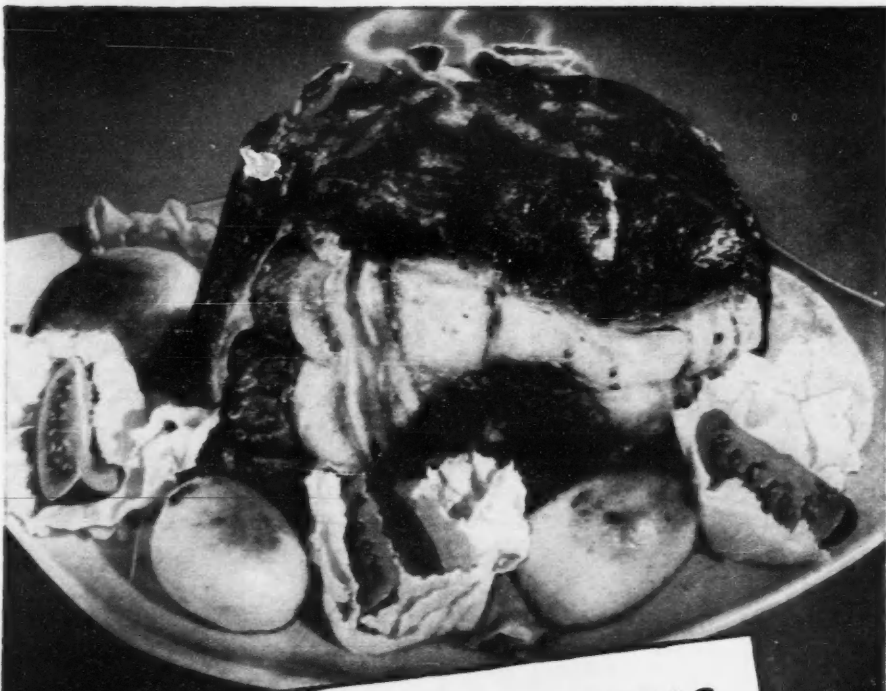
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Large enough for 3 people.



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Here's proof . . . a PRESTO COOKER can save you precious minutes in everything you cook . . . minutes that add up to at least an hour every day!

	PRESTO Cooking Time in Minutes	Ordinary Cooking Time in Minutes
<b>VEGETABLES</b>	2-3	10-15
Sliced Carrots . . . . .	8-10	30-35
Mashed Potatoes . . . . .	9-10	45-60
Whole Parsnips . . . . .		
<b>MEATS</b>	10-12	60-90
Beef Stew . . . . .	15	60
2 lb. Meat Loaf . . . . .	15-20	150-190
3 lb. Pork Roast . . . . .		

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## Take a Tip *From the Institute*

**Small household humidifiers** do a big job. They not only keep the air healthfully moist for people, but also prevent furniture from drying out, and remove cooking odors. Moist air always seems warmer, too.

**Make your own window drapes** with a professional look. There's a cleverly designed cotton backing on the market for this purpose. All you do is lay the cotton strip on the back of the curtain and stitch it on. Metal spring pins are provided to fit into the backing. These arrange and hold the material so it falls into graceful folds. Just remove the pins when you want to launder or dry-clean the drapes. Sounds easy. Is easy.

**Here's a pointer** if your electric stove is one of the fast-heating variety. When using heatproof glass cooking utensils it's wise to put a metal grid or asbestos mat over the element for protection.

**Pin up** another good-behavior mark for spring-type clothespins. Use them to fasten back curtain ends when windows are open. Keeps curtains from brushing against dusty screens and window sills—ergo, cuts down laundry and cleaning bills.

**It's all right** to walk with your head in the clouds if your feet are firmly on the ground. Avoid the danger of skidding rugs by painting the underside with a special "nonskid" preparation. It comes in cans, is easy to apply and doesn't mark floors.

**Splatter-proof sausages** are easy to come by. Simmer regular sausages for a few minutes, drain, then fry or bake them in the same pan. This hot-water treatment keeps the sausages plump and tender, prevents fat splattering during cooking.

**A portable icebox** has dozens of uses. HE will love it for those fishin' trips. SHE will love it for picnics, carrying frozen foods, transporting ice and foods to the summer cottage, traveling cross-country by car or trailer. It's attractively finished, well-insulated, metal-lined, has two handles and a removable section for ice or dry ice.

**Your sweaters** should always have that "new look." Sweater stretchers come in sizes for both youngsters and adults, are adjustable. They eliminate the tugging and pulling which is so hard on a sweater. Do away with tedious measuring and pinning.

**Adjustable sock stretchers** of plastic for children and grownups make good companions for the sweater stretchers.

**Under par performance** is fine on a golf course but not in a mechanical refrigerator. When frost has built up to ¼ inch on the freezing unit, efficiency is much impaired—so start defrosting in good time.

**A handsome metal bun warmer** looks very sophisticated on your table; is very efficient too. Can be placed over direct heat, then brought immediately to the table. Neat way of keeping breakfast hot for that "late riser."

**Flame-proof materials** cut down fire hazards. You can flame-proof clothes, curtains, etc., yourself with the following solution: Combine 7 ounces of borax, 3 ounces boric acid and 2 quarts of hot water and stir until the crystals are dissolved. Dip clean articles in this solution and leave for 5 minutes. Wring out, then dry and iron as usual. Washing will remove the solution, but a careful dry cleaning will not affect it. This solution can be sprayed or painted on heavy materials—it is not recommended for rayon. +





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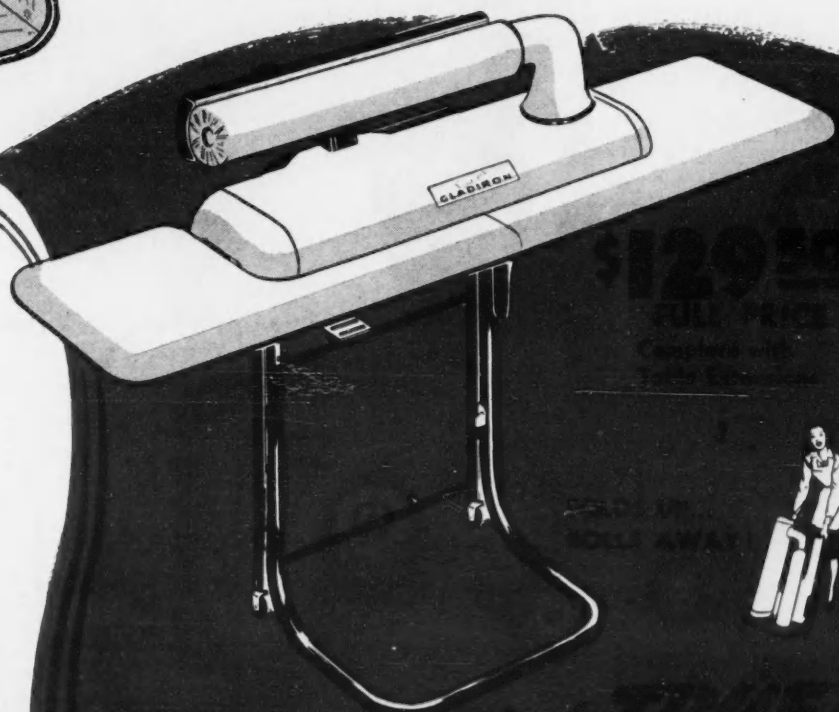
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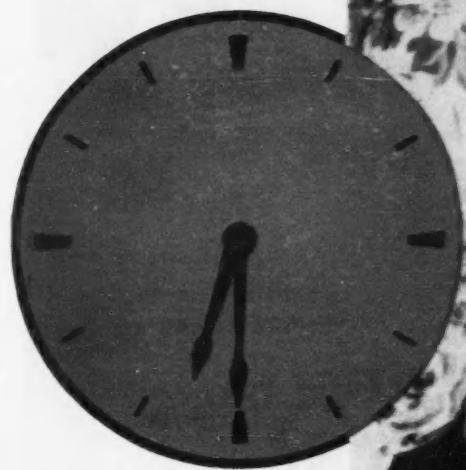
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## MENU

\*Tamali Pie      Chili Sauce  
 Broccoli with Lemon Butter  
 \*Tossed Salad      Mayonnaise  
 \*Apple Crisp Pudding  
 with Cream  
 Coffee

\* Recipes on page 87

# DINNER

**T**HE CURTAIN goes up on a bride's dinner party. The guests were invited for 6.30 and, right to the minute, she's putting the last hot dish on the table. Her proud husband (and why shouldn't he be?) and her friends look happy; she, herself, is fresh and unruffled, ready to enjoy the meal and the evening ahead. There's a secret to the success of our hostess. To discover it we take you behind the scenes to see her preparing her dinner.

Mrs. Dick Bearden, a Toronto bride of last May, was chosen by the Institute for this role. We suggested that Jean Bearden ask two friends to dinner in her apartment. The Institute planned the menu and the schedule for getting the dinner on the table—by 6.30. Then, as Jean cooked and served the meal, our cameraman was on the job to show you how she did it.

### How to Do It on Schedule

*Early in the Day*—not later than 3 o'clock—get ingredients ready for tamale pie. Put meat and celery on to cook. Wash vegetables and put in refrigerator. Get bake dishes ready for tamale pie and dessert. Make crumb topping for apple crisp.

*Time to Dress*—There should be about 45 minutes here for leisurely dressing.

*4.30*—Set table. Turn oven on to heat. Finish making tamale pie and put in oven. (Takes about 50 minutes.) Peel apples and slice into bake dishes, cover with crumb





**At 3 o'clock:** Jean has the meat cooking, is washing the vegetables and arranging them in the crisper. She will make the crumb topping for the apple dessert and have other ingredients for the tamale pie ready before she starts to dress for dinner.



**At 5.20:** The table is set. Jean has put on a big apron to protect her good dress. Now the tamale pie goes into the oven. Then she finishes the apple dessert. Preparing the salad ingredients comes next.



**At 6.15:** The salad is tossed while the pressure comes up for the broccoli. During the next 15 minutes hot dishes will finish cooking and be taken to the table. The coffee's all ready to be "perked" during dessert. Jean'll put it on in between courses.

# on the Dot

by **MARIE HOLMES**  
Director Chatelaine Institute

mixture (made earlier). Measure lemon juice and butter into small bowl (1 tablespoon lemon juice, 3 tablespoons butter).

5.40—Put apple dessert in oven. Prepare salad ingredients (dice celery, grate carrot, shred cabbage, wash raisins, chop parsley). Wrap together in waxed paper and put back in crisper. Fill kettle and put on to boil. Get broccoli ready (peel thick stalks and slice through) and put in pressure saucepan with  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water. Put last-minute items on table (chili sauce, mayonnaise, bread (if used), butter, jugs of cream for dessert and coffee). If whipped cream is to be served instead of pouring cream, whip it and put in refrigerator, place dinner plates and vegetable dish in warming oven. Set bowl of lemon butter in dish of hot water. Measure coffee and cold water into percolator.

6.10—Put broccoli on in pressure saucepan. While it is coming to pressure, toss salad ingredients in salad bowl. Take to table.

6.20—Time broccoli (2 minutes at full pressure). Take tamale pie from oven; put on dinner table. Quickly bring down pressure for broccoli. Lift out into warm serving dish. Pour lemon butter over the broccoli. Remove apple crisp from oven. (Don't forget to turn off the oven.) Take warm plates to table.

6.30—Dinner's Served! Between courses put coffee on to "perk." Serve it, after the dinner, in the living room. ♦



# Meals of the Month

## NOVEMBER

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
<b>MON</b> 1	Stewed Prunes Cereal Toast Coffee	Cream of Pea Soup Scrambled Eggs on Toast Mixed Green Salad Fruit Cup Tea	Meat-stuffed Pepper Squash with Tomato Sauce Fluffy Mashed Potatoes Peas Vanilla Soufflé Coffee
<b>TUE</b> 2	Blended Fruit Juices Cereal Toast Coffee	Macaroni and Cheese Stewed Tomatoes Celery Sticks Muffins Tea	Pot Roast with Vegetable Sauce Buttered Beans Steamed Potatoes Stewed Fruit Cookies Tea
<b>WED</b> 3	Apple and Lemon Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Cream of Potato Soup Sliced Beef Sandwiches Bananas and Cream Oatmeal Cookies Tea	Barbecued Lamb Patties Buttered Rice Green Beans Carrot and Raisin Salad Coconut Cream Pie Coffee
<b>THU</b> 4	Sliced Oranges Cereal Toast Coffee	Tomato Rarebit Coleslaw Chocolate Rennet Custard Tea	Breaded Veal Cutlets Chili Sauce Whipped Potatoes Mashed Turnips Baked Apples Cream Cocoa
<b>FRI</b> 5	Vegetable Juices Cereal Poached Egg on Toast Coffee	Baked Beans Head Lettuce French Dressing Fruit Cup Cookies Tea	Scalloped Salmon Mashed Potatoes Green Peas and Onions Raisin Pie Coffee
<b>SAT</b> 6	Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Creamy Eggs on Toast Mustard Pickles Carrot Fingers Whipped Jelly Cream Tea	Tamale Pie Baked Potatoes Plum Roly-poly Custard Sauce Squash Coffee
<b>SUN</b> 7	Half Grapefruit Cereal Pancakes Coffee	Assorted Cold Meats Potato Chips Tossed Green Salad Ice Cream Tea	Short Rib Roast of Beef Roast Potatoes Creamed Cauliflower Double Boiler Spice Pudding Coffee
<b>MON</b> 8	Grape Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Tomato Juice Wieners in a Bun Raw Relishes Canned Fruit Cup Cakes Tea	Cold Sliced Roast Beef Scalloped Potatoes Carrots and Peas Orange Snow Tea
<b>TUE</b> 9	Orange Juice Cereal Toasted Cornmeal Muffins Jelly Coffee	Hungarian Goulash (using ground leftover meat) Head Lettuce Mayonnaise Custard Rice Pudding Tea	Grilled Liver and Bacon French Fried Potatoes Mashed Turnips Jam Turnovers Coffee
<b>WED</b> 10	Blended Vegetable Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Creamed Eggs and Vegetables on Toast Grapefruit and Orange Salad Cookies Tea	Meat Bulls in Tomato Sauce Mashed Potatoes Creamed Onions Tossed Salad Apple Crisp Coffee
<b>THU</b> 11	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Toasted Wholewheat Bread Marmalade Coffee	Cream of Celery Soup Toasted Cheese Sandwiches Canned Peaches Tea	Roiled Stuffed Flank Steak Brown Gravy Parsley Potatoes Harvard Beets Quick Raisin Pudding Coffee
<b>FRI</b> 12	Sliced Oranges Cereal Toasted Scones Jelly Coffee	Foamy Omelet Dill or Sweet Pickle Brown Bread Applesauce Doughnuts Tea	Baked Haddock Tartare Sauce Mashed Potatoes Peas Chocolate Tapioca Pudding Tea
<b>SAT</b> 13	Stewed Prunes Cereal Toast Coffee	Creamed Fish on Toast (leftover) Mustard Pickles Red Cabbage Slaw Butterscotch Blangmange Tea	Grilled Sausages Potato Cakes Stewed Tomatoes Jellied Citrus Fruit Wafers Coffee
<b>SUN</b> 14	Half Grapefruit Cereal Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee	Assorted Toasted Sandwiches Tossed Salad Pumpkin Tarts Tea	Roast Chicken Mashed Potatoes Creamed Cauliflower Lemon Chiffon Pudding Coffee
<b>MON</b> 15	Orange Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Scrambled Eggs on Toast Chili Sauce Celery and Carrot Sticks Jelly Doughnuts Tea	Creamed Chicken (leftover) on Hot Split Tea Biscuits French Fried Potatoes Buttered Spinach Fruit Cup Tea
<b>TUE</b> 16	Apple and Lemon Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Corn Chowder Orange and Stuffed Prune Salad Celery Sticks Brain Nut Bread Tea	Beefsteak and Kidney Pie Boiled Potatoes Buttered Carrots Cherry Pudding Coffee
<b>WED</b> 17	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Cream of Pea Soup Egg and Lettuce Sandwich Caramel Rennet Custard Tea	Mixed Grill Browned Potatoes Creamed Onions Peach Gingerbread Upside-Down Cake Coffee
<b>THU</b> 18	Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Baked Beans Coleslaw Fruit Cup Icebox Cookies Tea	Pigs in Blankets Baked Potatoes Chili Sauce Orange Bread Pudding Coffee
<b>FRI</b> 19	Stewed Figs Cereal Toast Coffee	Tomato Soup Fruit Salad with Cheese Orange Slices, Peas, Plums Cottage Pudding Butterscotch Sauce Tea	Halibut Steaks Tartare Sauce Parsley Potatoes Harvard Beets Lemon Snow Pudding Coffee

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
<b>SAT</b> 20	Blended Juices Cereal Waffles Coffee	Bread and Cheese Casserole Salad Greens Plums Cookies Tea	Stuffed Baked Potatoes Creamy Corn Green Beans Butter Tarts Coffee
<b>SUN</b> 21	Half Grapefruit Cereal Bacon Rolls Coffee	Chicken Broth Carrot and Peanut Butter Sandwiches Coleslaw Grape Sponge Custard Sauce Tea	Rump Roast of Beef Roast Potatoes Mashed Turnips Relishes Apple Pie & Cheese Coffee
<b>MON</b> 22	Orange Slices Cereal Toast Coffee	Bean Loaf, Bacon Strips Tomato Sauce Cabbage and Carrot Salad Fruit Jelly Whip Tea	Cold Roast Beef Scalloped Potatoes Baked Squash Ginger Tapioca Cream Coffee
<b>TUE</b> 23	Grapefruit Sections Cereal Toast Coffee	Welsh Rarebit Tossed Vegetable Salad Johnnycake Maple Syrup Tea	Shepherd's Pie Potato Topping Boiled Cabbage Pickled Beets Fruit Roly-poly Coffee
<b>WED</b> 24	Apple Juice Cereal Bran Muffins Coffee	Foamy Omelet Carrot and Raisin Salad Canned Cherries Chocolate Cake Tea	Stuffed Heart Brown Gravy Boiled Potatoes Peas & Carrots Orange Charlotte Tea
<b>THU</b> 25	Orange Halves Cereal Toast Coffee	Cold Sliced Heart Potato Salad Tomato Aspic Baked Caramel Custard Cookies Tea	Swiss Steak in Mushroom Soup Parsley Potatoes Beans Lemon Meringue Pie Tea
<b>FRI</b> 26	Blended Juices Cereal Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee	Vegetable Soup Peanut Butter and Jam Sandwiches Waldorf Salad Chocolate Trifle Tea	Salmon Loaf Parsley Sauce Baked Potatoes Creamed Onions Apple Betty Coffee
<b>SAT</b> 27	Half Grapefruit Cereal Scones Coffee	Italian Spaghetti Bread Sticks Celery Bananas and Cream Cookies Tea	Liver, Bacon and Onion Casserole Boiled Potatoes Glazed Carrots Boston Cream Pie Coffee
<b>SUN</b> 28	Baked Apple with Cream Cereal Corn Muffins Coffee	Cream of Celery Soup Assorted Sandwiches Citrus Fruit Cup Cookies Tea	Roast Pork Browned Potatoes Mashed Turnips Carrot Sticks Ice Cream Coffee
<b>MON</b> 29	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Scrambled Eggs on Toast Mustard Pickles Green Peas Applesauce Cake (leftover) Tea	Cold Roast Pork Chili Sauce French Fried Potatoes Cabbage & Carrot Slaw Baked Tapioca Pudding Coffee
<b>TUE</b> 30	Stewed Figs Cereal Toast Coffee	Canadian Pea Soup Toasted Cheese Sandwiches Sweet Mixed Pickles Orange Floating Island Tea	Chicken Potpie Tossed Salad Plum Upside-down Cake Lemon Sauce Coffee



### Save Food and Money

Economy starts with your shopping list so plan it carefully: Plan your menus a week ahead. This helps get leftovers used up. Use reliable recipes. Buy only what you need, after checking supplies on hand; be sure to snoop into corners of your refrigerator and cupboard. Resist buying attractive "extras." Consult your butcher and grocer as to good buys. Food in season has more flavor and costs less. Read labels and directions on packages. Be sure you get the grade best suited to your purpose—Standard quality for stews, casseroles and creamed dishes; Choice quality where appearance is important; Fancy quality for special dishes and occasions. Clean, then store food in suitable containers as soon as you get it home. (Perishable foods keep longer if stored, covered, in refrigerator.)



Only WALLACE STERLING

*is like full-formed sculpture  
...lovely from every angle*



**ONLY WALLACE STERLING...LIKE FULL-FORMED SCULPTURE...HAS**

*“Third Dimension Beauty”*

When a sculptor creates a statue he gives it “Third Dimension Beauty”...loveliness not only from the front but from every view. When William S. Warren created these Wallace Sterling designs, he gave them the “Third Dimension Beauty” of sculpture... beauty in front, beauty in profile, beauty in back. Hold a piece of Wallace Sterling in your hand and turn it slowly around. You’ll see that the pattern has beauty from every perspective... the “Third Dimension Beauty” found in no other sterling but Wallace. Before you select your silver, be sure to see Wallace’s exquisite “Third Dimension Beauty” designs. At the left, STRADIVARI... at the right, ROSE POINT. Both are made in Canada. Wallace Silversmiths, Toronto, Canada.





## Now that EAGLE BRAND IS BACK...



### CHOCOLATE FROSTING

in Five Minutes!

SPREADS JUST RIGHT — RIBBON-SMOOTH — NEEDS NO EXTRA SUGAR

2 squares (2 oz.)  
unsweetened chocolate

1 1/3 cups (15-oz. can) Eagle Brand  
Sweetened Condensed Milk

1 tablespoon water

Melt chocolate in top of double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and stir over rapidly boiling water about 5 minutes or until thick. Remove from heat. Add water. Cool. Spread on cold cake. This frosting covers tops of 2 (9-inch) layers or top and sides of loaf

cake generously, or about 24 cup cakes. To cover tops and sides of 2 (9-inch) layers, double the recipe.

*Note:* 3 squares of chocolate may be used for a strong chocolate frosting and 4 squares may be used if a bitter-sweet icing is desired.



**EAGLE BRAND**  
*is the secret  
of this magic recipe*

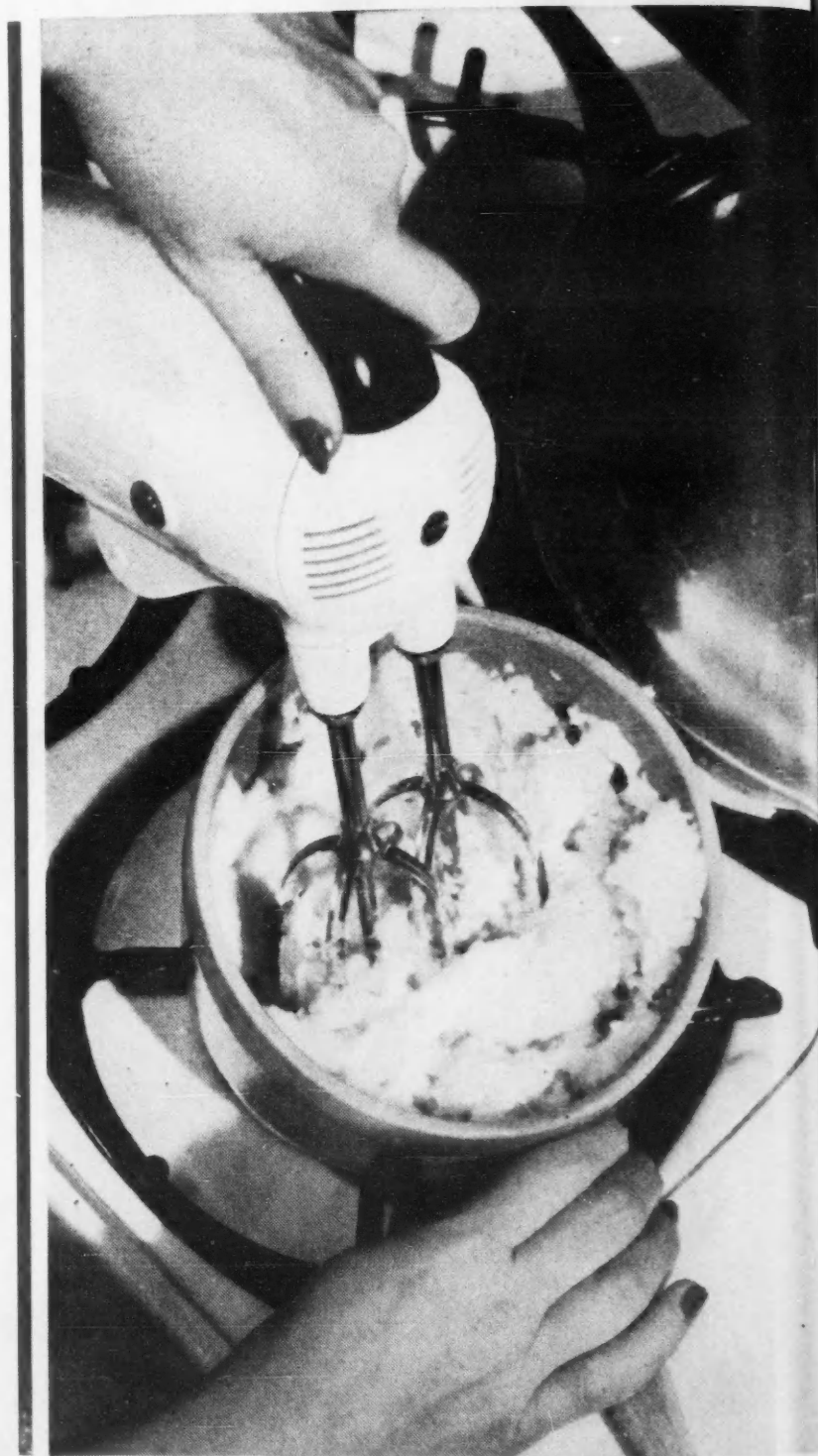
Insure the success of your frosting with Eagle Brand! Follow this recipe for frosting that's never grainy, never runny—just right!

Eagle Brand is the original Sweetened Condensed Milk. It's a ready-to-use blend of creamy-rich whole milk and sugar. Makes delicious candies, puddings, ice creams, cookies, too! For FREE Book of Eagle Brand Magic Recipes, send post card to The Borden Company, Limited., Grocery Products Div., Spadina Crescent, Toronto, Ontario.



## Let Your Mixer Do It

by Jane Monteith



*Your mixer's as much at home at the stove whipping the potatoes for supper as it is on its own stand beating eggs for a cake.*

ARE YOU using your electric mixer as frequently as you thought you would when you first bought it? Are you letting it do as much work as it can? Or do you save it only for special jobs?

Though your mixer was designed primarily to eliminate tiresome hand-beating, it is also a great time-saver and a real aid to cooking pleasure. But you won't get the best from this second pair of arms if you keep it hidden in a cupboard. It should be sitting out on your worktable in a spot that's handy for everyday use.

Then you'll use it first thing in the morning to squeeze the orange juice for breakfast. Later on it will make quick

work of the day's baking. And, in the evening, its powerful beaters will whip up the fluffiest potatoes for dinner in no time at all.

**Study your mixer** to see how it will work best for you.

Look for the most convenient location for it—near an electric wall outlet and your ingredient cupboard.

Read the manufacturer's directions and make yourself familiar with the various speeds at which the beaters rotate. The dial setting will indicate different speeds for different jobs; there's one that is "right" for every use to which you may put your mixer.





**FUSSY PEOPLE** use FOOD-SAVER to preserve all perishables. Even delicate greens keep garden-fresh in this pure, heavy Waxed Paper. Keeps sandwiches temptingly soft. Prevents dryness and odor taint in icebox. FOOD-SAVER is pure white, pliable, easy to fold. Made in Canada and sold everywhere. Insist on genuine FOOD-SAVER in the green box with convenient metal cutting edge.

APPLEFORD PAPER PRODUCTS LIMITED  
Hamilton Toronto Montreal

Food-Saver is a registered name.



**\*Food-Saver  
HEAVY  
WAXED PAPER**  
IN ITS PUREST, MOST CONVENIENT FORM

Practice lifting the motor-and-beater assembly from the stand by pulling down the small trigger between motor and pedestal. You'll double your mixer's usefulness by taking it with you wherever there's a beating job to be done.

**Help yourself** by using the mixer for part of many jobs.

**To whip jellies:** allow your favorite jelly mixture to set until slightly thickened. Set the bowl in ice water, detach the beaters and motor from the stand, carry it to the sink or table and set the beaters in the jelly. Turn the switch to a medium speed and beat until the mixture is light and fluffy. Turn into molds and chill.

**To beat meringue for pies:** using the medium-fast speed, beat egg white until it forms softly rounded peaks, add fine sugar gradually and continue beating until all the sugar has been added and the peaks are stiff and glossy. Watch carefully so that you do not overbeat.

**To mash potatoes:** carry the beaters and the motor (detached from the stand) to your potato pot, turn to a low speed and break up the cooked potatoes by lifting the beaters up and down as they rotate. Then add hot milk and butter and whip at a higher speed for about three minutes.

**To whip egg whites** for angel cake and whites and yellows for a sponge cake. Whip in a part of the sugar with the mixer too, but add the flour at the last by hand with a gently folding motion.

**Do the whole job with the mixer.**

**Beat up batter** for popovers and Yorkshire pudding.

**Make a cake** by the new one-bowl method or the standard cake method. (Be sure to have all ingredients for a cake at room temperature when using your mixer.) For the standard cake method: cream the butter and sugar together, add the unbeaten eggs one at a time and let the beater whip them all together until fluffy. This part of the beating is most important for even-textured cakes. Turn the beater to lowest speed for blending in dry ingredients and liquid. And mix only until the mixture is blended and smooth. Over-mixing here will spoil the texture of the cake.

**Make your own homemade mayonnaise.** The beater will continue beating steadily while you add the oil a little at a time by hand or with the special attachment that regulates the flow of oil as it drops into the bowl below.

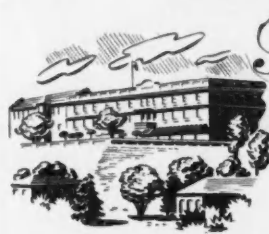
**Whip up meringue nests or shells** for a party: beat egg whites on medium-high speed until they stand in softly mounded peaks, add 4 tablespoons fine sugar for each egg white gradually, while beating. Continue beating until the mixture stands up in very stiff glossy peaks and will hold its shape when the beaters are lifted. Flavor; then shape nests with a large spoon on waxed paper. Bake in a very slow oven (200 deg. F.) for about an hour or until slightly browned and firm enough to lift.

**Look after your mixer** by following manufacturer's directions for oiling or any special care that may be needed.

Wipe the standard and cord with a damp cloth after each using.

Keep the mixer covered with a heavy muslin or plastic film bag to protect it from dust while not in use. +

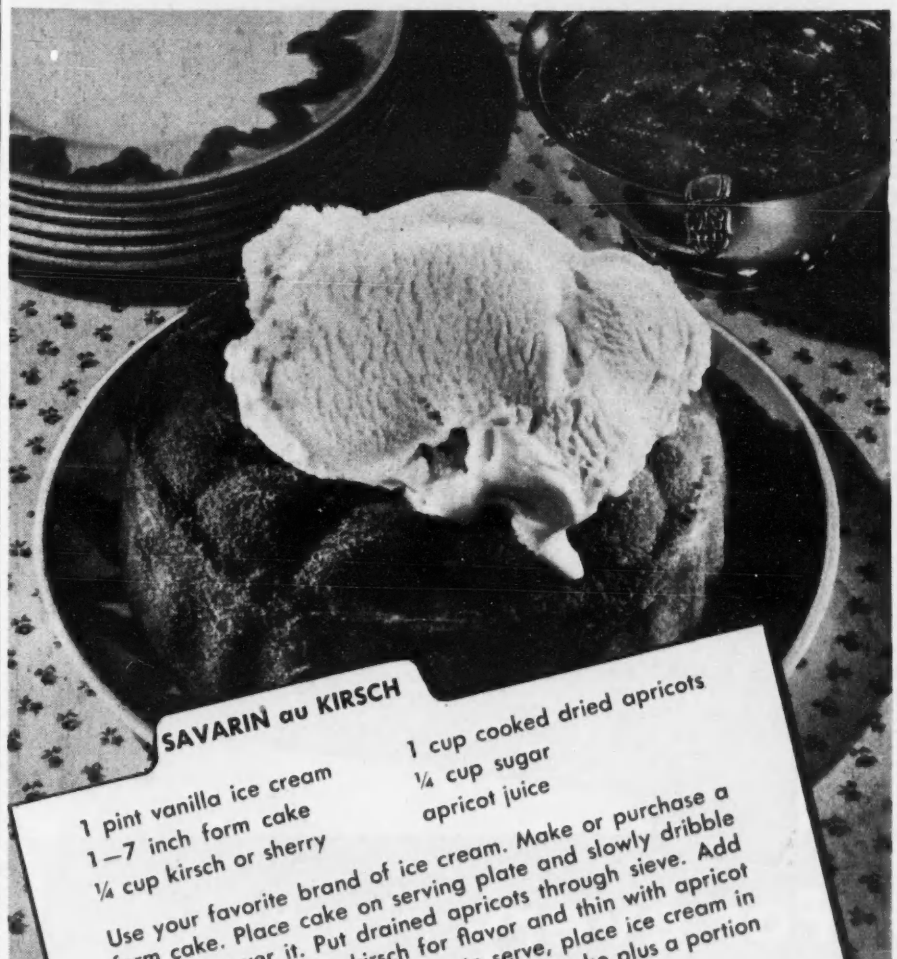
## HOW TO MAKE



## Savarin au Kirsch

as served at the  
**ST. GEORGE HOTEL, St. George's Parish  
BERMUDA**

What a vacation—at one of Bermuda's finest hotels! Lush semi-tropics . . . the world's most famous coral islands . . . every convenience and entertainment away from the pressure of modern living. And you'll enjoy the equally famed food, like the St. George's specialty dessert—Savarin au Kirsch. Try it at home! Here's how.

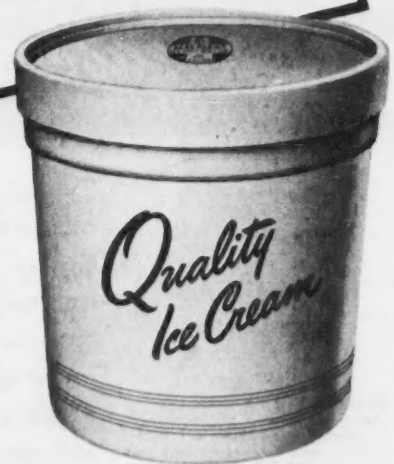


### SAVARIN au KIRSCH

1 pint vanilla ice cream  
1—7 inch form cake  
¼ cup kirsch or sherry

1 cup cooked dried apricots  
¼ cup sugar  
apricot juice

Use your favorite brand of ice cream. Make or purchase a form cake. Place cake on serving plate and slowly dribble the kirsch over it. Put drained apricots through sieve. Add sugar, 2 tablespoons kirsch for flavor and thin with apricot juice. Chill sauce. When ready to serve, place ice cream in cavity in center of cake. Serve a slice of cake plus a portion of ice cream and top with the apricot sauce.  
Yield: 6 servings



**FREE RECIPES:** Write for the Sealright recipe folder of new, exciting ideas for serving ice cream—by home economist Mabel Stegner. Each is a dessert delight of some famous resort. Each is easy to make, with your own favorite brand of quality ice cream—the kind you usually find packaged in the sanitary Sealright container.

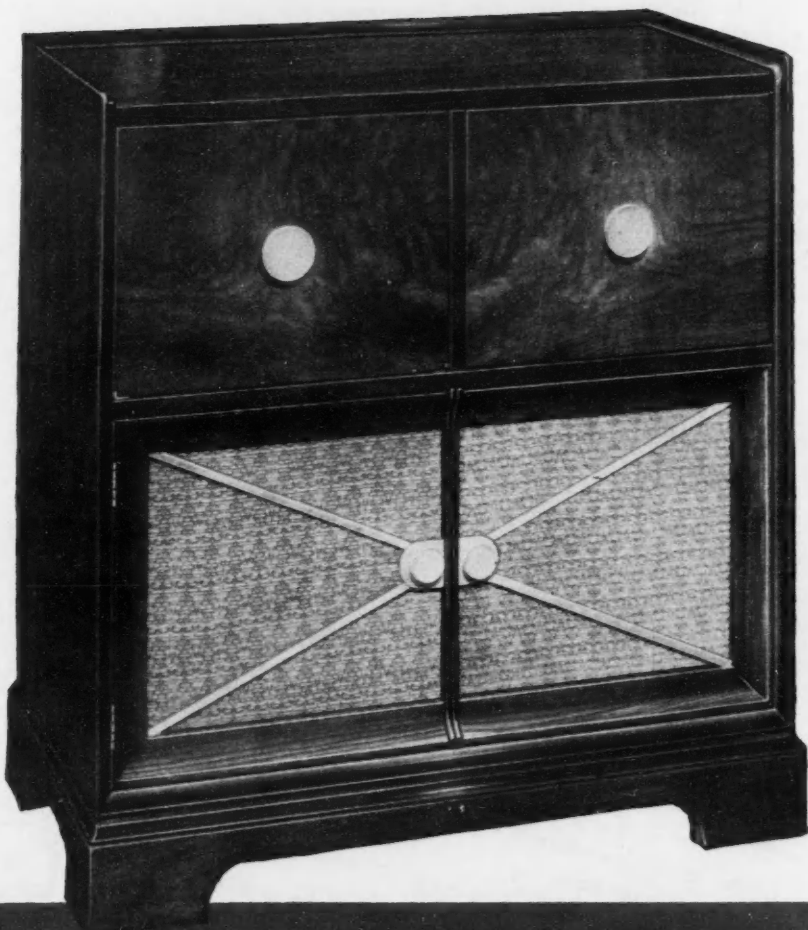


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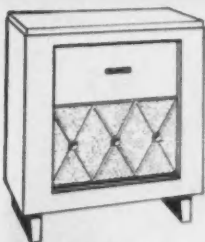
Canadian Sealright Co. Ltd., Peterborough, Ont., Canada



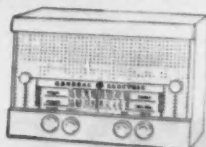
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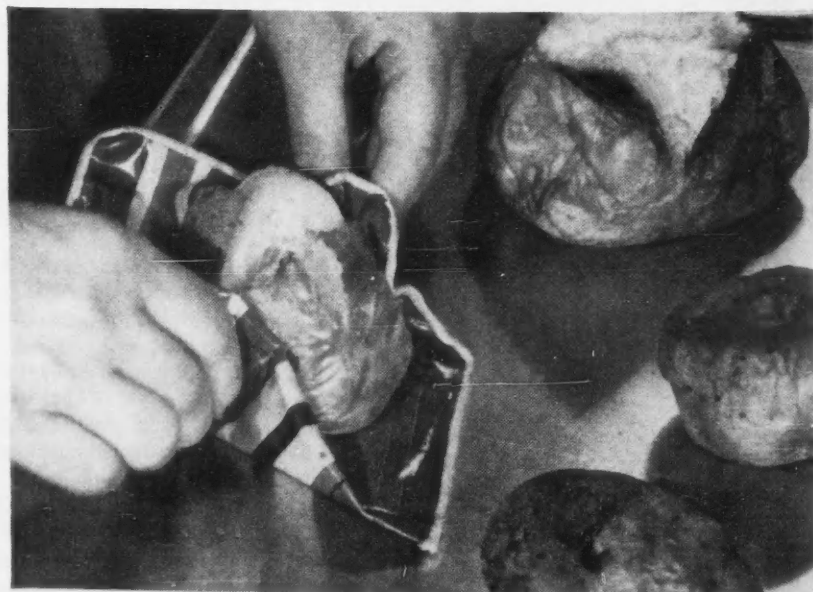
# The Institute Makes Better Baked

FLUFFY BAKED potatoes are the aim of every good cook, and every cook can have them if she remembers a few simple rules. The best results come from using the later varieties, such as Green Mountain and Rural New Yorker. These are somewhat oval, have smooth skins and shallow eyes. Be sure the potatoes aren't too small and young or you won't get fluffy, dry potatoes when they're baked.



CHOOSE POTATOES of the same size and shape so they will finish baking at the same time. A medium size is generally best. Scrub the skin, which should be free of blemishes. If you like a soft skin on your baked potatoes, brush them all over with a mild dripping such as bacon fat, or shortening. If you prefer the skins crispy, bake them as is, without any dripping.

When the potatoes are ready, bake in a hot oven which has been preheated to 450 deg. F. After the first 15 minutes baking, turn the oven temperature down to 400 deg. F. Bake for 45 to 60 minutes.

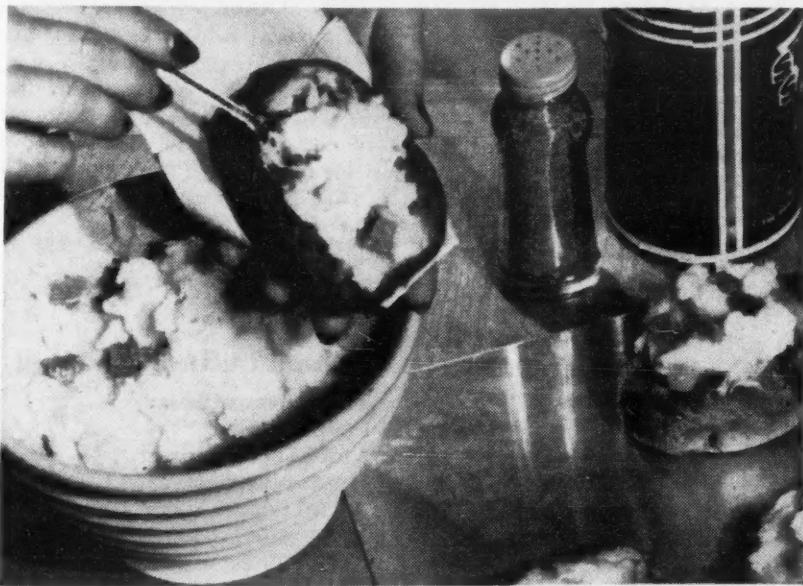


REMOVE POTATOES from oven as soon as they're baked. Overcooking causes sogginess. Now score the potato by cutting a cross in the top and pressing on the sides near the bottom to force some of the potato out. This lets the steam escape and makes for fluffiness. Finish by putting a piece of butter on the top and sprinkling with salt, pepper and paprika. Serve at once.

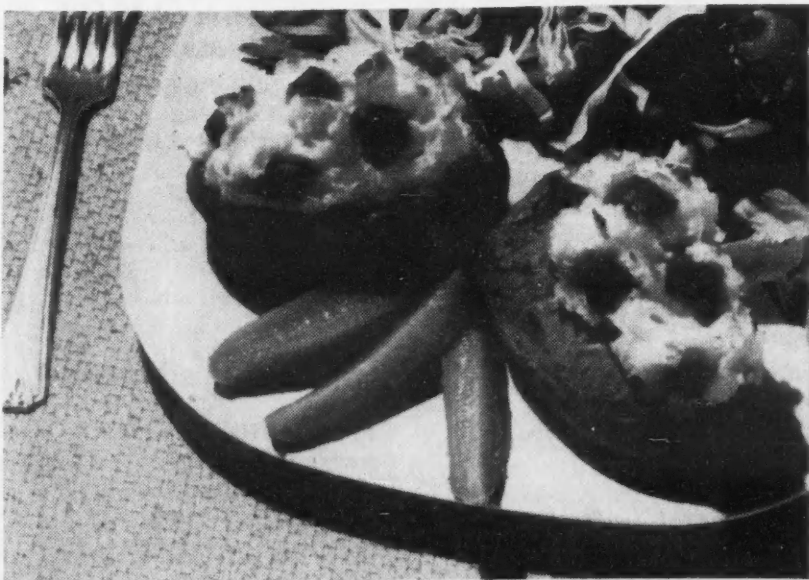


# ed Potatoes

GOOD BAKED potatoes are pretty hard to beat, but, for a change, it's fun to stuff them. When stuffing potatoes, start off as you would for baked ones. It's better, however, not to grease the skins so the shells will be firm enough to hold the filling. Oval-shaped potatoes are best because they give a wide area to stuff, which means they're easier to work with and look more impressive when re-filled.



FOR STUFFED POTATOES: cut plain baked ones in half lengthwise. Scoop out the centres carefully so as not to tear the skins, and put into a mixing bowl; season, beat until smooth moistening with milk or cream. Spoon into potato shells. Bake in a hot oven (400 deg. F.) until delicately browned—about 15 minutes. Serve at once. For meat-stuffed potatoes: combine with chopped meat—a wonderful opportunity to use up leftovers. Add a little prepared or hot mustard, grated onion and Worcestershire sauce. For cheese-stuffed potatoes: add shredded nippy cheddar cheese and condensed tomato soup.



IT'S A SUPPER DISH that's substantial and economical. With the addition of a crisp salad, not only does it look good, it's nutritionally well balanced too. Shredded green cabbage in a red cabbage leaf and shredded red cabbage in a green cabbage leaf make a pleasing color combination with the potato. A salad of tossed greens or mixed vegetables would do just as well.

Forecast for fall and winter

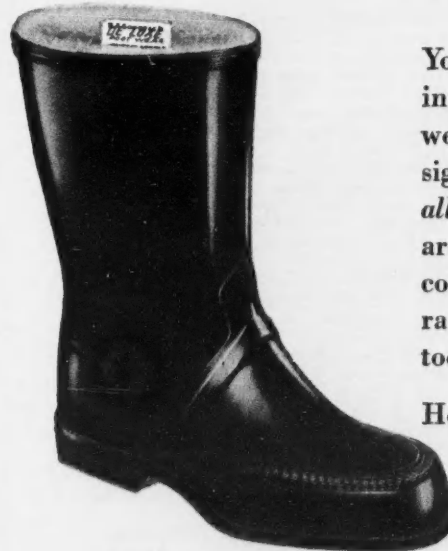
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*DeLuxe*  
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YOUNGSTERS' *Bunny Boot*

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*for the entire family*





## BRENDA YORK'S COLUMN

*\$100.00 for Best Recipe*

FREE VOUCHER TO EVERYONE WHO WRITES!

**HELLO NEIGHBOURS:** "Rain today!!"—predicted that oft-blessed man who warns us when to wear our rubbers and such—and he wasn't fooling! Big, icy-cold drops beat and linger on the window-panes; a pleasant sight from the inside when the spirit is warmed by a cheerful glow from white birch logs on the hearth. It's just the day for a lazy lunch in front of the fire; a saucepan of tasty, nourishing Wieners in Beans and Tomato Sauce will warm very nicely on the little shelf built in the brick fireplace; crusty bread, held on a long fork over the embers, will turn a delicious, golden brown—and if you've ever eaten toast made this way you need no more words from me on the subject!

But I will speak my piece about York Wieners in Beans and Tomato Sauce—for it was your letters in answer to our August contest that provided the inspiration for today's luncheon menu. Thank you for letting me share your experiences with this good food. I'm very happy to know that York Wieners in Beans and Tomato Sauce have been enjoyed by so many—in such a wide variety of settings. From these, we've chosen our Prize Winner—and I'm sure all of you will join me in

CONGRATULATIONS TO:  
**MADAME JACQUELINE POTVIN-ROY,**  
Petits-Fonds, Clé. Gaspé, P.Q.

who wins the \$100.00 First Prize cheque for a delightful letter describing how York Wieners in Beans and Tomato Sauce solved what might have been a very distressing event. Madame Potvin-Roy writes:

"Women know by experience that they often have to face difficult situations concerning meals. Here is the one I had to meet recently—and to which I found a happy solution.

Young married friends had accepted to dine with us one Sunday at our Summer place. My meal was ready; we had only to set the table. Flowers are always nice on the table, especially when there is happiness all around. I wanted a large bouquet. I was going to serve chicken, and to keep it hot I placed it in the oven before going out in the flower garden. My little one of seven who was with me liked the roses and her numerous questions which I answered happily kept us longer than expected.

A smell of burning food came from the kitchen, reminding me that something disappointing was happening. I ran to the house. Oh, disaster! My chicken was now just a piece of coal. In a few minutes my guests would be here! What could I do? You do suspect how embarrassed I could have been. But then, I had a good idea!

My husband, who likes good food had bought for me a few tins of York Wieners in Beans and Tomato Sauce. So the dinner was served with York Wieners and Beans and it went on happily, while everyone was enjoying a delicious meal.

In the centre of the table, flowers were dispersing the nicest perfume while everyone made compliments on the menu. None had regrets for the roast chicken, not even the hostess—who next day asked her husband to bring her several tins of York Wieners in Beans and Tomato Sauce. I know so well how very helpful they can be."

**THIS MONTH THERE'S TO BE A \$100.00 FIRST PRIZE** for the best recipe for a hot dish made with

### MAPLE LEAF CHEESE

Most of you, I'm sure, have used one or more of the five delightful Maple Leaf Cheese Flavours—so whether your favourite is Maple Leaf Canadian, Pimiento, Relish, Nutty or Nippy Cheese, tell me in a letter how you use it in making a tasty, top-of-the-stove or oven dish. Best recipe wins \$100.00!

**CONSOLATION PRIZES, TOO!** Everyone who writes will receive from Canada Packers a voucher which may be exchanged FREE at your neighbourhood store for a half-pound package of Maple Leaf Cheese (any flavour).

**WE STIPULATE** that all letters become our property and cannot be returned. Send as many entries as you wish to compete for the First Prize—but we promise only one voucher per person. No labels required. Should the recipe chosen for First Prize be duplicated by another entry, the \$100.00 will be awarded to the first one received.

**CLOSING DATE:** To qualify for the \$100.00 First Prize—as well as the Free Voucher—your letter must be postmarked on or before midnight, November 30th, 1948. Winner of the First Prize will be announced in my February magazine column. It could be you!

**ADDRESS YOUR LETTER TO: BRENDA YORK,**  
"Good-Things-To-Eat" Reporter, c/o Canada Packers Limited,  
2204 St. Clair Avenue West, Toronto, Canada.

Have you tried this...

**TRAVEL TALK:** For each day of the trip, place enough Maple Leaf Soap Flakes to wash the day's undies and nylons in a separate envelope. Seal. My thanks to a reader for this timely tip.

**NEW WRINKLE** for prunes is a touch of

And now it's time to poke the fire—so I shall say "Au revoir". Don't forget to tell me your "pet" recipe for Maple Leaf Cheese—and remember to post your letter not later than midnight, November 30th. Until next month,

Your "Good-Things-To-Eat" Reporter,

cinnamon (along with the lemon and brown sugar, of course).

**IDEA CORNER:** Cut a thin slice from the bottom of each half of pepper squash. During baking, they'll sit as steady on the oven rack as a furnace on the cellar floor. Taste better, though!

# Happy Endings for Economy Meals

Recipes from Meals of the Month

### Vanilla Souffle

3 tablespoons butter  
4 tablespoons flour  
1 cup milk  
¼ cup sugar  
¼ teaspoon salt  
3 egg yolks  
3 egg whites  
1 teaspoon vanilla

**METHOD:** Melt butter in top of double boiler. Blend in flour. Stir in milk and cook until thickened. Add sugar and salt. Cool slightly and add to well-beaten egg yolks. Cool. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites and flavoring. Turn into buttered baking dish or individual custard cups and place in a pan of hot water. Bake in moderate oven (350 to 375 deg. F.) until firm—about 40 minutes. Serve warm with fruit or foamy sauce. Yield: 4 servings.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

### Ginger Tapioca Pudding

½ cup quick-cooking tapioca  
½ cup sugar  
¼ teaspoon salt  
3 thin strips orange peel  
1 egg yolk  
2 cups milk  
¼ cup orange juice  
2 tablespoons chopped crystalized ginger  
1 egg white, stiffly beaten  
¼ cup heavy cream, whipped

**METHOD:** Combine tapioca, sugar, salt, orange peel, egg yolk and milk. Mix in top of double boiler and stir enough to break egg yolk. Place over rapidly boiling water, bring to scalding point and cook for 5 minutes, stirring frequently. Remove from boiling water and take out peel. Add orange juice, and chopped ginger. Fold in beaten egg white and cool. When cool, fold in whipped cream.

Yield: 4 servings.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

### Quick Raisin Pudding

1 cup raisins  
1½ cups prepared biscuit mix  
½ cup water

1 cup brown sugar  
2 cups boiling water  
2 tablespoons butter

**PREPARATION:** Wash and dry raisins. Lightly grease a 2-quart casserole. Preheat oven to 375 deg. F.

**METHOD:** Measure biscuit mix into mixing bowl. Add prepared raisins, and blend into mix. Add water and combine with as little stirring as possible. Turn into prepared casserole. Combine brown sugar, boiling water and butter. Stir until butter is melted and pour over mixture in casserole. Bake in preheated oven of 375 deg. F. and bake for 25 to 30 minutes, or until golden brown. Yield: 6 servings.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

### Lemon Chiffon Pudding

5 tablespoons flour  
1 cup sugar  
3 tablespoons butter  
3 egg yolks, beaten  
¼ cup lemon juice  
1 cup milk  
3 egg whites, stiffly beaten

**METHOD:** Mix flour and sugar. Cream in the butter. Add egg yolks, lemon juice and milk. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Place in greased individual custard cups, or in a large baking dish, set in a pan of warm water. Bake 35 minutes in a moderate oven (350 to 375 deg. F.). It will form a cake top with a layer of custard below. Yield: 4 to 6 servings.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

### Gingerbread Peach Pudding

1½ cups sliced peaches  
½ cup shortening  
½ cup granulated sugar  
½ cup molasses  
1 well-beaten egg  
1½ cups sifted bread flour  
OR 1¾ cups sifted pastry flour  
½ teaspoon salt  
1 teaspoon cinnamon  
1 teaspoon ginger  
1 teaspoon soda  
½ cup hot water

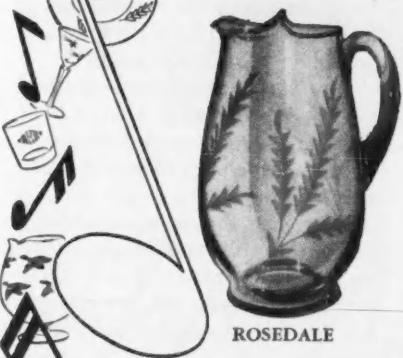
**PREPARATION:** Grease a 2-quart casserole dish and place sliced peaches in bottom. Sprinkle with sugar. Preheat oven to 350 deg. F.

**METHOD:** Cream shortening and gradually add sugar, creaming well. Add molasses and beat well. Add egg and beat until fluffy. Sift together flour, salt, spices and soda and add alternately with hot water. Blend until smooth. Pour over peaches in casserole and bake in moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 40 to 45 minutes. Serve warm with cream. Yield: 6 servings.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute



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PORTABLE ELECTRIC STEAM RADIATORS, BOTTLE WARMERS

## Dinner on the Dot Recipes

Continued from page 78

### Tamale Pie

- 1 pound diced pork shoulder
- 1 pound diced veal shoulder
- ½ cup chopped celery
- 1 to 3 teaspoons salt
- 3 slices fat bacon or salt pork, diced
- 1½ cups diced onions
- 4 cups meat stock
- 1¼ cups cornmeal
- 1 cup cooked tomatoes
- 1 cup cooked corn
- 2 eggs
- 1 teaspoon chili powder

**METHOD:** Simmer fresh pork, veal, celery and salt (the lesser amount of salt if salt pork is used) in water to cover, until meat is tender (about 2 hours). Brown diced bacon or salt pork and cook the onion in the fat. Drain stock from the meat and measure into saucepan. (If not sufficient, add water or clear soup to make the 4 cups.) Bring stock to a boil and gradually add cornmeal. Cook, stirring constantly, until thick (about 2 or 3 minutes). Combine meat, onions, cornmeal, tomatoes, corn, beaten eggs, chili powder and other seasonings, as desired. Pour into a lightly greased casserole (about 3-quart size or into two 1½-quart casseroles). Bake at 350 deg. F. for about 1 hour. Serve hot with chili sauce. Yield: 8 servings.

### Pressure Cooker Method

Put prepared meat, celery and salt in pressure cooker and add 2 cups water. Cook at 15-pound pressure for 15 minutes. Allow pressure to return to normal. Continue as in above.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

### Apple Crisp Pudding

- 4½ cups sliced, pared apples
- ½ cup granulated sugar
- 2 teaspoons lemon juice
- 2 tablespoons water
- 4 tablespoons (¼ cup) butter
- ½ cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- ½ cup bread flour
- ¾ cup rolled oats

**PREPARATION:** Grease a deep baking dish (1½-quart size) or 6 individual custard cups. Preheat oven to 375 deg. F.

**METHOD:** Prepare apples, measure and arrange in prepared baking dish or cups. Sprinkle with granulated sugar. Combine lemon juice and water. Pour over apples. Cream butter, gradually add sugar. Blend in flour and oats. Spread over apples. Bake in oven preheated to 375 deg. F. until apples are tender (about 35 minutes). Serve warm with plain or whipped cream. Yield: 6 servings.

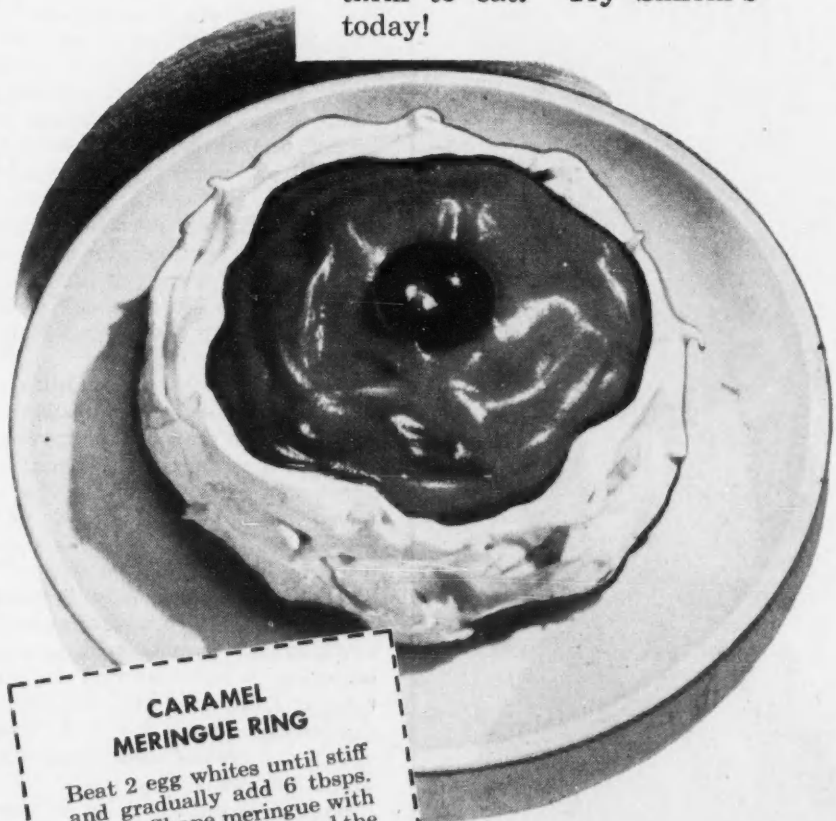
Approved by Chatelaine Institute.

**Tossed Salad** for winter meals can be a combination of all raw vegetables or raw and cooked vegetables. For our Dinner on the Dot salad we show shredded cabbage, diced celery, grated carrots and raisins. Grapefruit and orange segments could be added. Other ingredients that lend flavor and color interest are parsley, watercress and fresh spinach leaves when these greens are available. After tossing the salad, serve it in a bright pottery bowl or your wooden salad bowl. +

# Flavour... out of this world!



No, it's not a dream. These heavenly flavours really do exist. Tempting golden, buttery butterscotch! Real "chocolate-y" chocolate! Caramel — smooth and mellow! Creamy vanilla! And all because the rich liquid goodness of Shirriff's flavours is sealed air-tight in the flavour "Bud". A thrill to serve — a thrill to eat. Try Shirriff's today!



### CARAMEL MERINGUE RING

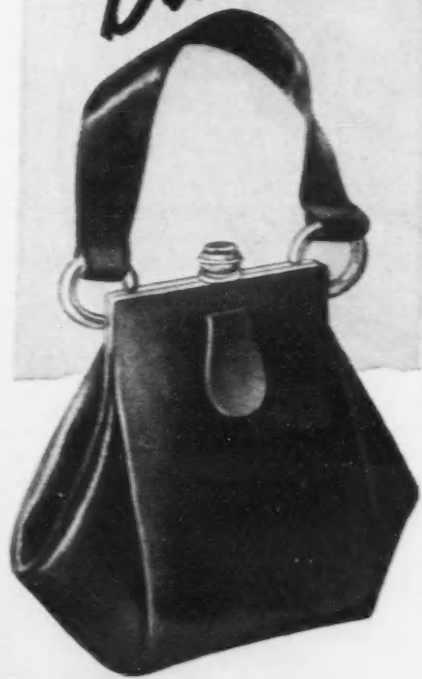
Beat 2 egg whites until stiff and gradually add 6 tbsps. sugar. Shape meringue with a spoon into rings around the edges of 6 large, flat vanilla cookies. Bake on unglazed paper in a very slow oven (250° F) for about 1 hour until meringue is dry and hard. Prepare Shirriff's Dessert as directed. Mix a spoonful of hot dessert with 2 egg yolks, stir back into dessert and cook 2 minutes longer. Pile centres of rings with cooled dessert and garnish with nuts or cherry rings.



## SHIRRIFF'S "BUD" DESSERTS



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Durable Leather Products—Toronto

## Which Is Emily?

Continued from page 33

house put in shape for the winter, the rugs back from storage, the winter curtains up. The thought of the change-over nagged at her, the repetitive business, into mothballs, out of mothballs. I wish we were rotten rich, thought Emily. I wish we had six marvelously trained servants. I wish we had a housekeeper to direct them. I wish I needn't lift a hand. Her mind laughed. Some people acquire a taste for luxury, some are born with it. I was born with it, not that father made more than a comfortable income.

But Jim was successful, a very good lawyer. He had always fed, clothed and housed her more than adequately. Now and then they'd had lean times or unforeseen expenses, but, she thought fairly, I've never been really worried.

Jim was a saver. She admired him for it, although it irked her at times. He was careful with investments, he carried ample life insurance including annuities. He planned to retire at 60. Of course, he wouldn't. He would find that the annuities couldn't provide all he was used to, even if their expenses with the children were over, Howard earning his living and married, Jessie married.

She turned off the drier and pushed it away, waiting. We are lucky in the children, she thought. Not that there haven't been anxious times, not that we don't have to worry still. At least I do. Luck with kids didn't come without working for it, without taking an interest beyond mere routine duties. That devolved mainly on the mother. Father, thought Emily, is the admirable person who goes off to the office, morning, and returns at night.

In common with a million other men Jim took the kids out for treats, to the zoo in bygone years, to the movies, to town for a matinee. He danced with Jessie, watched baseball or football or a tennis match with Howard, visited Jessie's school and Howard's college, behaving like a father, hearty, voluble and a little awkward. When he cracked down on the children, which was seldom, he did so with stunning force, commanding attention and obedience. However, thought Emily, it's Ma who does the day-by-day nagging, writes the letters, makes the excuses, peers into clothes closets and wraps the parcels.

But Jim earned the living so it was a fair division, she reminded herself. I've nothing to pride myself on when it comes to the kids. On the contrary. She prided herself on few things, the two most vital being a sense of justice, which usually saw both sides, disconcertingly, and a sense of humor.

She ran her hands through her hair. It was dry, silky and soft. She looked in the mirror, regarding the fish-hooked ends, the uneven length. Mr. Peter materialized in the mirror. He asked, did she wish her hair cut? And Emily answered that she would leave that to him; but not too short, please.

Jim disliked short hair. He had hated the shingle, he was not sold on the feather cut. He had married, he often reminded her, a girl whose hair was to her waist.

Mr. Peter got out the scissors and the razor, sat down on a stool and began to snip, and shape. She thought, it will be too long, or too short. She wished that

she could indicate firmly, this short, and no shorter. She wished that she could make decisions, for better or worse. She had never been able to, really. But no one knew that; no one guessed her sense of insecurity and doubt, when confronted by a cut-and-dried, black-and-white problem, large or small. She had learned all the avenues of escape and evasion. She could ask Jim, "What do you think, dear?" quite as if her mind were made up, but that she was willing to change it, if necessary, as his opinion weighed with her. There was always a loophole. She disliked herself for this trait, which denoted a complete lack of character. Yet, as long as she could keep family and intimates in a state of ignorance, she didn't mind too much.

Mr. Peter said, "There!" She looked at herself and thought, It's exactly right, at least, I think it is, rose, took up her purse, and followed Mr. Peter into the permanent-waving room.

Settled at another mirror, she listened to Mr. Peter's comments on the world situation and went on thinking.

It wasn't as if she had no convictions. She harbored some, mostly trivial . . . relating to flowers, scents, colors, houses, books, plays, movies . . . She had a few on more important matters, tolerance, kindness, sharing, decency. Yet, when it came to things affecting her family life, she was veering as the vagrant wind.

Should I fire Cora? But she is clean, and a good cook, even if she smokes in the kitchen and overstays her days out? Shall I buy the fuchsia dress or the navy? Both are becoming, the navy more practical, and while the fuchsia makes me look younger, I might tire of it. On the other hand, I have worn so much navy. Shall I let Jessie go to the Alder house party? Sixteen seems young and Ted Alder isn't a nice boy, even if his parents are darlings, he's so sophisticated—what a silly word—and Jessie has such a crush on him. But her crowd will be going. Kids hate to be left out, it will kill her if she has to say, "My mother won't let me go." Should I warn Howard about Gwen Oxford? It's his own life, he has to learn the hard way and she is awfully pretty. How is one to know that the things they say of her are true? I can't believe them, her parents are so nice, she's had the best upbringing. Anna said she saw Gwen intoxicated, and screaming like a banshee, that night in town. Anna's truthful but exaggerates. As for Anna, should I tell her about Guy? She's my best friend and I saw Guy not once but four times with that woman, whoever she is. You can't believe, after the third time, that it's just business; even if, as a broker, he has lots of women clients. I'm not the only one who has seen them.

No, I won't tell Anna. But if I don't, and she finds out, she may blame me. If I do, she'll hate me. We'd go on being friends but there would be a barrier my knowledge, her humiliation.

Things like that. And then, the loopholes.

"Jim, I feel that we should let Cora go. I've spoken to her a dozen times about getting in late Fridays. How do you feel about it? I'll listen to reason."

"Jim, do you think Jessie should go to the Alder house party. I don't like Ted. But eight are going, well chaperoned, and his parents are very nice. Of course her heart will be broken if she can't go. I have weighed the question and decided that yes, it will be all right although I can't quite approve. But I think that you should share this responsibility so if you say she mustn't, I'm willing to reconsider."

"Darling, it isn't possible that Howard is seriously interested in Gwen Oxford, at his age. But nowadays mere babies are getting married. I'm crazy about the Oxfords, they're the most congenial people to move here in years, but Gwen is supposed to be a little on the relaxed side. Not that I believe all I hear, it would be stupid and unfair. But I'd hate to have Howard hurt. I haven't spoken to him, it would embarrass him, and perhaps get his back up. What do you think? You know more about boys than I do, and he would resent a warning less if it came from you."

As for Anna, Emily was loyal, she would not discuss Anna, or any close friend, with Jim. Also, Jim said he hated gossip. He didn't really, who did?

So she hadn't directly asked Jim's advice about Anna. However, she had employed the loophole of the hypothetical question, reversing the roles. "A man's point of view is so different from a woman's . . . for instance, if you knew that your best friend's wife was running around with another man would you tell him?"

All Jim's replies had been satisfactory. Keep Cora, for heaven's sake. She was a good, clean cook; let Jessie go to the house party, she had a level head, even at 16. As for Howard, he'd be darned if he'd speak to him. Howard wasn't dumb. Also, he had sufficient confidence in his parents to confide in them if he were serious about the girl who was, Jim opined, just a crazy kid, careless of appearances. And as for a man's point of view on telling a friend that his wife was unfaithful, nuts to that. A wise man would keep his opinions to himself. What brought that up, by the way?

She had replied at the time—last summer to be exact—that the problem had been presented in a book she'd read, at which he had snorted.

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**IN DECEMBER CHATELAINE**





# This New Coffee Flavor

## Makes Early Morning Angels

*It turns Bears into Dears...it's a wonderful, wonderful spirit-lifting success*



If the dawn comes up like thunder at your house, just give the thunder-maker a steaming, fragrant cup of this heavenly new coffee!

It's "angel-making"! As one of our fan letters says, "It made my husband come out from behind his newspaper and give me a good-morning kiss for the first time in years."

That's the kind of comment we get in the nicest love letters a new coffee ever received. Lots of our friends ask admiringly how we do it. The answer is: *Selecciones!* (Pronounced select-see-o-nays).

*Selecciones* means just what it says...selection...selection...selection...of all the coffees in Chase & Sanborn's new blend. Some are selected mostly to give the right body, some mostly for flavor.

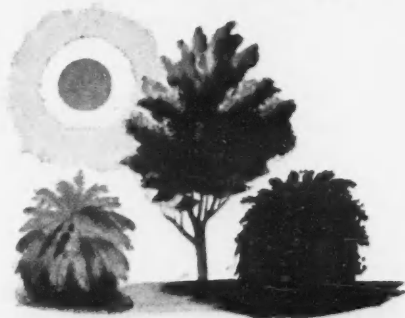
Here's what you get in the "flavor" coffees:

- Selection of RICH berries...rich because they come from *pedigreed trees grown under shade*.
- Selection of RIPE berries...ripe because they're picked individually when mature—"spot-picked."
- Selection of REGULAR berries...regular in flavor because they're *hand-selected twice*.

Yes, they're rich, ripe and regular—the "flavor" coffees in Chase & Sanborn's new *Selecciones* blend! And the blend itself has a touch of genius!

Try it! If you don't think it's the best coffee you ever tasted, just send us the unused portion and we'll give you *double* your money back.

Get your pound of Chase & Sanborn's *Selecciones* today! And long live your houseful of early mornings "angels"!



RICH

Chase & Sanborn's "flavor" coffees come from trees, crossbred like prize rosebushes—literally *pedigreed*. But to produce the richest berries, these trees must grow *under shade trees*.



RIPE

For richest flavor, coffee berries must be picked at the peak of ripeness—deep red—not green. The "flavor" coffees in *Selecciones* are *individually picked by hand*—"spot-picked."



REGULAR

To assure the same regular flavor every day—to avoid that one bad berry which can spoil a whole pot of coffee—the "flavor" coffees are *hand-selected twice*, before and after curing.



# The NEW Chase & Sanborn

*A New Secret Blend  
—"Selecciones"*



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## Jell-O Tapioca Pudding

**A Grander Tapioca Pudding—and it's Ready Mixed!**

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Serve Jell-O Tapioca Pudding plain... or with cream, fruits, or a favorite sauce. Your grocer has it.

**Insist on Genuine Jell-O Tapioca Pudding**



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## Delightful Party Idea

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A Jell-O Pudding for every taste—all truly superb. Can you imagine a more elegant—yet easier and thrifter—top-off for an important party?

Make up one package of each of those gorgeous Jell-O Puddings—rich-flavored Chocolate... mellow, buttery-brown Caramel and Butterscotch... delicate, satin-smooth Vanilla. Turn into your prettiest dessert glasses and chill icy-cold.

Deeper-flavored, deliciously creamy-smooth—they need only the simplest garnish, like a few toasted nuts... a dab of whipped cream... tinted coconut... etc.



Emily read a lot, having the opportunity, especially when Jim was away, which was frequently. When they were home, he liked lights out by 11.15. He slept well and heavily; she, lightly and, sometimes, little. When he was absent, she set the radio on the empty bed next to her, and put her cigarettes on the bedside table. He didn't like her to smoke in bed, too dangerous. Then she read, turned out the lights when she pleased, and slept late in the morning. It would have been sensible, the time he moved into the guest room when she was ill, to have gone on occupying separate rooms after her recovery. But Jim's feelings would have been hurt, and there was always the danger that with the lessening of accustomed intimacy, they would grow apart. He might even get notions, about other women. Men of 48 often took notions, in fact they were apt to, from 18 to 80.

Her hair was being wound, and "Is that too tight?" asked Mr. Peter, tweaking.

"No," said Emily, "I'm very comfortable." The light in this room was daylight, full sun, and she looked odd, her powder streaked with the splashed water, her hair going into the tight little rolls so that she looked scalped and devoid of attraction.

She was certain Jim was faithful to her. Not that he didn't appreciate a pretty woman, but he was a good man, he respected marriage. They had worked together to make theirs a success. Give and take, a partnership. Emily had always been interested in, and intelligent about, his profession. They liked many of the same things; types of plays, most books. They enjoyed the same people, with a few exceptions. Anna, for instance. Jim admitted that Anna was a sterling character, but he found her a crashing bore, and so she was, Emily reflected, unless you happen to love her and I do. And I, she thought further, can't stand Frank James. Not that I'd ever let Jim know.

Frank was one of Jim's partners, moreover they had been in college and law school together, and had gone off to the first world war at the same time.

He doesn't like me much either, she thought, he doesn't think I'm good enough for Jim, and I'm not, though I'd never admit it, especially to Jim, it would be very bad for him. Frank thinks I'm shallow and he's right. I don't know anything really—I just retain what I read, I'm a parrot. I get away with it, except with Frank. Maybe that's why I don't like him.

Now, the last curl was wound and soon the wormlike rubber tubes would be affixed. She thought, as Mr. Peter spoke about Mr. Kinled's Sunday sermon, I haven't been to church lately.

Still, if she didn't attend regularly, she made up for it with generous contributions, buying tickets for this and that, with Cora's pies and cakes for the sales. Also, she did a lot of praying. Oh, not on her knees, it wasn't often you could get down on your knees and not have someone barge in, a servant, a child, Jim... No, she prayed silently, in her mind. Don't let Jessie take scarlet fever, please make Howard have good marks this term, please guard us from the polio epidemic, please help Jim win his case, it means so much to him... Prayers like that, asking the help or reassurance you'd seek from someone older, wiser, and superior.

She sometimes felt toward God as she had toward her father. Perhaps God meant you to feel like that, a child with its father. On the other hand, she told herself, all her prayers were selfish, even when they were for those she loved, because they were for her, too... What had Mr. Kinled said once in the pulpit? Something about God not having promised to save us from circumstances but in circumstances?

I am really worthless, she thought. No, I'm not. I love, I am loyal, I make sacrifices, and don't really think of them as such. I try to help, to do for others.

And now Mr. Peter said, slightly roguish, if deferential, "A little bird told me about you, Mrs. Bates."

"But the birds have gone south," she answered, smiling. "Oh, I forgot to ask about your daughter. How are her studies... you must be proud of her."

Mr. Peter was proud of his daughter, who was studying medicine. He expatiated upon her progress, then he said, "I know you don't like people to find out how kind you are, but when Mrs. Peter called on Mrs. Haskins last week, she told her what you'd done."

"Oh, golly," Emily murmured, "it wasn't anything."

Mrs. Haskins was a rugged ancient who had lived her life, thus far, in the house her great-grandmother had built. She was alone, having outlived both children and her one grandchild. Recently she had fallen and broke her hip. On her return from the hospital, neighbors looked after her.

Emily had stopped in to see her twice with books and flowers. She had had Cora make soup. She hadn't offered to do bedside nursing, as she was inefficient at that, even when the children or Jim were ill. But what Mrs. Haskins, subsisting on a minuscule income, needed was money. Emily had sent her a cheque. She hadn't bestowed it in person, too embarrassing for them both, but had enclosed it in a careful, almost begging letter. Would Mrs. Haskins, please, accept this sincere expression of esteem and admiration as a very great favor to the sender?

She was amazed that the old woman had told about the cheque, and said so, adding, "Oh dear, I hope she wasn't offended."

"She was delighted. She told my wife she wished more people would give her cash instead of plants that not only died, but were a trouble." Mr. Peter laughed. "She feels she's done her part for the town, she expects the town to do for her, not in charity, but as her due. She appreciated your gift, Mrs. Bates. She told my wife she liked you."

That was snob value. Mrs. Haskins might be poor as poverty, cranky as a man recovering from grippe, but she was a local power. She looked down her long twitching nose at most people who had settled here less than 50 years ago.

Now the cap was coming off, the first curl unwound, and Emily said, "I hope to goodness it's all right."

Mr. Peter let the curl snap back and announced there was plenty of spring. "It's a little tight, but next time we thought it too loose. I'm sure you'll find it satisfactory," he promised.

Emily returned to her booth. She waited, a towel around her head, for Miss Sallie... Emily hurried those who served her. She hated scenes, couldn't bear to embarrass herself or others, so she would rather be a little



put upon, as, indeed, she often was, she reflected, amused.

You shouldn't demand, thought Emily, because you're in a superior position, you can't force your will on people. Well, what was superior about it? Take Mr. Peter. He'd had a good education. He earned a fine living, was informed on many subjects, his daughter was enjoying a costly education, I'd give my eye teeth if Jessie wanted to be a doctor, Emily thought.

Which reminded her, she must see her dentist. She had lost one tooth recently, the first. It did not show, and now she had a neat, if annoying bridge. But the loss was a trial. She was proud of her teeth.

Why am I so vain? she wondered, again turning her mind from the shuddering thought of the drill . . . I want to attract Jim, naturally, but need I work so hard at it? I don't want to attract anyone else.

Now that's a lie, she thought instantly. She did want to attract anyone else, anyone at all. Men, naturally, and through charm and consideration, other women, friends, strangers, passers by, her children's friends. She wanted them to say pleasant things about her.

Wasn't it harmless, even admirable, not to let yourself go, and to care what people thought, to desire friends?

She didn't want more than that . . . where men were concerned. An ideal situation would be a nice man who admired you, and said so, without too much emphasis, who realized that, should he harbor a faint, reprehensible hope, it would not be fulfilled. She had encountered few such paragons.

Once, twice, maybe more often, she had run into slight snags. For instance, the architect who had planned the addition to the house, just before the war. He was quite good-looking, younger, and divorced. He dined with her and Jim a time or two, and came to see the progress of the work often, staying for tea. She had been entertained. He'd liked her. You can tell, at once. It made her feel youthful, gay unobtainable, and cherished. Just her vanity, she had admitted, in her mind, as she asked, "Two lumps, isn't it?" Of course, two lumps. It's only common courtesy to remember things like cream or lemon, sugar or no sugar; to remember the flowers or scents preferred by friends.

Still, the fact that she'd remembered the two lumps appeared a curious basis for the assumption that she would meet the architect in town, in some quiet little place for lunch, one day. Fortunately, the addition was nearly finished by then, so she had only to stall; she didn't want him ruining the place out of impure spite or wounded pride. She said, Oh, dear, she rarely went to town, and, when she did, there was so much she must do. However, if she ever had a free moment she would ring him up. It would be such fun.

It might have been, so she'd felt faintly wistful. She hadn't had lunch with a man alone for a hundred years, except Jim or a relative. But she couldn't afford even a small fragile wild oat, she didn't dare . . . and it wasn't sufficiently important. The important thing was that she could have sowed it. So the addition was finished, she didn't ring up, when in town, the architect sent his staggering, if expected bill, and went his way.

Of course, I wasn't tempted, she

thought. I've never been. I wonder what I'd do if I were?

Nothing, naturally. Her mind repeated the first word, with a sly, small question mark. Nothing?

Nothing, she told herself firmly. Even if, at her age, she was always falling a little in love, not that anyone ever knew . . . with the picture of a writer on his book jacket, with a movie star—which was why she understood Jessie's violent allegiances. No one knew, and it was harmless to daydream.

She hadn't been, as it were, illegally kissed more than three or four times since her marriage. The last time was last summer, when she had walked out on the country club porch with Bill Park. She had enjoyed it, with detachment, gently scolding him, thereafter. It wasn't in her to cry, "Sir, how dare you!" or to smite his beaming face. She hadn't been born in that era; moreover such methods bordered upon a Scene.

She would have told Jim, but he'd never understand, he wouldn't put it in the same category as his kissing a pretty woman. She was sure, of course, that he had. No, he would have accused her of leading Bill on. Men always excused other men in such circumstances, even when they were furious with them, men never assumed that a peccadillo wasn't the woman's fault.

SALLIE TORE in, saying she was sorry she was late and that she'd brought Mrs. Bates' lunch—a sandwich, a container of coffee in a paper bag.

"Oh," said Emily, "I'm in no hurry." While Sallie prepared to set her hair, she bit into the sandwich, took a swig of the coffee.

Sallie sloshed on the lotion, commenting, "It looks just fine, it will be the best you ever had, Mrs. Bates."

"I'm sure of it," said Emily, smiling, "but then Mr. Peter is always wonderful and you're so smart, you know just how my crazy hair grows."

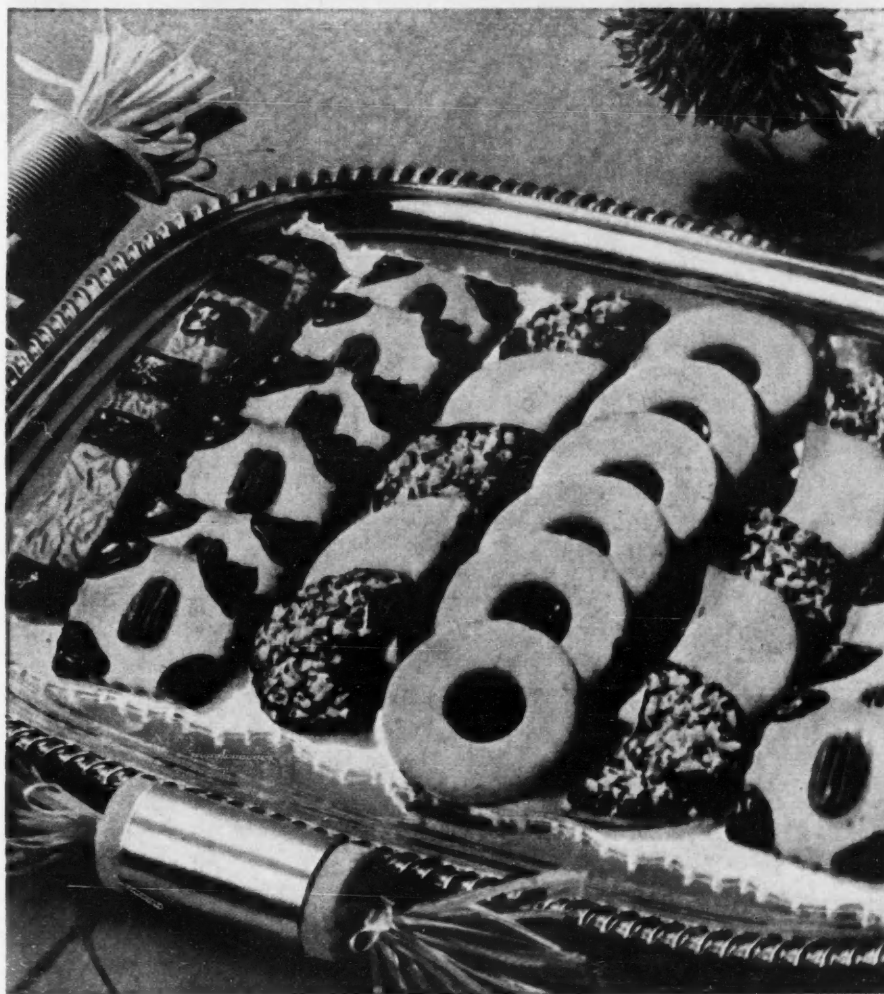
Which wasn't strictly true but you couldn't qualify it by saying, except last spring, when it was frizzy as a Fiji Islander, and that winter when it fell out in two days, and sometimes, Sallie, your mind's on something else, and you give me the world's worst set!

Emily wondered what it would be like to be Sallie, young, married, and working with a child to fret about, while she worked. Emily always wondered what it would be like to be other people. She identified herself with women moving, shadowlike across a screen, or in small black words on the pages of a book—the old women and the young, the good, sensible and solid, the wise and wonderful, the crazy and reckless who were always beautiful and always rescued. She didn't like to read about the ones who weren't rescued. Nor about women whose husbands left them and stayed that way.

What would she do if Jim left her, if he fell in love with another woman? Would I demand a divorce, would I cry and storm, would I beg him to put aside the hussy, would I be crushed and suffer silently, nobly, and let him go?

She looked in the mirror, her hair was like little strings and wet and black with lotion and Sallie was pinning it. It's becoming, Emily thought, but maybe too young, but I don't look old, I'm small, and I can't find another style which I like. Little women rarely have dignity. I wish I had.

## Sweet and Special PARTY TREAT



### MAGIC'S Chocolate Cookie Dips are tender, delicious

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#### CHOCOLATE COOKIE DIPS

½ cup shortening	1 ¼ cups sifted all purpose flour
½ cup sugar	
1 egg	½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons grated orange rind	1 ½ teaspoons Magic Baking Powder
	2 teaspoons orange juice

Cream shortening and sugar. Add egg; beat. Add orange rind and juice. Sift flour, salt, baking powder; add. Mix. Chill. Roll dough thin; cut according to directions below. Bake in 375°F., oven, 10 min.

**Crescent Cookies:** Follow above recipe, cut with crescent cutter. Bake. Spread with melted sweet chocolate, sprinkle with finely chopped walnut meats.

**Filled Cookies:** Follow above recipe, cut with round cutter. Cut smaller round from center of ½ the rounds. Bake. Spread plain round with melted sweet chocolate; top with doughnut round.

**Coconut Sticks:** Follow above recipe, cut in strips 3" by ¼". Brush with milk; sprinkle with coconut. Bake. Dip ends in melted sweet chocolate.

**Pecan Squares:** Follow above recipe, cut dough in 2" squares with pastry wheel. Place ½ pecan meat in center of each. Bake. Dip corners in melted sweet chocolate.







*Women appreciate this*

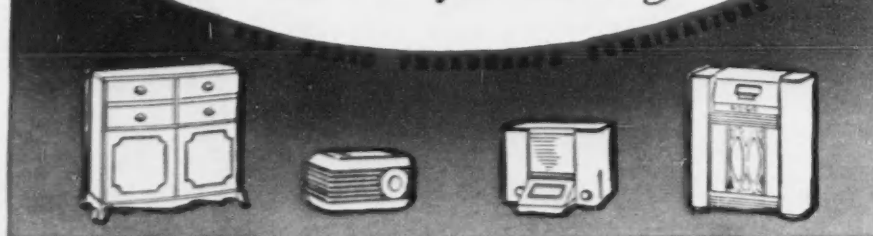
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# Westinghouse

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She couldn't imagine herself looking other than she did, except the same and beautiful. She knew she wasn't beautiful, not even pretty, oh, just now and then when she had a special dress, and the lights were right. But that she had animation, even when it tired her to have it, she knew; and charm, even when she consciously exerted it. Try as she would, she could see only herself, blessed with a skin to dream about, the eyes larger, the lashes longer, the hair brighter, and without grey, the face unlined, the body shaped to perfection.

Now Sallie lowered the drier over her head and Emily said, "I don't want anything to read, thanks. Will you turn out the light? And don't forget me, there's a good girl."

Sallie would forget her, of course.

She sat under the drier and thought further about Jim. No, she couldn't see herself weeping and hand wringing. Not that she hadn't wept occasionally, with a storminess which frightened her as well as Jim, early in their marriage, when they quarreled, were reconciled, trying to adjust. No, she was sure that she wouldn't carry on like that nor be a dog in the manger. She'd sorrowfully live alone. No, the children would be with her, another woman wouldn't want them except for duty visits. And she'd never breathe a word against Jim, she'd say "these things happen, they strike from the blue, it's no one's fault, or if it is, it must be mine."

Tears rose to her eyes, the sort of tears released when the picture was touching, when a fine passage in a book moved her, when she saw a wonderful sunset or sat in a stadium and heard the crowd cheer or listened to music. The easy tears she shed at a wedding or a funeral—provided it was the funeral of someone she didn't care about—when she cared about someone she didn't cry.

Jim would be home early today. He had called her yesterday, saying he would arrive on the mid-afternoon train. Emily sighed. She would have to tell him that they were going to Anna's to dinner. Neither Guy nor Anna played good contract and their house was too comfortable for Jim, he found it uncomfortable. She had told him that they were going, at a time when she knew he wasn't listening and therefore would only grunt and not shout, "No, for heaven's sake, we were there only a little while ago, can't you get out of it?"

No one loved a quiet evening more than she, but you had to keep up your obligations, and Jim would have a good time once they got to Anna's. He was fond of Guy, they liked to argue, without anger, on opposite sides of the political fence . . . only nowadays the fence seemed to have more than two sides, which was confusing. Anna would enter in, echoing Guy, while Emily would listen, not speaking, because she found it too easy to be convinced . . . by both sides.

She wondered how her hair would look combed out. And if Jim would notice, and approve. It was miraculous how she had managed to conceal from him and the children her comprehensible and, she thought, rather pathetic clinging to the vanity of the flesh. Moreover, she concealed the moods of depression and terror which came and went without seeming cause, the waking at night to think of death, unable to accept, unable to imagine it. Neither her family nor friends knew of this lack of security.

And no one knew about her indecisiveness . . . which was, she understood, a symptom of the neurotic. Only I'm not neurotic, I am really as steady as a rock, she told herself, aware that this was contradictory, yet somehow true.

I get so tired, she thought, so impatient, and sometimes bored . . . I strain at the bonds. No matter how much I love them, and I do, there are times when I wish I were free of everyone, of the life I live. But it doesn't last and they don't know.

Jim had a quick temper, lost easily, quickly found. Howard was sunny, unless he was sullen. Jessie was moody, and emotional. None was difficult when you knew them as Emily did, handled them with understanding and tact, careful not to hurt their feelings, if not always succeeding. But I mean well, she told herself. And everyone said what a wonderful disposition Emily has.

Well, in a way, it was, considering the wear and tear on it!

She wished Jessie would write. At first, Jessie had been so homesick that Emily wondered if Jim shouldn't make up his mind to take her out of boarding school and send her to High in town. But it had passed and now Jessie was so immersed in the school spirit that it dripped from her, like syrup, which was rather trying. As for Howard, Emily had sent him money just the other day. "I was taken," her son wrote her airily, "in a poker game. Be a sport, lest I starve. Don't tell Pop for Pete's sake, not now, he's still sore about my buying a share in a jalopy. I'll tell him myself."

There was no excuse for gambling at Howard's age and he couldn't afford to lose. In a sense it wasn't even his money. Perhaps there was no excuse for gambling at any age. But she and Jim played contract for stakes. Not a very good example to set the children. But setting an example's never easy, she reflected; when you do you have to give up things that, really, in your maturity, you are permitted. She thought of the tons of rice pudding she'd consumed as an example. Not only was it fattening, but she hated it.

The drier grumbled, she thought. Howard will want to have a boy to visit during Christmas vacation. And next summer, a mob. He should have his friends with him, however much trouble it creates with Cora and Katie. You're young such a short time. She thought, I don't believe we are on the road to another war. During the recent war she had tried to hide her relief, almost complacency, because Howard was too young, Jim too old.

Thinking of Howard she wondered, what is he like with people his own age, with strangers of any age, away from home, and on his own? What is Jessie like? I swear they have masks they wear at home, they slip only now and again. But everyone has masks. I think I know my children, I don't. I see them only in relationship to myself. I try to see their viewpoints, enter into their activities, but I stand outside, I am of another generation.

But Jim was her contemporary. She knew him as well as you could know anyone. And he knew her, except for the things she concealed. It wasn't possible that he could conceal things from her, as most men were more open, more easily read, they didn't think around corners and scurry into the loopholes. At least, not men like Jim.



I'm afraid *not* to hide things, it's so much better if he keeps his illusions. For him, I mean. Sometimes she tested him, openly condemning herself, saying, "I wish I didn't like to gossip, I wish I never said unkind things because they're funny. I don't want to be unkind, I must be very perverse." And sometimes, when the children grieved her she cried, "It must be my fault. I am a bad mother . . ." And then waited.

But Jim was consoling, saying, "You're not as much of a gossip as most women, Em, I wouldn't let it worry you," or about the children, "As a mother you do your best, and no one can do more than their best."

Her self-condemnation was sincere, if bait to catch the fish of reassurance. Except for the "I wish." She knew she needn't stop at wishing. She could act. She could forget what she heard and never repeat it. She could cease to say the entertaining thing, fastening the butterfly of someone else's flaw with the sharp pin of a clever phrase. As for being a bad mother, maybe she wasn't, but she wasn't a good one. Was it reprehensible that she didn't want anyone else to know, especially Jim or the children?

Sallie came in and Emily said, "I'm baked," and Sallie said, "I figured you were done," and Emily murmured, "You make me feel like a biscuit."

Now her hair was under control, turned over Sallie's deft fingers and the rat-tailed comb, and lay, careless, shining as a child's cap of curls, and Emily looked into the mirror while Sallie held one up in back. Emily nodded. She fished in her purse for the generous tip, and Sallie departed, calling for Mr. Peter to come view his handiwork while Emily reddened her lips and powdered her nose.

She thought, Here I go for another few months, I, Emily Bates.

She felt, as she left, that they all looked after her with some affection, Mr. Peter, Miss Rita, Sallie, and the others. She had come here for years. She thought, I wonder what they think of me? Believed that she knew—a nice woman, never impatient, very generous, talkative, but friendly, really friendly.

\* \* \*

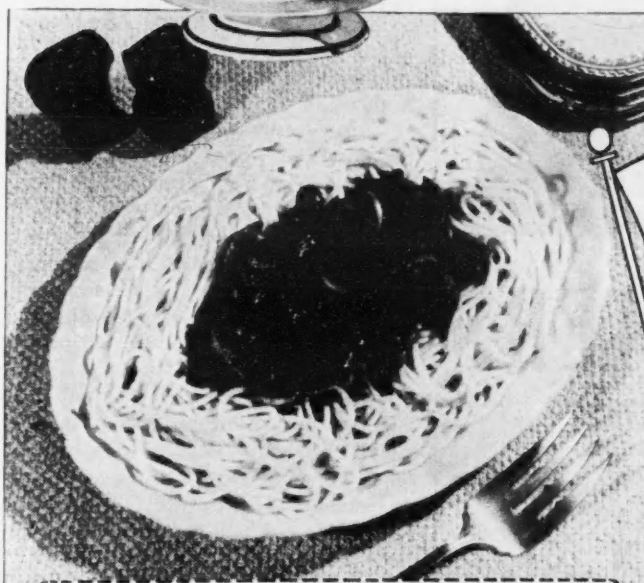
JIM BATES came home on the early train, on which there was not likely to be anyone he knew. He could relax for an hour, he had the start of a migraine headache. That was probably due to the fact that someone had told him casually that Irene Watkins had moved, within the year, to River Forest. The temptation had been upon him to pick up the telephone in his hotelroom. He hadn't. No sense in that, water over the dam, the whole thing almost forgotten.

Now he was coming home to a long evening and a good dinner, he and Emily could walk in the frost-nipped garden after dinner, then perhaps she would read to him. She read aloud very well, and he enjoyed it.

He thought about the concluded business with satisfaction, the settlement equitable, his client pleased. Thinking of his client reminded him of the case tried last week, and of a defense witness, such a pretty woman but so evasive that she slid through his hands like water, in cross examination. He'd done badly with her. She'd reminded him of Em, that mistress of evasion. Since his

# DISCOVERED!

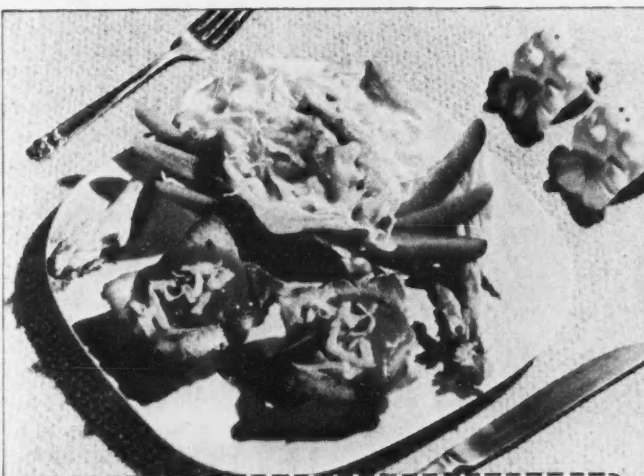
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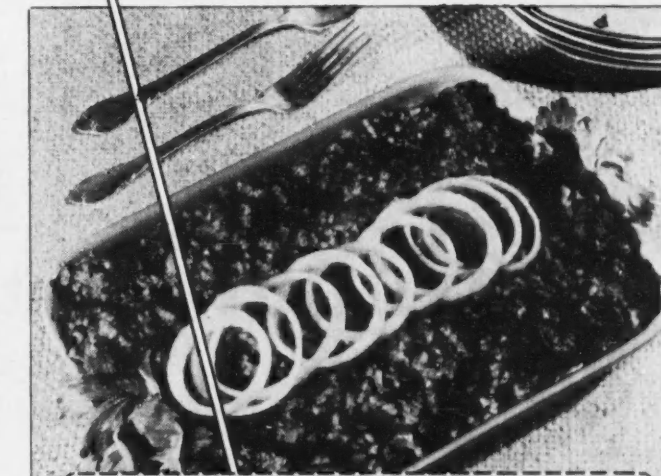
**MUSHROOM SPAGHETTI SAUCE** Slice  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. mushrooms with 2 tbsp. chopped onion. Cook in 2 tbsp. butter until tender. Add 6 oz. tin of E. D. Smith's Tomato Paste diluted with 2 cups water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  tsp. sugar and  $\frac{1}{2}$  tsp. chili powder. Salt and pepper to taste. Simmer until thick. Pour in nest of hot spaghetti. Serves 4-5.



**TOMATO SALAD JELLY** Soften 1 tbsp. unflavored gelatine in  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup cold water. Pour 2 cups boiling water over softened gelatine,  $\frac{1}{4}$  tsp. celery salt, 1 tsp. salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  tsp. sugar, 2 tsp. lemon juice,  $\frac{1}{2}$  tsp. Lea & Perrin's Sauce,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  tsp. onion juice, dash of pepper and 8 tbsp. E. D. Smith's Tomato Paste. Mix well and set in molds. Serves 6.



**TOMATO RAREBIT** Heat 6 tbsp. E. D. Smith's Tomato Paste and 1 cup water to scalding. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  tsp. sugar,  $\frac{1}{4}$  tsp. paprika,  $\frac{1}{4}$  tsp. salt and  $\frac{1}{4}$  tsp. soda. Stir into the yolks of 2 eggs, place in a double boiler and cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Add 2 cups coarsely grated Canadian cheese and continue cooking just until cheese is melted. Serve on thin toast. Serves 5-6.



**RICE & TOMATO - SPANISH STYLE** Finely chop 1 onion. Fry in butter with  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped green celery until tender. Stir in 6 oz. tin E. D. Smith's Tomato Paste diluted with 1 cup water. Bring to boiling point, then add 2 cups cooked rice, salt and pepper to taste. Cook slowly, stirring constantly until liquid is absorbed. Serves 6.

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marriage the women who attracted him had, with one notable exception, reminded him of his wife. Like her in appearance or nature, small women, seemingly fragile. Em was strong as a horse, and continually fretted over her health. She had an irritating habit of waking him in the dawn hours to announce a pain in her heart, or side, to say, she must see Doctor Halsey at once. But Jim suspected she woke him because of some other anxiety which she couldn't bring herself to admit.

Thinking of Halsey reminded him that when he had forced Em to her annual checkup, two weeks ago she had emerged to announce, with faint astonishment, or was it mild disappointment? that the doctor had said she'd live to be 80, barring accidents. "Dour old thing, he actually added, 'or unless someone murdered me!' I suppose that doesn't come under the head of accident?"

Jim collected suitcase, briefcase, hat and topcoat. He thought of the many times he had wished to murder his wife. Oh, not actually, he was not a man of blind passions, sudden impulse or violence. But Emily, who was his wife, the mother of his children, Emily, whom he loved, was the most exasperating person he had ever known.

The truth wasn't in Em. Half truth, yes; whole truth, no. He wondered if she knew what was, and wasn't, truth? She couldn't, for her life, reply directly to a simple question, if by so doing, she'd put herself in an unfavorable light—or in the wrong. For Em was never wrong; not according to her.

Or, if she said she was, and confessed it, then, if you had an ounce of sense, you talked her out of that. You handed her her own excuse on a silver platter, you said it was a misunderstanding or that she couldn't be blamed, she'd just made a natural mistake.

The train stopped, he got out and climbed into a taxi. Nice air, nice country, the trees still flaming, the sky very blue. The drive wasn't long, down the street, across a highway, up a hill and around a curve. It was a delightful house, he thought approaching it, and Em made it comfortable and livable. She had a way with houses.

He let himself in and yelled, "Anybody home?" and Em came running down the stairs. She'd had a new permanent. Her hair was as curly as a poodle's, but he'd better not say so, or she'd be unhappy.

"I didn't expect you as soon . . . How are you, did the case go well, are you terribly tired?"

He said, "The case went fine," yes, he was tired.

With her lipstick red at the corner of his mouth, he went upstairs, a big thin man, slightly stooped, and quite grey, and slung his bag on a chair in the bedroom. He heard Em downstairs, but in a moment she would come up after him and station herself in the bathroom and talk to him. He reflected that he had darned little privacy.

That time she had been ill—the only time she'd been seriously ill, as she'd had no difficulty bearing the children—he had moved into the guest room and later, once his anxiety for her was over, had wished he could remain there. Em slept lightly, she liked to read, smoke, or prow about the house, she was infernally restless. But if he had suggested it she would have thought something was the matter.

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Her cheque book lay open on the small desk in the bedroom and he glanced down at it and the scattered cheques. Em was careless with her belongings. He picked up one of the cheques and frowned. Myra Haskins? Who was Myra Haskins? Now, he remembered, the village witch, arrogant, a trouble maker. He recalled she had broken her hip, and Em had run in to call, like the lady of the manor bearing a pound of tea and a tract. Heaven knew he did not begrudge help to anyone in need, but this amount was fantastic, out of all proportion. He looked at the date on the cheque. Three months ago, for heaven's sake, hadn't she balanced her accounts in three months? He thought, at about that time Howard wanted to take the trip with his friends, but Jim had felt it couldn't be afforded, not with college coming up, outfitting, allowances. The money Em had given Mrs. Haskins would have paid for the trip.

Em came quickly into the room, she always came quickly, and he turned, without haste. He asked, "What was the idea of the donation to old lady Haskins?"

She was annoyed, he could see that, but patient. It rubbed him raw, her eternal, outward patience. He would rather she flew at him. She never did.

She said, "I know it was a lot, but she's, so old and sick, someone had to help her."

"Why, you? You hardly know the woman . . . This is just another of your extravagances, Em."

She said, "I went without a new suit."

Oh, sure. But if she'd given the money to Howard she could have gone without the suit—for as long as it pleased her—knowing the kid was having the time of his life. Now, if she knew anything, it must be that Mrs. Haskins probably thought her a sucker.

She said dimly, "I'm sorry, Jim."

Maybe she was, maybe she wasn't. He said nothing, feeling cross and jumpy. When he was out of sorts, her forbearance would drive a man nuts.

He went into the shower, fussed till the temperature was right and felt the water sluice over him. He peered through the glass door and there she was, perched on a stool. She always perched, or sat with her feet drawn up under her.

She was talking, but he couldn't hear a word she said. Presently, he shut off the water, emerged, she handed him a towel and went on talking. She asked, "Shall we have a birthday party for me?" Next month, she would be 43.

"If you like," he told her, "or would you rather we went to town, just you and I?"

"That would be wonderful!" Her face changed. "But a party's fun too, the people, and the cake and all," she said doubtfully. "Darling, you decide."

He said, "Okay, the party then." That was what she wanted, wasn't it?

Em went off and he went in to dress. Em wasn't very perceptive, though she prided herself on perceptiveness. Still, it was curious, she hadn't found out about Irene. Perhaps, just lucky. He had never taken Irene out, he had gone to her apartment instead. But you could run into people, going in and out.

Three years ago. Irene was a widow, a new client, and slightly younger than himself. If Frank, who was his friend and partner, had suspected anything he'd never said so nor told Em. He

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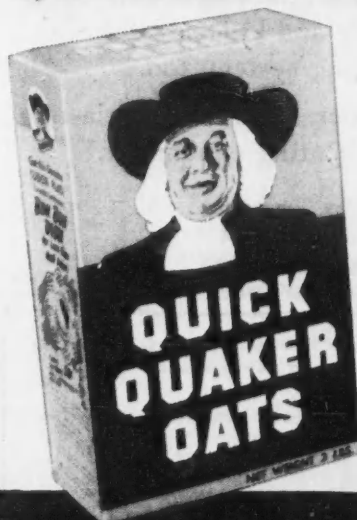
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wouldn't, he disliked Em almost as much as she disliked him. Some time ago Em had asked one of her crazy questions, "If you knew your best friend's wife was having an affair with another man, would you tell him?" He'd nearly jumped out of his skin, for a minute.

Irene was the only woman with whom he had fallen in love since his marriage, the only one to move him deeply and urgently. She was as unlike Em as possible, a big woman with great serenity and dignity, a quiet woman, not beautiful but compelling. She had a still quality, she used no unnecessary words. Being with her was like being in a still place, a wood perhaps, very secret but in which the sun shone warmly, and there was a scent of fertile earth and vitality, where there was also shade, and the sense of stability. Irene was the most restful person he'd ever known and, he believed, the most truthful. At one stage, during that year, he had said, desperately, "I must ask Emily for a divorce," and she had asked, "Do you no longer love her?"

He had answered, honestly, yes. He loved her, moreover was pitifully sorry for her, because she had so little within herself. She lacked something. Not heart, perhaps it was soul? And he was no longer in love with her.

Then Irene had asked if Emily would give him a divorce.

He could not answer that, for he did not know. You were never sure, with Em. He realized then, that he was caught, as in a spider web, clinging, finely meshed, and extraordinarily strong. For if he asked Em for a divorce and she said, "Of course, if you no longer want me," how could he bring himself to accept the gift, how could he endure the patience and the forbearance? And if she said no, what then?

Irene had finally summed it up, after a time. She said, "You don't want a divorce, really. You have children, a place in your community and profession. You love Emily, whether you want to or not. You are too old to alter. We are both too old to fancy ourselves romantic lovers. This is romantic to us, but other people would find it laughable. A widow living on annuities, and fond of her stepchildren; a middle-aged lawyer, with a family. And how long would we think it romantic, meeting as we do, here at my place, or out of town, in some hide-in-the-corner makeshift, which we both know is the reverse of romantic? And if we could be openly together you would pay a high price; I, too, in my way. Too high, Jim."

So it had ended, not long after it had begun, as the first part of that year had seen them coast very gradually into danger. After it was over, he had thought all emotion and sense of being alive had also ended, it was like being locked in a perpetual winter. But he had readjusted and toward the end of the second year Emily had become so ill.

He was dressed, he went downstairs and found Em waiting.

She said in a small voice, "I was idiotic about Mrs. Haskins, but so sorry for her."

Her friends said, "Emily's the most generous woman alive." So she was, a fast girl with a buck, an easy touch...

He said, "It's done now, I don't really begrudge the poor old woman, but Em, you are so indiscriminate."

"I never had much sense," she said sorrowfully.

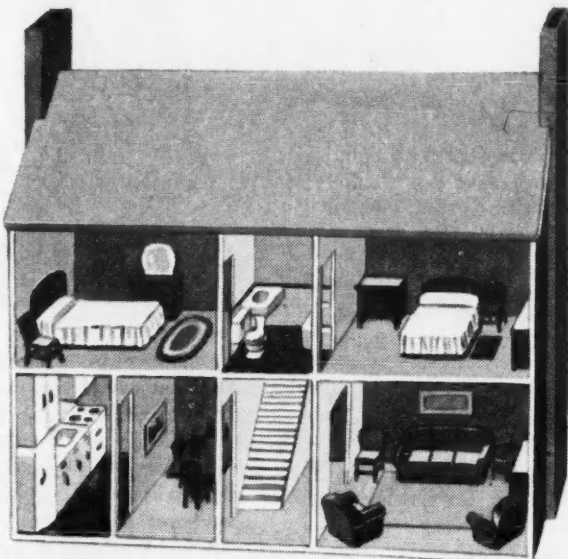
◆ Continued on page 98



Dad Can Make This

# Doll's House

by John Caulfield Smith



Plans by Earl Nickelson, Architect

**T**HAT housing problem of your small daughter's wax and wooden brood can be happily solved in plenty of time for Christmas. Collect some pressed wallboard, a chisel, pencil, glue and a few scraps of trimming and get the man of the house to work on the simple doll's house plan below. He'll have fun, too.

The front, sides, floors, interior partitions and roof are cut from one-quarter-inch pressed wallboard, obtained at any builder's supply house. First rule the windows and main entrance on the front, then mark sides for the location of the chimney (with pencil). Now rule positions of partitions on the floors and locate, on the partitions, levels at which floors and ceilings are to be set. Next, cut window and interior door openings. Use waterproof glue to fasten small pieces of wood to the bottoms of window openings (for sill effect) and for frame around the front door (which does not open).

For windows, use black photographic paper ruled with bars of white ink, or score clear plastic with the white ink.

To form bracing and nailing pieces for front, sides and interior partitions, cut wood strips one-half-inch square and nail and glue them to the bottom of wallboard pieces forming second floor and ceiling. Keep outer edges even with, and extending around, the outside of floor or ceiling.

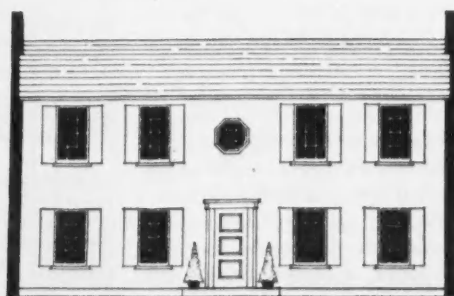
Now, to assemble the house. The first floor consists of a three-eighth-inch-thick plywood board to which front and sides are nailed and glued. (Bevel or cut edges at 45 deg. for neat finish.) Tack partitions lightly into place till second floor and ceiling pieces are secured. Short half-inch nails (brads) are best. Cut stairs from solid block of wood and glue in place.

Glue two pieces of wallboard together for roof, reinforcing inside

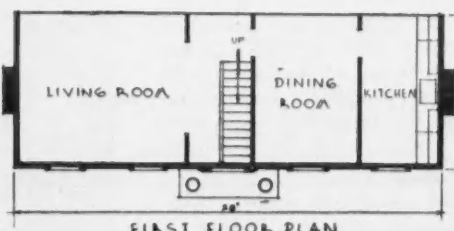
junctions with 3 one-half-inch wood strips. For chimneys, nail and glue one-by-three-inch-boards to sides. Handles may be attached to chimney for convenience in moving doll's house.

Oil paint is best for inside and outside finish and can be easily cleaned. Paint exterior first, then glue windows on inside. Use cardboard for shutters one eighth inch thick. Trees are cut from sponge rubber—and set on wooden bases. The platform can be painted to simulate flagstone and the furniture comes from any dime store.

SCALE FOR PLANS & ELEVATION



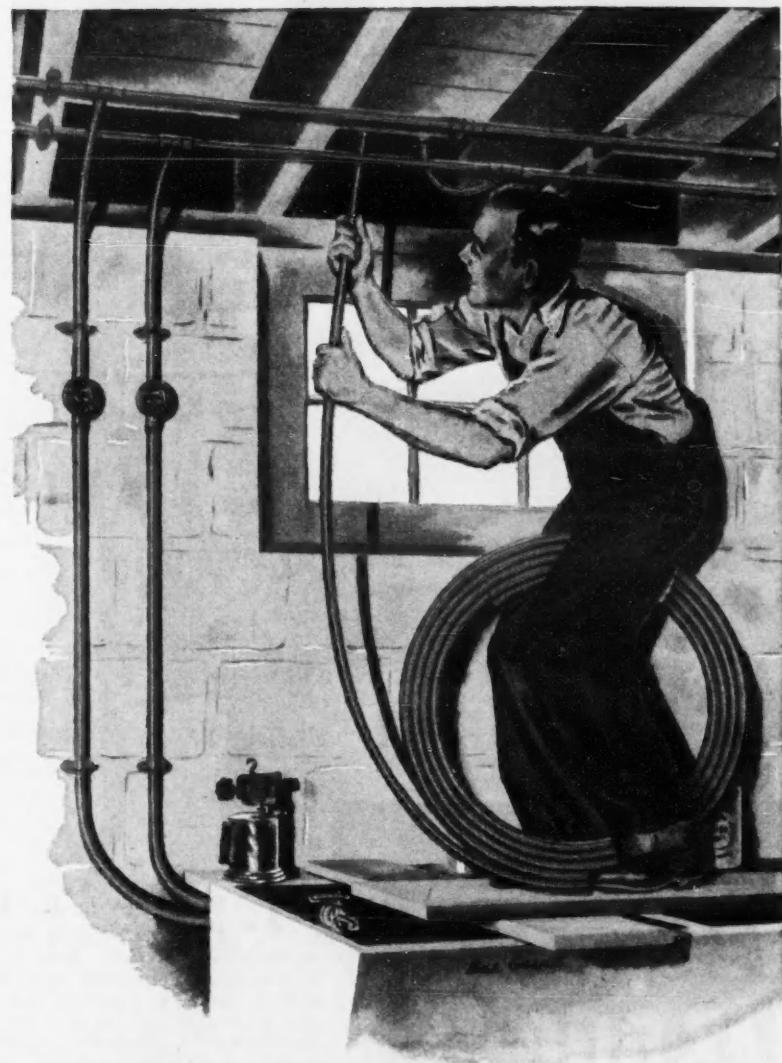
FRONT ELEVATION



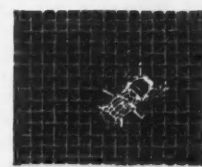
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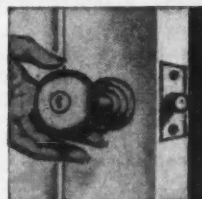
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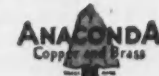


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2-48

Continued from page 96

She feels good about it, it gives her a kick, it shines up the halo around her ego, it's an offering to placate something, someone . . . Herself? She'd rather do without than say, No. Rather we'd do without. A little word, but she can't say it. Out comes the cheque book, after a while there's no balance and she comes to me wide-eyed, saying, "Jim..."

Em said, "I'm afraid I'm overdrawn. I am a bad wife, Jim, a very bad wife. Have you any idea how bad?"

Yes, he had every idea what a bad wife she was, but didn't say so, or rarely. When he did, he was sorry and ashamed. She was a monster, he thought, and he loved her. She wouldn't change. She was Em, he was stuck with her. Perhaps he wouldn't have been happy with Irene or any other woman. Who is happy, his life long? Happiness comes suddenly, goes as suddenly and is no more; when you despair of it, it returns, for no good reason, it's there, you make the most of it and, when it's gone again, the best of that.

Emily asked, "Have you noticed my hair? It's too tight, I think. Does it look dreadful?"

"It looks fine. But you've had it cut."

"Not much, just a little, the dry uneven ends. It's too young for me."

Em's so vain, he thought, with tenderness, it is touching, it is one of the things I love her for, such a pitiable little flaw, so human. He thought of the thousand times he had seen her, sitting anxiously before the mirror, rubbing stuff on her face. He could yearn over her then, more so as the years went on, and he saw her as an ageing, as an elderly child. He always wanted to say don't struggle so. You're lovely, you always were, you are childish and sometimes a simoleon and often a liar but I do go on loving you.

She was not brave, his Em. She had always feared electric storms and while the children were small had tried to repress it in their presence. She hated noise, crowds and being hurried by anyone save herself. She was afraid of accidents and worried when the youngsters stayed out late. She had never admitted any of this to him, yet it was one of her most endearing traits, her lack of courage.

The faults she confessed, hoping for contradiction—and those she sought to conceal, these he understood, with these he felt at ease. It was her virtues which irritated him, and her evasion.

She was talking about the political situation, he listened, recognizing two newspaper commentators, one radio commentator, Guy Andrews, and himself. A potpourri of opinions. He thought, Em has a good mind, but she's too lazy to use it, so anxious to see all sides that she sits on the fence and falls off.

He said, "Look, Em, you're arguing against yourself. Either you believe what you're saying or you don't."

"I don't know what to believe. I'm confused."

Who could blame her? Most of us are confused, all our lives and never more so than now. But she sat there, not reproachful, merely looking anxious. There were times when he believed her without spirit. Her friends said, "Emily's such a gentle person." It was all in how you looked at it.

He said, "I ran into Bill Park in town."

+ Continued on page 100

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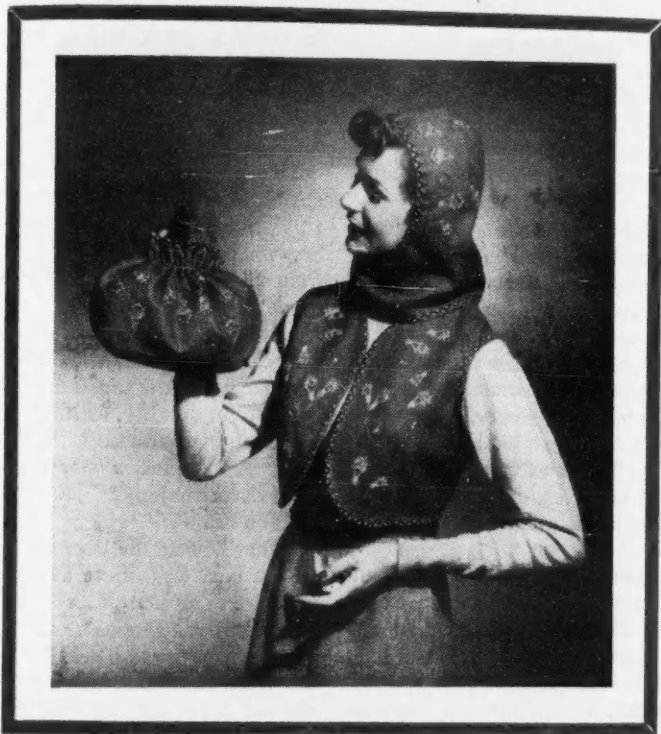
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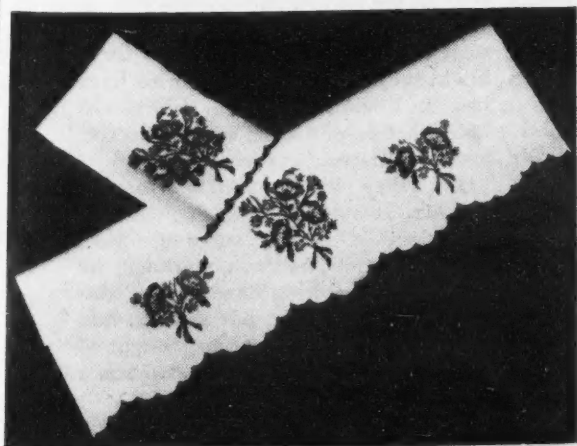
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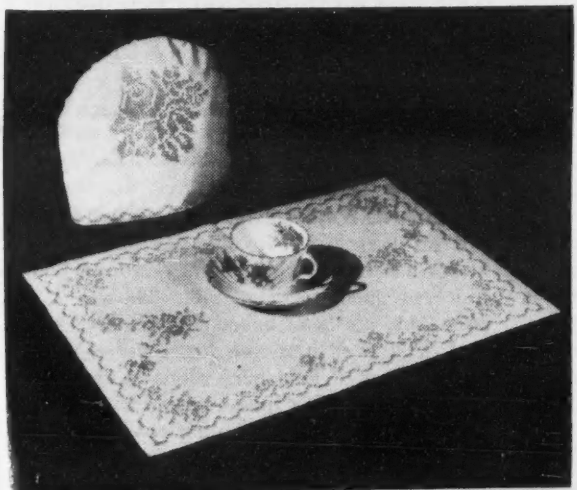


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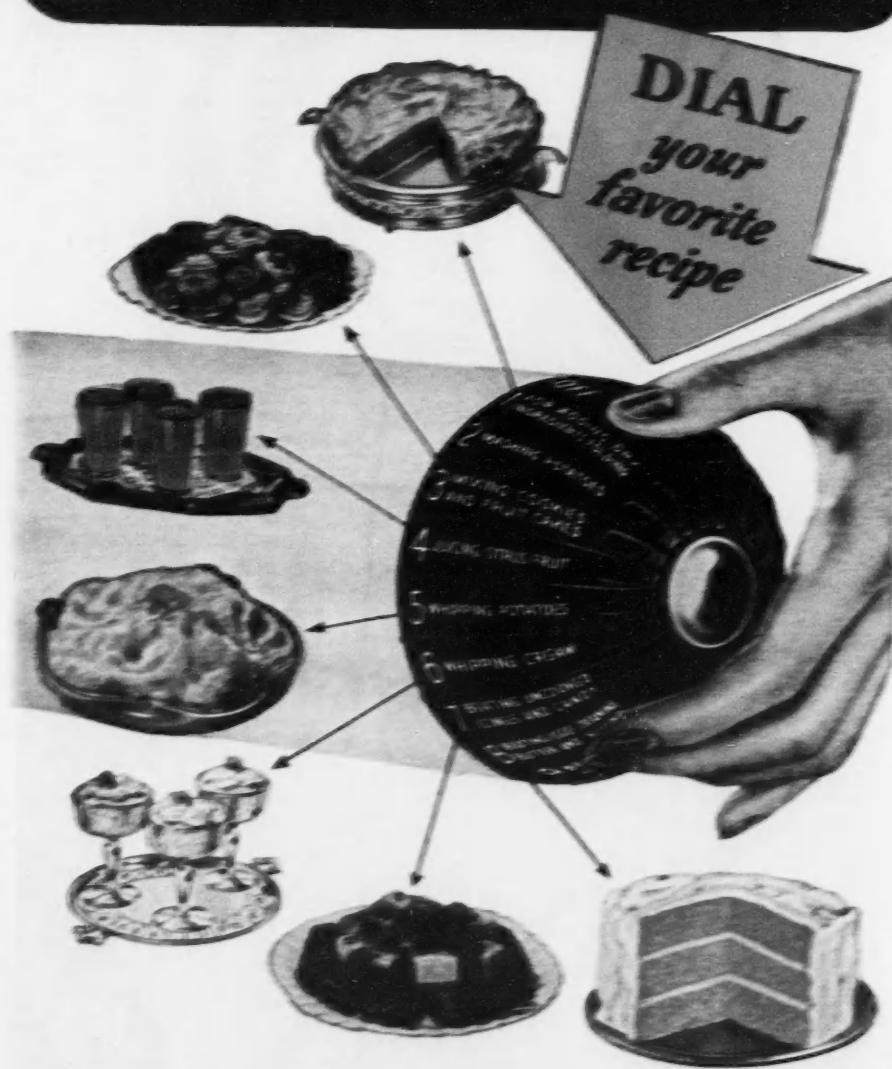


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Continued from page 98

\*HOW WAS IT?

\* "DISTRICT"

"Poor Bill," said Em, "it's a disease, it's an illness, he should have help."

"Nonsense, he's just a good-time Charlie."

En and her tolerance! Sometimes she's so understanding it gives me a pain. She condones other people's behavior to the point of laxity . . . if it doesn't affect her.

Bill Park had kissed Em that night at the country club, last summer. She had betrayed it with her gaiety, her bright-eyed secrecy. Jim had kidded her about Bill and she had been torn between reproach and laughter, defending herself. Was he out of his mind? Bill Park, of all people?

Jim was not unreasonably jealous, but then he thought, justly, Em doesn't give me cause. He watched her occasional delicate experiments with amusement. The architect, for instance, who drank Em's tea and sent the whopping bill. Em had dropped 30 years during the building of the addition. There were other times, further back, not many, all unimportant. There were the times, past and current, when she went to the movies and he could hear her heart sighing. He didn't begrudge any of this to her. Flattery, from someone new, was like a shot in the arm. And Em suffered no devastating passions, intense and reckless. She was incapable of this, she would look, as it were, over a man's shoulder, and wonder how she appeared to him. If her vanity fed on flattery, it would recoil from a scandal she couldn't talk her way out of, which would hold up a mirror into which she wouldn't care to be reflected, ruining her picture of herself.

Now she was saying, "Have you forgotten we are going to Anna's tonight?"

He looked at her with annoyance and astonishment. "How could I forget," he enquired, "when you never told me?"

\*But I did, dear. Apparently you weren't listening."

"I've been away. I'm tired, I can't think of anything I want to do less."

She said, mildly, "Then I'll call Anna, tell her you don't feel well."

"You'll do nothing of the sort, why put it up to me? We'll have to go. But I wish you wouldn't make engagements when I'm just back from a trip."

"But when I accepted, you didn't know you were going. I suppose I should have looked it. I'm sorry."

He couldn't argue, as he didn't know when she'd accepted and she'd never tell. "Has Jessie written?" he asked.

"Just a card. Nothing on it, really."

"What's wrong with the kid?"

"I suppose she thinks she's hideously busy and you know she hates to write."

"That's no excuse," he said. Em had certainly brought the kids out after a dizzy fashion, indulging them unreasonably, cracking down just as unreasonably; letting them have a long rope, and suddenly pulling it into a noose. She either couldn't let them alone or let them alone too much; either she questioned too little or pried too far. Worst of all was her habit of passing the buck to him, especially if the decision might be unpleasant or unpopular. When first they were married she had made him believe that she could reach a conclusion but desired in fairness, his opinion, so that if it ran counter to hers,

she could weigh it, willing to change or compromise. But he soon learned that Em really never made up her mind unless it had to do with herself, with something she wanted to do or have.

The telephone rang. Emily rose to answer it. It was long-distance. "Jim! . . ." She turned, white, terrified. But her voice was steady. "It's someone from the college. Howard's been hurt in an auto accident . . ."

He rose, his heart beating heavily, took the instrument, asked the questions and received the answers. She stood beside him, dumbly, waiting.

He hung up and said, "He's all right, Em. A rib, and a slight concussion. That darned jalopy!"

"You're sure?"

"That's what the doctors said. Em, pack a bag, we'll leave at once, and be up there in an hour."

"Jim, if it's serious . . ." She went into his arms and he held her. She said, "I wrote him, just the other day. I scolded him for playing poker . . . Oh, Jim . . ."

He said, "He won't take the scolding seriously." A flash of annoyance shot through the cloud of anxiety. Why didn't she tell him these things? The kid had probably lost his shirt. Why hadn't Howard written him? But no, he'd write Em, she'd send the money, deliver the scolding, and when necessary make the excuses.

He said, "You get on upstairs. I'll phone Anna."

He thought, dialing, if it's serious? But no, he would not anticipate tragedy, as Em did. Sometimes she infected him with her imagination. By now, he supposed, she had Howard dead and buried. But the doctor had been reassuring.

After he had talked with Anna he went heavily upstairs trying to fix a bright meaningless smile upon his face, but Em wouldn't be fooled. She would know that despite logic, and the doctor, he was as alarmed as she.

But they would pretend to one another. It was a good pretending, they had done it before, standing close, holding fast. That was marriage, he supposed. Knowing one another, impatient, fault finding, but sharing, and loving. How could he have thought of leaving her, ever? She was as much a part of him as his hand.

He went in, she was packing a bag, she packed untidily for so neat and fastidious a woman. He said, "Here, let me help," and she looked up, the tears were there, though withheld and asked, "What would I do without you?"

What would they do without each other?

\* \* \*

THE NURSE said softly, "Your parents are on their way to see you," and Howard blinked his eyes. They had put him in a small private room. He was conscious, his head ached abominably, and the rest of him to a lesser degree.

He was glad he'd been alone in the car, that he hadn't hurt anyone else, or worse. He had been driving too fast, he'd skidded. The poor old car was a wreck. What the other fellows must be saying. He could sell his bonds and make good their shares. He owed that to them. Pop, he thought, will raise Cain, when I'm better, but he'll see things my way.

His mother would say, "Of course you must do as you think best," but



probably she wouldn't know why he thought it best.

Gwen, now. Always taking those little digs at Gwen but not coming right out with it. He knew all about Gwen. She was a good kid. If it hadn't been for his mother worrying and fussing he wouldn't have thought about her much, except that she was the prettiest girl in town. But the little digs, they piqued his curiosity.

Mom was crazy about the Oxfords and they were good eggs, except as parents. They'd given Gwen her head too much. But it was, luckily, a more level head than his mother believed.

Not that she came out with it and said, "Howard, I think Gwen Oxford has the makings of a tramp." She didn't. She just wondered. Could this be true? Could that be true? No, she didn't believe it! But she'd implanted the idea.

Gwen wasn't a tramp, possibly because she'd been lucky. And if she'd wait for him, if ever he got out of college, and it was a long way off—he'd marry her. If she'd have him. He wasn't sure that she would.

His mother didn't know Gwen, she didn't know any of his friends. The boys thought she was swell. Or said so, anyway. Howard thought, I wish she wouldn't be so—young. One of the gang. She isn't one of the gang. She's my mother.

Sometimes it embarrassed him terribly, the easy slang, the bright entering into things, or the careful leaving her son and his guests alone. You never knew which she'd do, say "Well, you're on your own, kids," or come into the playroom and stand over him at the piano and sing, or take a hand in a card game or ask one of the fellows to dance. Not that she didn't dance better than most women her age. He wished she'd be her age.

And she was always trying to see his viewpoint. But she couldn't. In the first place his viewpoint upset her and in the second place, how could she anyway? His viewpoint changed with the sunrise, he was confused one day, and sure the next. Pop was different. He listened, argued, stated his opinions and listened yours out. He differed, often, and openly. Now and then he said something that made sense, altered your conception of things, made you think. You knew how far you could go with him and where, if wise, you should stop. With Mom, you never knew. One day she'd slip you 20 and say, "It's a secret," and the next time it would be "Not a cent, Howard, not a cent!"

Pretty soon she'd come tiptoeing in, scared silly the way she always was when anyone was sick, but being bright and calm about it. No crying, or anything like that, and not, of course, scolding. Pop would say, "This is a heck of a note," but there was something about Pop, like the reassurance of his shadow on the wall when you were a kid, that made things all right. Not that he'd ignore this crackup. When I'm better, thought Howard, he'll have plenty to say. But nothing now.

His room-mate's mother, Dick's mother. A big woman, solid as a rock. They hadn't much. Dick worked, part time. But there was no fuss when you went to Dick's house. You made beds, swept and washed dishes, and his mother listened to your cracks and sometimes laughed at them. Kids didn't seem to tire or irritate or make

her impatient. He thought, Mom's often impatient, not that she shows it, she tries not to. Oh, well, Dick's mother was different. She was not a pretty woman, she hadn't the time or money to get herself all done up as his mother did.

Gee, she was pretty . . . sometimes he forgot it, then he came home and there she was. He thought, and she's fun. I get so mad at her sometimes, I'd like to push the walls out.

She was unpredictable, sometimes she embarrassed him terribly, sometimes he felt years her senior, and now, he thought, drowsy from the drug, I wish she'd come.

He closed his eyes and waited. When they came in together, everything would be all right. Lots of the fellows had one parent or different sets of parents. Howard felt superior. He had two, one set. They were crazy about each other, the way he and Gwen would be crazy about each other. They didn't fight, either. Or not much. Gosh, you couldn't fight with Mom, it would be like battling feathers or cotton or clouds. I can't fight with her, he thought, she defeats me. And she's such a little dope.

He couldn't wait for her to walk in at the door, knowing how she hated walking in—like the time he broke his leg at camp—knowing how scared she'd be, the way she was in a thunderstorm, knowing how much it cost her not to cry and all that sort of thing . . .

Hurry, he thought, hurry, you two . . .

\* \* \*

JESSIE SAT on her side of the desk in the crowded room. She and a roommate shared this austere cubicle, the beds sagged, the paint peeled, the dressers stood cheek by jowl. The room was chilly, hung with banners, the long-legged animals piled upon the beds, the little clothes closets crammed untidily.

You paid a fortune for education with a Spartan background.

Jessie huddled up in her bright red dressing gown. Her roommate was down the hall talking clothes, boys, psychology and religion, and Jessie had to miss it for she was writing home.

What would she say, for pity's sake? There wasn't anything to say. If she said that Ted Alder wrote almost every day mother would be fit to be tied. If she wrote about the games and club meetings and excursion, mother would be bored. She tried hard not to be, poor little thing, but her schooldays were a hundred years past and she couldn't possibly remember what it was like to be 17—well, nearly. But she did try, which bored Jessie. "When I was in boarding school we did thus and so . . ."

For Pete's sake, Jessie had heard it a thousand times and it was always corny.

Her mother had written, "I'm getting a perm, I hope it turns out all right."

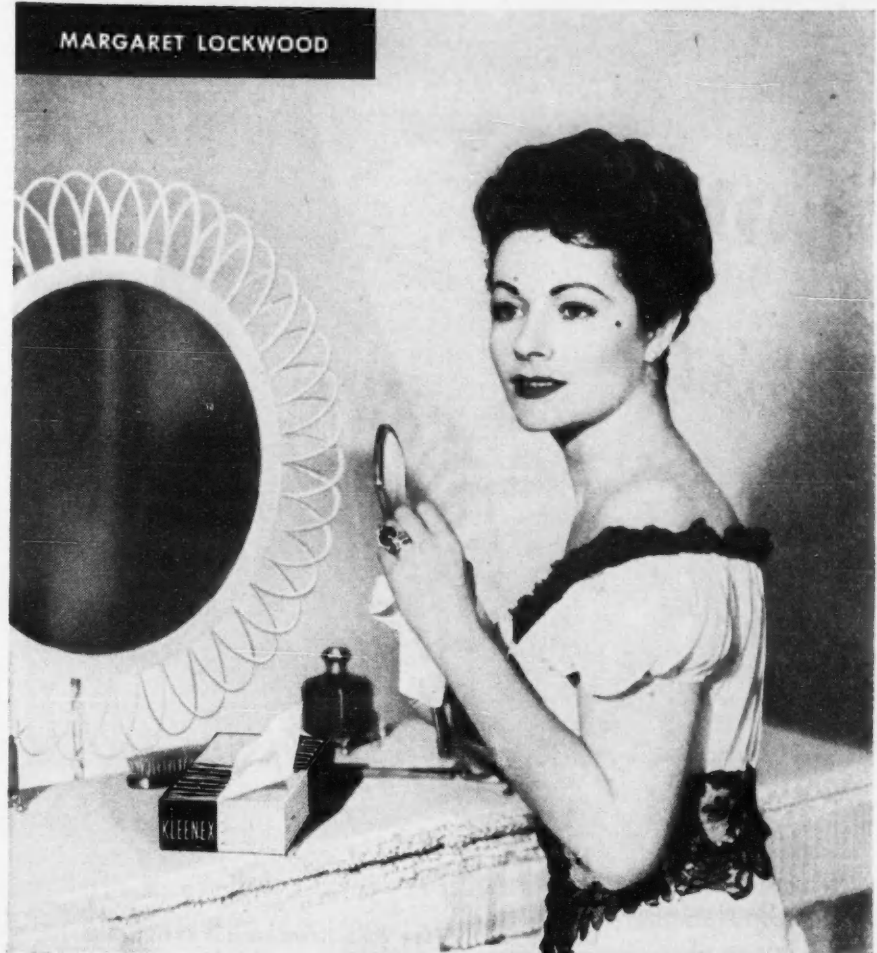
I wish she wouldn't wear her hair in all those curls, thought Jessie, it makes her look corny. It would be pretty just sort of brushed back and swirled. She'd look better. I wish she wouldn't rave over Cary Grant. It makes me cringe. But I suppose she's at that age . . .

It was a long way to Christmas holidays, the big dinner, and the sitting around after, playing records. So boring. But there would be a dance and Ted had asked her, mother would blow her top and let her go, just the same.

Mother was a scream, really, you

♦ Continued on page 115

MARGARET LOCKWOOD



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## Don't Break My Heart

Continued from page 57

unwisely. Sad, sorry-looking little sausages, filled with too much filler, that had waited too long on a steam table.

"Waffles," he muttered, surveying the limp flabby object, lying chill and exhausted on a cold grey plate. Not the sort of a waffle at which butter would melt at sight. At any rate, the infinitesimal little pat of butter that Howard Walms experimentally placed on the limp flabby object did not melt, but sat aloof, unyielding, all too clearly desiring no part of that waffle.

Nor did Howard Walms desire it. He jabbed it once viciously with his fork, and then pushed it and its chilly plate as far from him as the narrow shelf table would permit.

Nor did he make a swine of himself swilling the coffee with which he was, at long leisurely last, provided. It, too, he surmised, had flitted from table to table on its way from the kitchen. Not that it was cold, precisely, but neither was it hot. Nor had it been selected bean by bean; nor had it been roasted a pound at a time, and ground fresh for the pot. It had been made, he surmised, several days previously, from leftover dishwater which somebody had thriftily decided not to waste. And the cream in the thimble-size pitcher was by no means the heaviest cream. The cream, if cream, was of the thinnest. It was also, he discovered when he poured it into his cup, slightly sour, and it curdled.

And at sight of the curdled so-called cream in his so-called coffee, something in young Mr. Walms curdled too. Something that must have been souring for quite a long time. Something that made him eye Marian, when she eventually flitted back to their shelf, with an eye that was not adoring and not dazzled. Something that noticed that her gorgeous tawny-cat eyes were slightly bulbous, and that her mouth, although wide, was not generous.

Something that felt suddenly strangled and shackled. Something that thought, and with horror: "Good lord, am I doomed forever to this?"

Something that replied and right stoutly: "No, by heck, I am not."

Something that was sick of being a footstool. Sick of being a lackey, left to watch coats. Something that was very, very sick of being laced into, and that declined to consider temperament justifiable. Something that might, or might not, have forgotten that a gentleman does not break an engagement to marry, and that it is not honorable for a young man to break a girl's heart.

Something that might have forgotten, but that didn't forget because as it turned out there was no need to forget. Marian's heart was the sort that you couldn't break with a hammer. Marian had not come back to their table to have what was left of brunch with young Mr. Walms. Marian had come merely to retrieve her coat and say good-bye to Howard. Marian had found something better. She'd found footlights.

Carl Sackson's footlights. He was sending her to London with the London company of his latest Broadway smash hit. He'd caught her in one of the out-of-town tryouts, and thought she had promise. In time, when he'd knocked out some of the temperament, she might make an actress, he'd said.

"It's my big chance," Marian said to Howard Walms. A small part, but a big chance, and if Howard Walms had the slightest notion that Marian Blake would give up a chance at footlights just for him . . . Well, there it was. One of those things. "But you'll get over it," she assured him, more kindly than she'd spoken to Howard in many a day. "Oh, yes, you will. So stop sulking, and part friends."

Sulking, she said.

"Sulking?" said Howard Walms, feeling dizzy. He'd have supposed it would be obvious to the blindest observer that he was inwardly turning cartwheels. Over and over; round and round. Dizzily.

**DIZZILY**, he walked out of that dim little theatrical restaurant. Dizzily, he walked out onto clouds. Fleecy, feathery, fat little clouds on which, before an open wood fire, he floated dizzily with . . .

But no. No, it was not Howard Walms who would float dizzily on clouds with Miss Francis. It was Claude who would float with Miss Francis.

Claude. It was inconceivable that he could have forgotten Claude; long, lean, lopsided, graceful Claude.

"Graceful," he thought through his teeth. And whatever it was that had soured in young Mr. Walms at that restaurant began to churn very fast. But not into butter. Nothing that bland.

"Graceful," he thought, when at last he stood beside the skating pond in the park, his eyes narrowed as they flitted from skater to skater, searching for a long, lean, languid lizard, gracefully floating over the ice.

His eyes did not find that, but they did find a small red-wool knitted cap, bobbing about in a sea of skaters in the centre of the pond. It was a cap that Howard Walms knew. He did not have his skates, so he could not skate out in pursuit, but that did not keep him off the ice. With his jaw set and his fist clenched in what might or might not be a surprise for Claude's long, languid, graceful nose, Mr. Walms set off on the ice without skates.

But Claude's nose was safe, as it happened. For it was not Claude who was gracefully skating with Miss Francis. No one, as it happened, was skating with Miss Francis. She was, and not with any particular grace, skating all by herself. Gaily skating, however, when she beheld young Mr. Walms slipping and sliding in her direction. Even slipping and sliding, she thought, young Mr. Walms was not ungraceful. Even slipping and sliding, she thought, he looked rather sweet—and extremely helpless.

She didn't say so, however. She merely cried out, and she wasn't joking: "Don't touch me, Mr. Walms. Don't come too close. I'm just learning, and I'm already black and blue from sitting down hard, unexpectedly." And to make sure that he did not come too close, Miss Francis began to skate somewhat jerky little circles around him—just out of reach. Once started on skates, she explained, she didn't dare stop.

And a fine how-do-you-do that was, Claude, prancing off and leaving Miss Francis—a learner—alone and unprotected on skates.

"A fine thing," said young Mr.



**SNOW-TIME  
SMARTNESS**

by

**Fairway**  
REGD.



FEATURED BY  
LEADING SPORTS  
AND DEPARTMENT  
STORES



Walms. "What the devil does he mean by it? Where is he? I want a word with that—that . . . Where is he?"

Miss Francis, rather desperately skating her little circles nearer to the edge of the pond, said that Claude wasn't there. Nor did she expect him. Claude, she explained, as she skated and young Mr. Walms slipped and slid nearer to shore, had not been gorging waffles and hot country sausages with Miss Francis that Sunday. On that Sunday, it seemed, Claude had brunch with that other girl. At least, Miss Francis understood that he had.

"Other girl?" cried young Mr. Walms. It was inconceivable that he'd forgotten that other girl. That wonderful, wonderful other girl, whose heart he was determined Claude must not break.

"You would never be happy, Miss Francis," he pleaded earnestly for that other girl. "It would weigh on your conscience. You'd think of her grieving . . ."

"Grieving?" said Miss Francis, who did not think that other girl would be grieving, but Miss Francis didn't care if she did. She didn't say that. She went on skating her jerky little circles around young Mr. Walms.

Very gay little jerky circles, for Miss Francis was pretty sure now that she was making headway. When a decidedly conventional young man forgets that he isn't wearing a hat on his closely cropped, crisp dark hair; when he goes rushing out onto ice without any skates, and circles slipping and sliding little circles inside your own skated little circles; and when his face gets red and angry at the mere mention of another man's name . . . Well, it looked to Miss Francis as if she was making very good headway.

That, however, was another thing that Miss Francis did not say. Instead, with her grey eyes very wide and deceptively honest, she said:

"It's not that, Mr. Walms. I don't mind her grieving at all. But I'm not at all sure that I'd care to be married for my cooking. I don't think I'd like that."

Neither did young Mr. Walms. He was warmly indignant at the very notion of Miss Francis being married for her cooking.

"I should think not," he shouted, slipping and sliding his little inner circles nearer and nearer to shore. But with this difference. Miss Francis knew that they were headed for shore. Young Mr. Walms didn't.

"Forget the cooking," he shouted, as they both—abruptly—sat down very hard on the edge of the pond.

"You see," said Miss Francis, "I knew I'd fall if you touched me." But she didn't lace into him about it. She just happily smiled—and mentally took her advice and guidance folder out of the pending-file cabinet, and mentally put it into the one labeled Closed.

But boy! was she glad that she'd made a brown betty that morning. Was she glad that she'd bought a chicken for a chicken potpie. Was she glad that she'd got in plenty of wood for her fireplace—and that she'd dabbled Charmez-moi on her ears. For, although Miss Francis really would not like to be married for her cooking, she was dog-gone-darned glad that she really could. About her cooking, at least, Miss Francis had told the honest-to-goodness truth. ♦

*The romance lasts  
for generations*



**Heirloom  
CEDAR CHESTS**

Let an Heirloom Cedar Chest be your first step toward your new home . . . the center of your dreams and plans for the happy years ahead. Your Heirloom chest will be your most treasured piece of furniture and will give practical protection to precious linens and woollens.

Heirloom furniture is sold from coast to coast in Canada. Look for the Heirloom tag. It identifies fine furniture created by masters of woodcraft. Send for the illustrated catalogue of Heirloom Cedar Chests and Occasional Furniture.



**Heirloom**  
CEDAR CHESTS AND  
OCCASIONAL FURNITURE

Made by

**The CHESLEY**  
CHAIR COMPANY LIMITED

**CHESLEY  
CANADA**

**Solid Rock Maple Furniture by Vilas**



With Vilas Maple gracing your home,  
you are assured of authentic early

American design in beautifully-finished enduring furniture of quality.

BEDROOM • DINING ROOM • LIVING ROOM

Sold by furniture and department stores from coast to coast

Bedroom suite pictured C.200

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COWANSVILLE, QUE.

ESTABLISHED 1870

VF-8-2

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Price 5 Cents—No. 2101

Only six steps to slip covering a chair! Simple ones, too—all you need is patience and precision if you can run a sewing machine. And because slip covers have so many uses—prolonging the life of fabrics or concealing frayed upholstery, disguising unfashionable features, making a new color scheme possible—you'll want to take them seriously.



MAKE YOUR OWN CURTAINS  
Practical suggestions about measurements and making fabric and curtains. 16 pages. 10 cents.

### MAKE YOUR OWN CURTAINS

What will a well-dressed window wear? You'll find the answer at small cost and virtually make a beeline for the sewing machine, so simple is curtain making when you're told how.

Chatelaine Service Bulletin No. 2100

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Order Them by Number



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for which I enclose \$ .....

Name and

Address .....

(PLEASE PRINT OR WRITE PLAINLY)



## Letter types...



## Love Letters

tender

emotional

vibrant

These are the letters that flow with the smoothness of deep waters . . . with words that thrill and linger

Nothing so enhances the acceptance of a love letter as visible proof that care has been used in the choice of paper.

Eaton, Crane & Pike fine stationery expresses the ultimate in taste and loveliness. Their choice is appreciated and remembered.



## CHAMIVOR VELLUM

Eaton, Crane & Pike's Chamivor Vellum portrays your thoughts with exquisite finesse. Ask to see it the next time you are buying stationery.

OUR BOOKLET "IT'S FUN TO WRITE LETTERS" MAKES WRITING EASY. SEND 10c FOR A COPY

**EATON, CRANE & PIKE**  
COMPANY OF CANADA LTD.  
TORONTO

## Man Discovers Woman

Continued from page 31

characters. The more pathetic they are, the more they appeal to you. But such characters must end up by becoming happy. You don't like unhappy endings. This fact, first ascertained by studying your reading habits, has also been applied by the manufacturer. Hence the advertisements showing the little child struggling to study his schoolbook with faulty glasses, or poor lighting. But the wise advertiser doesn't end it there. The wise advertiser depicts the same child happy with glasses (if he happens to be selling glasses), or with adequate lighting (if he happens to be selling lighting). If he does this, you will read, and remember, his advertising.

Then again, you are not so interested in historical background as are men. You—most of you, that is—don't give a free-wheeling hoot whether a company has been in business since 1848, or whether it started in 1948. Your decision is seldom affected by such matters. This is not as true of men.

Perhaps this means you have a more open mind than men. You are less likely to condemn something just because it is new. Look at all the new soaps and detergents on the market. How many new shaving soaps have you seen lately?

Possibly linked with this lack of interest in the historical (except in romantic novels) is your strong preference for the local, as compared with the remote. In some degree, men share this preference with you, but it is not as strikingly sharp with the male sex. This shows up when research tackles the job of finding out what sort of thing people read in the newspapers, and it shows up consistently. For example, do you remember when one of the big question marks during the war was what Turkey would do? One authentic readership study showed that a page one, eight-column line, lead story, with a two-column headline, bannered: "TURKS SIGN PACT WITH NAZIS" received something like 20% readership among women. Down in the bottom left-hand corner of the same page was a small, one-paragraph item; "milk prices up two cents here." That little item was spotted and read by 59% of the women readers of that newspaper.

On this question of what you read, it is becoming an accepted fact among editors that women are pretty sharp shoppers for the kind of news you want to read. Position in the paper has far less effect on your readership than it has with men. And the kind of news you want to read is mainly about people.

One of the many tests used by social psychologists is called the overheard conversation test, which is nothing more nor less than scientifically planned eavesdropping. In one such test, 37% of the conversations carried on by women were about individuals, compared with 16% of men's conversation. In another test the figures were 51% women and 27% men.

As one United States editor, who has probably studied and used readership studies more than most, says, speaking of women readers:

"She reads her newspaper from front to back, primarily for items within a narrow circle of interests. She wants to know who was born, who died, who

married whom. She wants to find out what the local stores are offering, how to improve Junior's manners, how to decorate the table for the luncheon bridge club. National and world affairs leave her cold—with rare exceptions."

Paradoxically, in the face of this demonstrable lack of interest in world affairs, seven in ten Canadian women, in a Gallup Poll, wanted their sex to be given an active part in international conferences to plan the postwar world. Six in ten men wanted the same thing.

Speaking of international affairs, women may take the credit for the fact that as of today, they appear to be one of the staunchest bulwarks against the tide of Communism in Europe. Gallup Polls in France, for example, show that, proportionately, women are much less in favor of extreme left-wing political parties than men. In that country, while other major parties draw about 50% of their support from the ranks of women, the Communists get fewer than a third of their supporters from women. The same is true, the Polls indicate, in Italy, where women voted anticommunist to a much greater extent than men.

But this talk of international affairs is a digression. The big money in research is not being spent to ascertain your attitudes toward world affairs, as much as how you react to your immediate surroundings.

There is nothing sinister in this rapidly growing interest in your characteristics. The goal, the reason this effort is being made, is to produce for you the kind of products you want, to have them ready for you where and when you want them, at prices you consider fair. (Incidentally, statistics show that your idea of a "fair" price will not be in nice round figures, like \$10 or \$50. More likely it would be something like \$9.85 and \$49.95!)

## But Will It Wash Dishes?

The psychologists have found no superiority of one sex over the other in native intelligence. But they have found that to some extent the intelligence of the two sexes tends to specialize in different directions.

Some of these different directions have been mentioned above. There are many others. For example, most researchers would agree that men are quicker to see and grasp differences between objects or ideas than women, but women are apt to be more accurate in their diagnosis of these differences.

Again, women are definitely superior to men in their ability with languages. They are more skilful in the manipulation of words. Accordingly, some writers of advertising copy today take into consideration the fact that the written word is apt to be more influential with women, and that niceties of language are more important in appealing to women than to men.

Another well-known fact among merchandisers is that women cannot be sold mechanical objects by telling them how or why they operate. While men will be keenly interested in hearing the salesman explain how and why an electric dishwasher works, women are apt to indulge in a bit of toe tapping during this period, but perk up when the salesman starts to tell what the machine

◆ Continued on page 109

**Easy Money for YOU**  
**Sell REGAL Cards**

Turn your spare time into ready money. Sell Regal cards year 'round and make up to 46% clear profit. It's so easy to sell these attractive assortments and it's fun too. Regal's line of cards and stationery is complete and includes Regal's Feature Christmas box, 21 cards \$1.00; Canadian Scenes cards, 16 for \$1.00; Regal's Clipper Christmas box, 15 for \$1.00; also Christmas gift enclosure cards, Humorous Christmas cards and "Teen Age" box. Sell Regal's all-occasion cards all year 'round. Write now for details and catalogue. Become a Regal Representative today.

REGAL STATIONERY CO. LTD., Dept. A2,  
103 Simcoe Street, Toronto, Ontario;  
1039 W. Pender St.,  
Vancouver, B. C., Dept. A2,  
54 Argyle St., Halifax, N.S., Dept. A2.

**MAKES MEALS**  
**MORE**  
**DIGESTIBLE**

**HP SAUCE**

**THE THICK FRUITY SEASONER**

## Relief for COUGHS

A half teaspoonful of 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly soothes and subdues those irritating coughs that keep you awake at night.

**FIRST AID** for head colds, sore throat, cuts, burns, bruises, and 101 other home uses. Jars 15¢, 20¢ and 30¢. Tubes 20¢, 25¢ and 30¢.

**Vaseline**  
TRADE MARK  
PETROLEUM JELLY

**NON-SLIP**

**CAT'S PAW**

**The finest RUBBER HEELS & SOLES**



# Are You in Your Child's Way at School?

(Chatelaine presents the following feature in co-operation with the Canadian Teachers' Federation, which is sponsoring Canadian Education Week November 14 to 20 around the theme, "The School Builds the Nation.")

**N**OBODY has to tell the average Canadian parent that his child's education in a democratic country is a three-way job; and Johnny and his teacher are going to have a very hard time making the grade without the intelligent co-operation and understanding of mother and dad. And because most parents are willing—and eager—to find out the best ways of helping their children at school, a number of well-known educationists have assisted Chatelaine in preparing the following important list of do's and don'ts for the home-front partners in a child's school life.

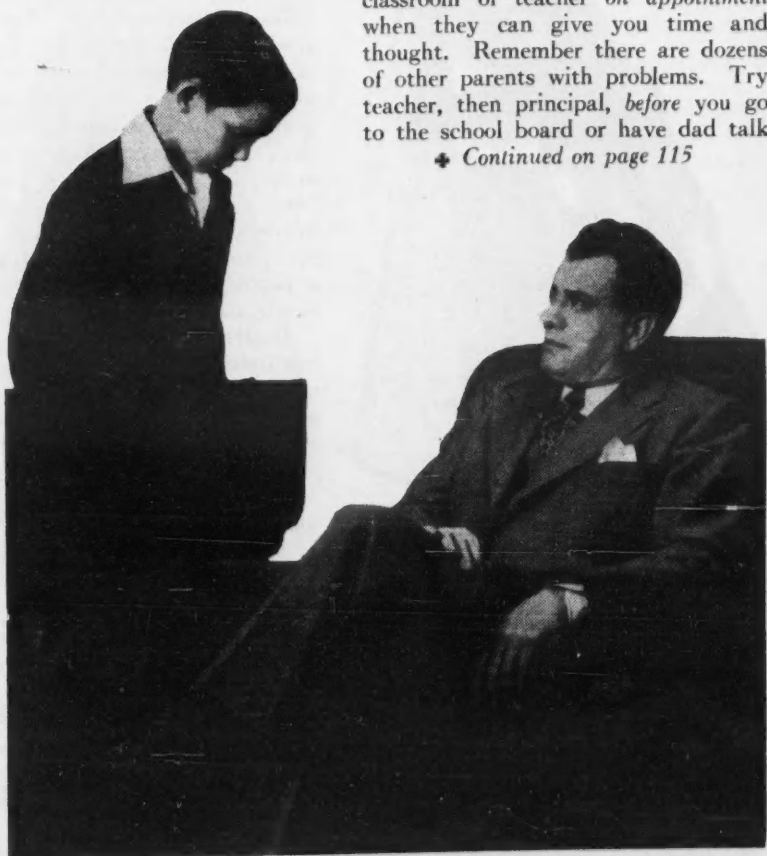
**Do take a healthy interest** in the day's proceedings at school. Junior needs his chance to tell about the big events of his experience as well as dad

and older sister. Try to see things at his level (not yours), more especially where his self-expression, as in games, art, modeling and so on, is involved. But don't pry into everything he does. You can be too school-conscious, just as dad and mother can bring too many petty worries of *their* day to the family circle.

**Don't compare** your child's progress with that of older brother or the neighbor's children. Remember there are different rates of progress, ability, temperament, health and so on. And don't forget there are other children in the school—be interested in their work and activities as well as those of your own.

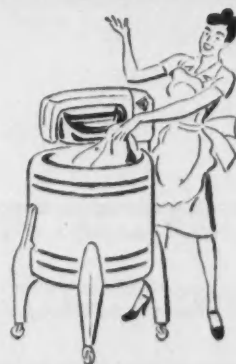
**Don't condemn** teacher, principal or schoolmate on one side of the story. If it's trivial let Junior iron it out himself. However, he must feel the loyalty of his parents over important matters, and where you consider it advisable, talk to the teacher or principal. (And don't go to the school without Johnny knowing it; he is disturbed by mysterious behavior and tactics on your part.) Go to the office of principal or classroom of teacher *on appointment* when they can give you time and thought. Remember there are dozens of other parents with problems. Try teacher, then principal, *before* you go to the school board or have dad talk

♦ Continued on page 115



## It's the New... **Coffield** for me!

I never dreamed that washing could be done with so little fuss and bother — until I got my New Coffield. New efficiency, modern design... a new Coffield wringer with exclusive features — safety switch control at fingertip plus the Coffield exclusive double-water action that gets clothes really clean... Now my whole week's laundry is done in less than two hours! Yes, it's the New Coffield for me.



### FOR CAREFREE, EFFORTLESS WASHDAYS —

buy a Coffield — and you're all set — because Coffield washing machines are built by specialists... designed by engineers who know a woman's laundry problems. The new Coffield has everything you ever wanted in a washing machine — see it today!

# Coffield

WASHING MACHINES  
AT YOUR DEALERS

THE COFFIELD WASHER COMPANY LIMITED  
HAMILTON, CANADA





**CONGA RED**  
LIPSTICK  
*Exciting as jungle music*

CONGA RED—  
to make his  
heart throb  
like a tom-tom!

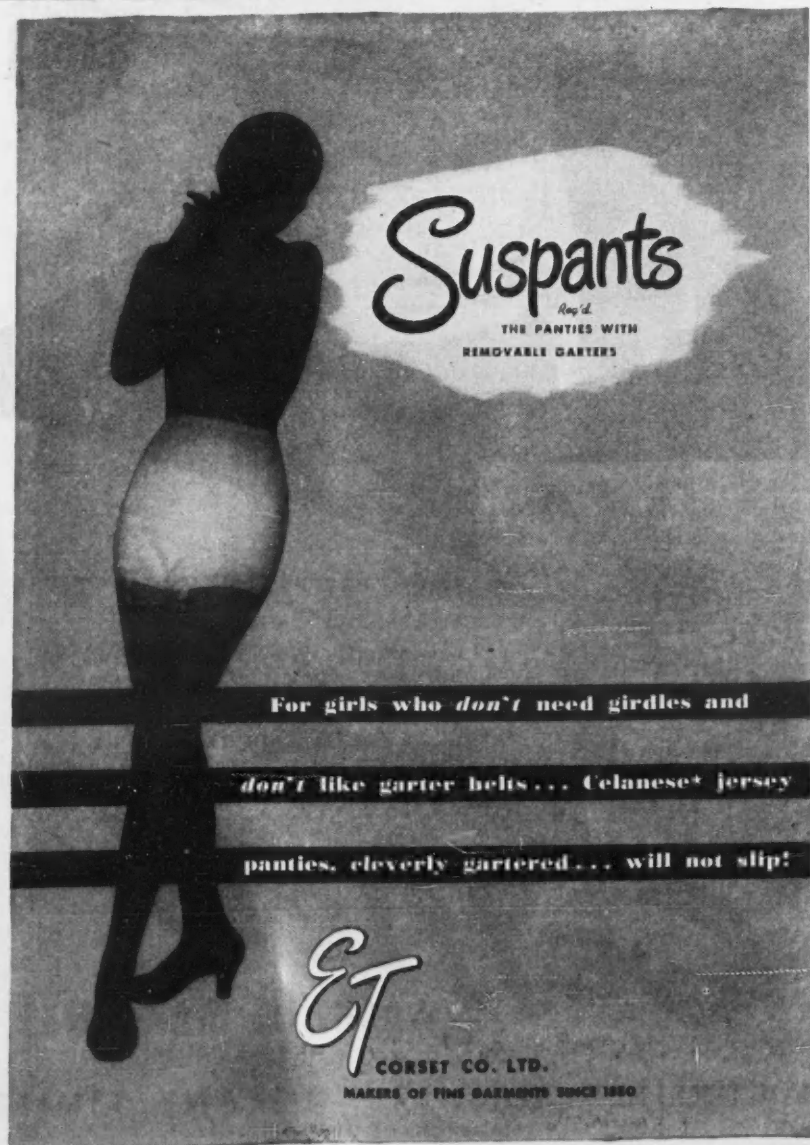
CONGA RED—  
As compelling,  
exciting as  
voodoo magic.  
Who can resist your  
luscious lips aflame  
with this sensationally  
new shade?

Matching  
**CONGA RED ROUGE**  
An exotic, enticing  
ruby-red shade.

**FACE POWDER** in shades  
to high-light your  
Conga Red make-up.

Pink Mist • Peach Rachel • Copper  
Tan • Stardust • Rose Rachel  
Brunette • Naturelle

## Cashmere Bouquet Lipstick



**Suspants**  
THE PANTIES WITH  
REMOVABLE GARTERS

For girls who *don't* need girdles and  
*don't* like garter belts... Celanese<sup>®</sup> jersey  
panties, cleverly gartered... will not slip!

**ET**  
CORSET CO. LTD.  
MAKERS OF FINE GARMENTS SINCE 1860

## The Shape of a Skirt

by Evelyn Kelly



THERE'S AN amazing lineup of adjectives and phrases referring to the shape of skirts. You hear terms like *fluid . . . movement of line . . . easy . . . controlled fullness . . . profile . . . rudder . . . tailspin . . . Watteau . . . flareback*.

Don't let them confuse you. They all simmer down to *three* general silhouettes.

**Slim:** The skirt which has become most popular in daytime styles (older women and mature figure types do not find the extremely full skirt successful) and in afternoon or evening frocks whose materials require sheathlike lines to show them off, the slim skirt rates high.

Dozens of devices are slipped in to give the slim skirt a graceful air, walking or sitting. It may have one or multiple pleats that start low down toward the hem. Or tucking, either straight, vertical, or zigzag. The slim skirt may fit in very svelte lines down to a knee-deep bias flounce or it may be broken (usually in front only) by tiers of lace or fabric (or loops of fabric). Almost invariably a peplum-flared jacket pairs with the slender skirt.

**Moderately full:** The skirt with a controlled or almost imperceptible fullness or hemline flare . . . kind to almost any figure type. It is described as more a movement of fabric than a fullness, achieved by (1) bias cutting; (2) all-round gores (of which princess style is an example); (3) by controlled fullness at the back.

Paris has an important new version of a bias-cut, moderately full skirt. It falls in a very slight flare, is stiffened at the hemline to stand out in a bell shape. Molyneux names this the *cone line* . . . seen here and there throughout the Paris collections. Watch for it.

Another Parisian favorite is the Empire influence, a very figger-fitting silhouette, shaped in closely by multiple gores or darts. Lovely to look at on

Top to bottom (reading anticlockwise): First, a very fine tissue faille on slim plain lines, has drapery commencing at side, spreading into back fullness. Second, a broadcloth jacket, richly furred, is worn with very slender skirt that has two tiny unpressed waistline pleats, front and back. Third, heavy green slipper satin, its full-circled skirt rippling back into tailspin fullness.



They're willow-slim or moderately full. Profiled at the back. Or billowing, full-circled. Your right choice in the shape of a skirt is your wardrobe's success story

Top to bottom (reading clockwise): First, the moderately full skirt in woolen coat-dress, just sufficient flare for walking ease. Second, a slim skirt in rayon crepe is triple-tiered (front only) in double folds of the fabric. Third, profile interest is carried out in both jacket and skirt of a svelte wool crepe tailleur.



Illustrated by Margaret Roach

the right person. Difficult for many.

One of the season's best bets for figure-prettifying is the *profile* line: term which is popularly applied to back fullness in a skirt. It may be a bustle (big, crushed bows of dress fabric) wherever there is fullness which is controlled at the back. Slender apron fronts (often simulated by quiet beading, braid or fabric loops) ripple back to grouped pleating, radiating godets, folds of drapery. Or the skirt's front may be plain to accent the back profile.

And when you hear words like *tailspin fullness . . . rudder . . . backswept . . . flareback . . .* you'll recognize them as meaning some one version of a moderately (or controlled) full skirt.

**The very full skirt:** Shown mostly in evening wear in the highest price brackets (except in very young casuals). Often a fabric is cut in a full-circled bias skirt to sweep the floor in a fabulous yardage.

In any version of these three general silhouettes the trend is toward keeping hips calculatingly slim with whatever fullness there is moving either to the back or falling down to the hemline. In all of them there is this common denominator: however a skirt is shaped, it must be comfortable and graceful. Never so tight as to give a poured-into-it impression, or so long and full for daytime as to look sloppy and overdone.

Although shorter lengths are rumored in Paris, the average daytime length shown there recently is around 12 inches. In England, while midcalf is preferred, the haute couture show longer skirts. Undoubtedly British exports will go out with generous hems. For it's right here on this continent, where big business booms, that skirts are their longest. In Canada and U. S. accepted daytime length is between 11 and 12 inches, about eight for afternoon-on-to-evening. ♦

## Superlative shoes



Phantom Platform

# Golden Pheasant



Mystic Pump

Manufactured by GEORGE G. HODGES LIMITED

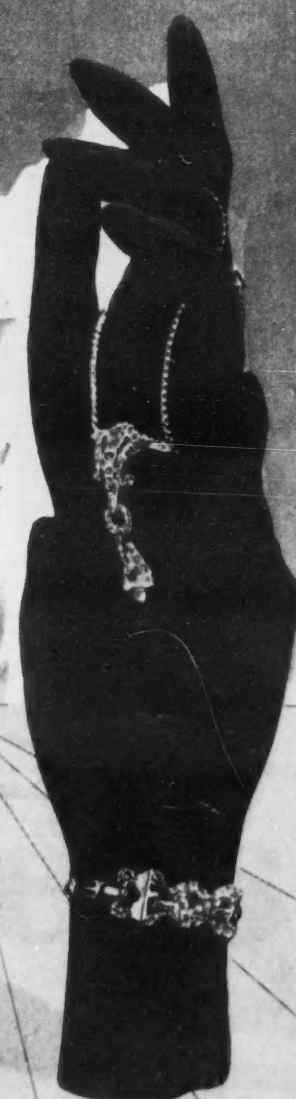
## the diamond look

by Coro

For afternoon or evening —  
a fabulous rhinestone bracelet  
with expansion strap. Matching  
necklace and earrings. At  
leading jewellers.



CORO (CANADA) LIMITED  
69 YORK STREET, TORONTO





# Winter Inspiration

Jack Frost is on his way with snow and ice to delight the sports-lovin' gal! Now is the time to snip and sew and away you go . . . in a fetching skating costume or artfully tailored slacks and ski clothes . . .



No. 4279. The tailored blouse, styled with short, cuffed sleeves, is finished with a natty pointed collar. The slacks have handy, roomy pockets at the sides. Waistline is pleated and finished with a belt. Graceful skating dress is No. 2170 with its full stand-out skirt, princess style, fashioned with slide fastener at front, Peter Pan collar and long sleeves. The underpants are faced and have a slide closing. The skirt is seamed down the centre front. Contrasting fabric facing is featured on the ensemble and hood.

For a ballerina on skates is this basque jacket No. 2604 styled with a rounded collar and long sleeves (may be secured with a button or slide fastener closing). Skirt is seamed down the centre front and back and may be joined to a waistband. The pants and skirt are lined. Skating costumes are lovely in corduroy, velveteen or wool.

Slacks, No. 1971, fitted with back waistline darts, feature front pockets and a side opening. Belt carriers join to the upper edge and a purchased belt is used. The blouse is styled with bound pockets and a convertible collar,

College gal favorite is the wear-ever front buttoning blazer jacket No. 1550. Styled with a cardigan neckline, finished with a two-piece sleeve. Two patch pockets (to show off your favorite crest) trim the jacket front and lining is optional. Braid or narrow piping may be used to bind the edges.

For pattern descriptions and details for ordering, See page 141



*It's fashionable  
to be warm!*

Lou Ritchie's  
smart Station  
Wagon coat  
makes it a  
pleasure to  
keep cosy . .  
on your way  
to the office  
or the snow-  
hills.

With  
"Masterpak"  
wool interlin-  
ing about  
\$42.50  
With  
Sheepskin  
interlining  
about \$49.



AT BETTER STORES



A slip that really  
fits because of  
these patented  
features—

- Straight-cut  
front that  
won't ride  
or twist.
- Bias-cut  
back that  
fits without  
bunching.
- No side  
seams for  
sleek fit over  
the hips.
- Underarm bias  
inserts for a  
moulded  
bustline.

**CLASSIC**

SILK UNDERWEAR INC.

3575 ST. LAWRENCE BLVD., MONTREAL, CANADA

\*The design of this slip is protected by Can. Pat. No. 419658

Continued from page 104

will do. Women want to know only  
that the dishwasher *will* operate, and  
that it *will* wash dishes.

### Is He a Good Provider?

In Canada recently the Gallup Poll asked both men and women what they felt was the most important quality in a good wife or husband. The poll had more than a surface appeal, because some marital experts have been maintaining that the growing divorce rate in occidental countries is due to the fact that we put too much emphasis on romantic marriages. Books, movies and parental talks about "Mr. Right" have all served to stress this feature as the sine qua non of a happy marriage. Maybe this is wrong, say some observers, and the results of the poll, sadly enough, seem to bear them out. The results show that among younger, unmarried women, most important quality in a husband evolves from some romantic feature, such as faithfulness; a romantic nature; a patient, kind pleasant personality. But married women pick as top quality the materialistic approach. The most important quality in a good husband is, they say, that he be a good provider. The same phenomenon appears with men.

If married people are right, there may be more in the old Continental idea of arranged marriages than we have believed.

Sometimes, of course, even if you find out the facts about how women think about a thing, it is dangerous to assume that women will act accordingly. For example, the researchers found out in the middle of 1947, when "the new look" in women's clothing first became widely publicized, that women were opposed to it. A manufacturer of women's clothing might have looked at these results, and decided that the wasp waist and the long skirt would not sell. But he would, as you all know now, have been wrong. Women, though opposed to it a year before it came in, have taken avidly to "the new look."

### You Won't Stand Still

Perhaps the fact that women are, commercially speaking, in the spotlight today more than ever before, requires that the final word here be one of comfort.

The phenomenal efforts of man to discover woman are not going to rob your sex of the traditional mystery which is (in the eyes of most men) woman's birthright. Because one of the things Research has already found out about you is that, doggone you, you won't stand still. You are, in the eyes of most experienced researchers, a procession, not a laboratory specimen on a glass slide.

So that what market research is really doing is not so much observing you under a microscope, as attempting to keep you, a moving target, in a telescopic field of vision, like the man behind an anti-aircraft gun.

That is what is happening when interviewers come to your door, with pencil, clipboard and a group of questions.

In co-operating with them you are really acting in your own interests. You are casting a vote to indicate what sort of a world you want around you. ♦

YOU'LL LOOK SO

*Smart*

YOU'LL FEEL SO

*Warm*

• IN THESE NEW WATERPROOF GAYTEES •



*Eskimo*

Smooth finish, all-rubber with  
luxurious sheepskin lining. Pop-  
ular pull-on style. Black, brown  
or red.



*Cosy*

Smart, brown, all-rubber,  
spectator boot. Rich sheepskin  
lining; fur trimmed. Front slide  
fastener, flat outsole — slips  
easily over any style of shoe.

Snow or blow . . . you're snug, warm,

smart and dry in these dashing new

waterproof Gaytees!

They're just what you've been waiting for.

**Gaytees**

DOMINION RUBBER



COMPANY LIMITED



# Let's Make Them

Clothes for the men in your life. Easy-to-make patterns that men and boys love because they are so wearable, so good-looking and most of all because you made them



*Simplicity*  
2651

*Simplicity*  
2251

**No. 2651.** Boy's knockabout jacket styled with a collar, secured with a separable slide fastener front closing. Tabs may be used to fasten the neck edge, sides and lower edges of the sleeves. Lining is optional.

Natty casual jacket is **No. 2251** (a distinguished partner to grey flannels) with cardigan neckline and vent at centre back seam. The long sleeve is cut in two sections and patch pockets finish the jacket. Lining has inside pocket.

The robe **No. 4348** is fashioned with a handsome shawl collar and welt pockets. A tie belt encircles the waist and round braid or cording may be used for trimming.

Comfortable pyjamas, **No. 4933**, (just like Dad's) have a coat-styled jacket with buttons down the front and are finished with a patch pocket. Trousers are styled with a drawstring waist.

The trousers of **No. 1635** are cut in two pieces and finished with a drawstring at the upper edge. The front-



*Simplicity*  
1635

*Simplicity*  
2172

*Simplicity*  
4933

*Simplicity*  
4348

buttoning pyjama coat has a notched collar and a patch pocket. The long sleeves are finished with applied cuffs and two large patch pockets at the lower edge of the pyjama coat.

A real treat on Christmas morning is this robe **No. 2172** styled with a shawl-type collar, and has three large patch pockets trimmed with applied bands. The cuffed sleeves are cut in two sections and a tie belt finishes the robe.

Pattern descriptions and details for ordering on opposite page



## Are you in the know?



Which would you use?

- ☐ The guest towels
- ☐ The Turkish towels
- ☐ The end of your slip

Freshening up at a friend's house? Let's pray those dripping little paws reach for the guest towels—not the family's. Even if they look unapproachably lovely, use them. And too, especially on "certain days", be sure you use Quest deodorant powder. For Quest was created by Kotex for use on sanitary napkins. It's soft, soothing . . . absorbs moisture, helps prevent chafing. And, most important, Quest destroys odours completely.



After making an introduction, then what?

- ☐ Follow through
- ☐ Let them take it from there
- ☐ Start talking for talk's sake

Spare your friends the pause that distresses—after they've said "How do you do?" Follow through! Drop a word about Jim's pet hobby or Jane's mad passion for the Samba. It gives them the pitch for conversation; puts them at ease. And, to put yourself at ease on "trying days" use the Kotex Wonderform Belt. It's dainty, light, self-balancing. The pinless all-elastic belt that lets you bend every-which-way without a sign of harness-like restraint. Special patented clasps hold your Kotex securely in place.



## Liquor and the Home

Continued from page 35

Incidentally there is quite a widespread conviction that at such parties, husbands serve stronger drinks to the men than to the ladies. Forty out of every hundred Councilors believe this to be so.

One of the most significant questions we asked was this:

"Do you feel that your ideas have changed very much from those of your mother, regarding the use of alcoholic drinks in the home?"

Practically every Councilor answered this question, indicating the deep interest she had in it.

Returns showed that the great majority of women's ideas have not changed from those of their mothers. But that while this is true of the average woman across Canada, big differences in viewpoint are shown in the various income levels.

Money is the deciding factor again. "Across the board" in Canada, 63 out of every hundred women told us their ideas were the same as their mothers'. But in the biggest income group, this proportion dropped down to only 45 women. And in the lowest income group it rose to 74.

Whether our Councilors live in rural or urban centres made very little difference. In the age groups, it was interesting to see that the greatest number who felt their ideas had not changed from their mothers'—were those under 24; and those over 45. In both these groups about 70 out of every hundred said "no" to the question.

In telling Chatelaine about their opinions, practices, and experience in regard to alcoholic beverages, Consumer Councilors, as a whole, spent many hours, and wrote enough to fill a book. Their wholehearted interest in the subject has been crystallized into a statistical report which Chatelaine believes is the first of its kind to be presented in Canada. It will prove valuable as source material for those who are seeking information on actual conditions in Canadian homes. +

### Pattern Descriptions

4279—Misses' slacks and blouse, in sizes 12-20. Size 16, slacks: 2½ of 35"; 2 of 39" or 2¼ of 54" plaid material. Blouse: 2 of 35"; 1¾ of 39". Price 20c.

2170—Misses' skating ensemble including pants and hood in sizes 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18. Size 15, skating dress: 4½ of 35" material with nap; 2½ of 54". Separate hood: ½ of 35" or 54". Hood lining: ½ of 35" or 54". Contrasting pants, lower front and back facings: 1½ of 35". Price 25c.

2604—Junior misses' and misses' three-piece skating ensemble in sizes 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18. Size 15, jacket and skirt: 3¾ of 35" material with nap; 2½ of 54". Contrasting skirt lining and pants: 2½ of 35" or 39". Pants lining: ¾ of 39"; ½ of 54". Price 25c.

1971—Misses' slacks and blouse, in sizes 12-20. Size 16: 4½ of 35"; 4½ of 39". Price 25c.

1550—Misses' jacket in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16: 2½ of 35"; 2¼ of 39" or 1½ of 54" material with or without nap. Price 25c.

2651—Boys' sport jacket in sizes 4-12. Size 8: 1½ of 35" or 1¼ of 54" plaid, plain or nap material. Jacket lining (optional): 1¼ of 35" or 1¼ of 39". Price 25c.

2251—Men's jacket in sizes 34-44. Size 38: 3¾ of 35" or 2½ of 54" material with or without nap; 2½ of 39". Price 25c.

4348—Boy's robe in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16. Size 10: 3¾ of 35"; 3 of 39". Price 20c.

4933—Boys' pyjamas in sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14. Size 8: 3¾ of 32"; 3¼ of 35"; 3 of 39" or 2½ of 41" lengthwise striped or plain material. Price 15c.

1635—Men's pyjamas in sizes small (34-36), medium (38-40), large (42-44), extra large (46-48). Medium: 5½ of 35". Price 25c.

2172—Men's robe in sizes small (34-36), medium (38-40), large (42-44). Medium: 5½ of 35"; 4½ of 39" or 3½ of 54" lengthwise striped material. Price 25c.

Simplicity Patterns may be obtained from your local dealer, or by mail through the Pattern Department of Chatelaine Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto.

## Are you in the know?



When giving a party, which is important?

- ☐ Fancy refreshments
- ☐ Banishing the family
- ☐ Keeping your guests busy

Good hostessing doesn't take caterer's chow . . . or shooing Mom to the movies. Plan the doings. Have records handy. Provide the "props" for games. At Christmas, let your guests trim the tree: anything to keep them busy. And should your calendar suddenly betray you, don't be a blugnu! Turn

to Kotex, for comfort. For softness that holds its shape. In short, be carefree with the new Kotex—made to stay soft while you wear it. Not forgetting the bend-as-you-please freedom that's yours with the new Kotex Sanitary Belt. Adjustable; all-elastic . . . fits so snugly . . . smoothly!



For the pale hands he loves, try—

- ☐ Bleaching lotion
- ☐ Moon magic
- ☐ Dusky lacquer

You're the romantic type, now! With a fragile, "ladylike" look, even to your pastel fingernails. That calls for careful manicures—moons and tips showing. Here's how: Outline moon with enamel; paint rest of nail completely. Then, while enamel's wet, "thumb off" a rounded nail tip. Depth of moon should suit your individual nail. Just as—on "those" days—your individual needs should guide your choice of napkins. Try the 3 Kotex absorbencies. One is bound to have you saying, "That's for me!"



What's the jinx in this jalopy?

- ☐ The cuddle couple
- ☐ The boogie blast
- ☐ Four's a crowd

Joy ride? Uh-uh. For here, say safety experts, are the makings of a crash landing! (See all three answers above.) First, the car's crowded: bad for careful driving. The raucous music adds more distraction. Anyway, how can a highway romeo keep his mind on the road? Sharp gals avoid such hazards; take no risks. Even of problem-day accidents. That's why they choose Kotex . . . because the exclusive safety center of Kotex means extra protection. (And those special, flat pressed ends prevent revealing outlines!)

More women choose  
KOTEX\* than all other  
sanitary napkins

KOTEX IN 3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER



## HURRAY! IT'S MY OLD FAVORITE!



Johnson's  
**BABY  
POWDER**



No wonder babies get excited when mother brings out gentle, soothing Johnson's Baby Powder!

For this nursery favorite — preferred by 8 out of 10 mothers — feels cool and soft as daisy petals to tender baby skin. Soothes painful chafes and prickles — helps keep them away!

## LOOK WHAT MOM DISCOVERED NOW!



Johnson's  
**BABY  
LOTION**



Today, your baby can also enjoy a new nursery wonder — Johnson's Baby Lotion!

Use this smooth, snow-white, pleasant Lotion exactly like baby oil — after baby's bath, at diaper changes. Hospital-proved to give never-before protection against heat rash and other minor skin irritations.

And oh, mother! What a delight to use! Johnson's Baby Lotion feels lovely as white velvet. Soft. Fragrant. Never sticky. Add Lotion to baby's nursery tray today!

**Johnson & Johnson**  
LIMITED MONTREAL

USE

**LAVORIS**

As A Precaution

When colds threaten, use the best mouthwash daily

## Magic in Make-Up

Continued from page 64

Pat and press the filled pad into the palm of your left hand to spread out the powder evenly, and to avoid excess. Begin at the base of the throat and work upward, pressing the powder in. Be careful not to rub the skin, or you may end up with a stucco finish!

In choosing your shade, let your skin tone be your guide. Fair skin suits a delicate, light powder; ruddy or warm-toned skin calls for powder with less pink; a sallow or cool skin needs powder of rosy hue, while olive-skinned beauties look best with a warm, darkish tone. Choose colors warmer or slightly darker than your face . . . never a lighter shade.

Is yours a heavy chin? Try a darker powder on the lower half of your face. Or is it too pointed? Use a lighter shade on each side of your chin, with a touch of darker powder on the chin itself. Is your face too round? Give it the appearance of a perfect oval by using darker powder on the outside of each cheek, near the ears. Or is it the square type? Place your darker powder diagonally from cheekbone to the point of your chin. And in every case . . . blend with critical care!

Pastel shades of eye shadow are supplanting the brown tones. It's a softer look, in line with this season's feminine mood. Darker colors tended to make the eyes look tired and heavy . . . now clear blues and greens give the skin a fresh glow, add new lights to your eyes!

Again, to obtain a more subtle eye make-up, blend a little eye shadow in the palm of your hand. Start close to the lashes, in the middle of the upper lid—never near the nose. Draw it along the edge of the lashes, then up toward the brow and out toward the outside corner of the eyelid. Keep it delicate!

If you've privately decided your eyes are set too close together, try blending the eyeshadow up and out from the outside corner.

Apply mascara with a near-dry brush. Start at the outside corner of the upper lid, and work toward the centre. Mascara on the lower lashes tends to make you resemble the lady known as Lou, so leave well enough alone! Brush up the lashes after applying mascara, to separate the hairs and make a soft fringe.

Eye-brow pencil is best left to the glamour girls. On most women it looks too artificial. Instead, use your mascara and brush once-over lightly on brows as well as lashes, brushing the brow first up, then out. Pull any straying hairs from below, but don't pluck the arch into a thin line, à la silent movie queens. Neat but natural gets the nod today.

Ladylike, that's what they are. Deep-red talons are out; fingernails are shorter, softly rounded, with half-moons and white tips peeking through again! Polishes, too, are lighter. Color-key yours to your lipstick, rouge and costume. And with biting winds blowing round the old manse these evenings, keep hand lotion in steady use to prevent chapping. ♦

## "Junie won't confide in me"



JANET POWER

Practical psychologist and mother of three of the kind children you'd like to know.

"MY 7-year-old daughter won't confide in me. Distrust is not the cause, for I trust June now, and always will. She's a wonderful little girl, but she keeps her hopes and plans a secret from me! I'm hurt and worried. If June

ever needs advice or help, I keep wondering if she will turn to me?"

Yes, Mother, Junie will ask your help—but not until she really needs it! You've raised a daughter who is poised and self-reliant, one who makes her own decisions in a grown-up way, so trust her *always!*

I understand why you worry. But don't feel hurt. Remember, Junie is 7! At that age, children are *known* to be secretive—dramatically so! You see, everything is exciting and romantic to Junie right now, and her plans are apt to be adventurous and even fantastic. But, if she ever mentions those plans to you—*watch your reaction!* Listen intently—and solemnly! An involuntary smile could crush her feelings. A child's hopes are intense. They desire their goals fiercely, so show Junie you understand the importance of her plans to her.

Let Junie know that grown-ups dream, too! Share your own hopes with her—not adult wishes for a better house some day, or a raise in pay for Father—instead, describe to Junie exotic places you want to visit, and unusual things you want to do.

Junie lives a great deal in the world of imagination. It's *normal*, so don't cross-examine her, and never seek to know everything she thinks. Just wait. Influence your daughter through your trust and love. The important thing is that you are helping Junie grow up UNTRoubLED and SECURE!

### No Interest in Breakfast?

Often when children won't eat a good breakfast, it's because the cereal doesn't tempt them. So give them a ready-to-eat cereal that is FUN to eat, and really holds their interest! Serve Kellogg's Rice Krispies. The gay 'Snap-Crackle-Pop' Rice Krispies make in milk or cream is merry and entertaining. Delighted youngsters will eat crisp, good-tasting Rice Krispies *happily* — and ask for more! Rice Krispies is a registered trade mark of the Kellogg Company of Canada Limited for its delicious brand of oven-popped rice.

Janet Power

### THE MOTHER'S FORUM

Kellogg's want to share with others the solutions you mothers have found for your own children's problems. Have you an interesting story? If so—write to Mothers' Forum, Box CH-40, London, Ontario. Kellogg's will pay \$5.00 for each letter used in this column.

"My baby wants to be outdoors all the time"

writes Mrs. J. W. Magee

"My baby becomes very cranky when he doesn't get outside. So I dress him in his 'outdoors' clothes and set his carriage beside the biggest window in the house. Then, I open it wide! This seems to cure him. He falls asleep quickly, thinking he is actually outdoors. I find this helps me greatly, whenever I'm too busy to take him out."



## Child Health Clinic



# Anaemia

by Elizabeth Chant Robertson M. D.

**J**UST to look at it, you would think that blood was something like thick red ink. Actually, though, it is a clear straw-colored fluid in which are floating millions upon millions of tiny red discs, called red blood cells or corpuscles. They are red, because they contain a red substance called haemoglobin. Each unit or molecule of haemoglobin always has a constant percentage of iron in it.

Haemoglobin is a remarkable substance because it can take up oxygen where it is plentiful and give it up again where it is scarce. When the blood circulates through the lungs, the oxygen from the air in the lungs can pass through two very thin membranes and into the red blood cells. From the lungs, the blood goes back to the heart, which pumps it out all over the body. As you know there are millions of tiny blood vessels all through the organs and the body as a whole. The oxygen gets through the very thin walls of these vessels to the tiny cells or units in the organs. The cells use it to burn up the simple foodstuffs that the blood has also brought to them. In this way the cells obtain the energy to do their work.

Normally a person has about 300 million red blood cells in each drop of blood. It is a curious fact that each

red blood cell lives only a few weeks. But the body is so well regulated that a normal adult produces new red blood cells just as fast as they wear out and so the number remains constant. As each normal red cell has a definite amount of haemoglobin in it, so each drop of blood contains a definite but much larger amount also. Physicians know, of course, how much haemoglobin there should be and they can measure it quite accurately. Only a drop of blood is needed for such a test. If there is less haemoglobin than there should be, that person is anaemic. When the haemoglobin is low, the supply of oxygen to all the body cells is naturally low and this means that the body is working under a handicap. It isn't surprising therefore that an anaemic person is pale, suffers from fatigue and is more likely to catch infections such as colds or sore throats than a normal individual. You often can't tell by merely looking at a person that he is suffering from anaemia. Red-haired people, for example, very often have pale skins even when they have plenty of haemoglobin. Other individuals have rather thick skins and as a result they do not have much color in their cheeks although they are not anaemic. The color of the inside of the lips and inside the lower eyelids gives a



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Now! The BABY GARMENT you've wanted



# They Snap on Babyalls

## ELIMINATE BUTTON FUMBLING

Sturdy dome fasteners on inside and outside leg seams ensure quick action, when diapers need changing. Just a few simple motions and baby's all dry and snug again!

**LOOK AT THESE FEATURES**

<b>QUICK CHANGE</b>	<b>BUTTONLESS</b>
<b>BUY BY WEIGHT</b>	<b>PRE-SHRUNK</b>
<b>VAT-DYED</b>	

Babyalls come in "12 TEST" Sanforized-shrunk, vat-dyed fabrics . . . hard-wearing corduroys, drills and gabardines. And the fabrics all receive the Lux Washability Test.

Now, at last, a charming, practical garment for baby . . . combining all the special features you've been looking for. Babyalls are the newest nursery sensation . . . designed, without buttons, for fast changing . . . sized by age, not weight, for correct fitting! And best of all, Babyalls come out of the tub just like new . . . no fading, no shrinking. The correct size . . . 16 to 26 pounds inclusive . . . is clearly marked on each package.

# Babyalls

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WINNIPEG, CANADA

little better indication of the haemoglobin level as the overlying layer is so thin in these areas, but even this crude test is most unreliable. If anaemia is suspected the amount of haemoglobin in the blood should be measured.

Immediately after birth, normal babies have an unusually large number of red blood cells and a very high level of haemoglobin in their blood. This is because the supply of oxygen before birth is not as generous as it is after the baby begins to breathe and the extra large number of red cells helps the unborn baby to collect all the oxygen possible. After birth this excessive number of red cells is no longer needed and a great many of them are therefore destroyed. This rapid destruction of red cells often causes a mild temporary jaundice. You've probably noticed that many babies in their first week of life have a slightly yellowish tinge to their skins. Their faces often look like rosy peaches, even including the down. This yellow shade is due to the slight jaundice and it is not abnormal. If the jaundice becomes more marked or persists it is due to other causes and these babies certainly need medical care.

When the red blood cells wear out after a few weeks of being pushed around in the blood vessels they are removed, mostly by the spleen. The body saves most of the iron that comes from these old red cells, but some of it is lost, and to make up for this loss enough iron must be eaten in the food. Unless this is done, anaemia will result.

When boys and girls are growing very rapidly, which usually happens in their teens, they have to produce more and more red cells to meet the increasing needs of their bodies. Therefore they need generous amounts of iron-containing foods. In addition the onset of the menstrual periods in the girls probably increases this need still further. The foods that are richest in iron are as follows:

1. Liver, other meats and eggs.
2. Whole-grain products, such as rolled oats, whole-wheat or dark rye bread and whole-wheat cereals.
3. Vegetables and fruits, especially the greens and legumes (beans and peas).

You would be wise to serve plenty of these foods in your youngsters' meals, especially during the time when they are growing quickly.

The expectant mother also requires extra generous amounts of iron, because during this period she not only has to meet her own needs but she also has to supply it to her baby. In fact the baby will rob her if there isn't enough for both of them. The baby needs iron for forming his red cells and in addition he lays down a store to draw on after he is born. Therefore expectant mothers should eat good quantities of the foods that are richest in iron. Physicians are on the watch for anaemia in expectant mothers and if it appears they prescribe

iron-containing medicine. If the mother does develop anaemia, her baby will be born with less than his normal store of iron and then he too will be liable to become anaemic during his infancy. Mothers need still larger amounts of iron when they are nursing their babies.

Why should a baby have a good store of iron on hand when he is born? It is because milk, which is his main food for the first few months, is low in iron. Of course milk is an extremely valuable food otherwise, but it contains little of this one food factor. The baby lives on his hump as far as iron is concerned for the first few months. The main reason why solid foods are added to his diet at an early age—and the actual time at which they are added varies somewhat depending on both the baby and the physician—is to give him additional iron. A special baby cereal, that does not need to be cooked and that is high in iron and other essential food factors, is usually given first. Egg yolk, vegetables, fruits and meat are added in turn and all of them increase the iron in your baby's meals. All these foods should be started gradually so that your baby becomes accustomed by pleasant degrees to their tastes and textures. Don't force him to eat more than he wants and don't overstress any one single food. If a baby is kept on a milk diet too long he will become anaemic.

Babies that are born too soon—the prematures—are especially likely to develop anaemia. This is because they were born before they had a chance to lay down their normal store of iron. Physicians watch them for anaemia and they are usually given iron-containing medicine for a while.

There are two other conditions that often cause anaemia. When you develop an infection, such as a bad cold, tonsillitis, whooping cough, measles and so on, this interferes with the production of haemoglobin. Consequently infections, especially severe or prolonged ones, cause anaemia. That is why one is pale after an illness. In addition, of course, the amount of iron that you eat when you are sick is usually less than normal. During convalescence iron-rich food is especially valuable and iron-containing medicine may be needed as well. If the anaemia is severe, a transfusion, in which some blood from a healthy person is injected into the patient's vein, may be essential. Bleeding or haemorrhage of any severity also causes anaemia. For this reason transfusions are often necessary after operations or accidents. Supplies of blood all ready for transfusions are kept in "blood banks" in the larger hospitals. As there are several different types of blood, care is taken to inject the right one. It is usual for the relatives of the patient to find donors who will give some of their blood to the "blood bank" to replace what has been given to the patient.

Pernicious anaemia which occurs in older people is due to another cause and requires different treatment. ♦

## Are you so very different from all these women?

Today millions of women in Canada are using Tampax "internal" monthly protection

Why are you different from a woman who lives next door or another three thousand miles away? Why let them get ahead of you? Why don't you, too, take advantage of this improved method of monthly sanitary protection? . . . An invention of a doctor, Tampax applies the principle of internal absorption to this special use. No belts, pins or external pads belong with Tampax. It is complete as you buy it . . . Made of highly absorbent cotton, Tampax comes in dainty applicators. When in place it is unseen and unfelt. No chafing. No odor. No hampering bulk or embarrassing edge-lines. Quick to change and easy to dispose of . . . Buy Tampax at any drug store or notion counter. Average month's supply fits into purse; economy box holds 4 times this quantity. Three absorbencies — Regular, Super, Junior — to suit varying needs. Canadian Tampax Corporation Ltd., Brampton, Ontario. TX48-20



... and they came right out of the Nestle Baby Hair Treatment Bottle."

Yes, Mother, for over 35 years Nestle Baby Hair Treatment has been helping to bring beautiful curls and ringlets to babies' hair.

- easy to use—gentle—created especially for babies' fine hair
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At drug, dept. stores, baby and beauty shops. If unable to buy locally—

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City ..... Province..... NC2...

Nestle BABY HAIR TREATMENT

### Next Month 50 Gift Ideas

which can be whipped up in a jiffy!

From across Canada, our Councilors sent their favorite ideas for tricky Christmas gifts—ideas which have been proved successful.

IN THE DECEMBER CHATELAINE



## Which is Emily?

Continued from page 101

could get around her like butter. It was easy to know when she couldn't make up her mind, yes or no, and then discovered that it was easier to say yes. Pop wasn't like that. He could be grim. Sometimes Jessie stayed mad at him for weeks. But also it gave her a comfortable sort of feeling to hear No, and realize that it must stick—or else.

When I'm married and have a daughter, she thought, I'll be different. I'll be strict but fair. I'll say yes or no and mean it.

Just the same, she felt lonesome for her mother tonight. She wished she were home and they'd gone to town, just the two of them for a matinee, lunch first and tea after. That was fun, much more fun than when they took Jessie's friends along, and mother tried so hard to be gay and almost 17.

She seized her pen, which leaked, and in an execrable hand, wrote

"Dear Mother: I'm sorry I haven't written, honestly I've been up to my ears. They sprang some exams on us, I nearly died. I think I passed. Maybe I flunked English, I don't know. It's all such a bore. But the weather has been fine and the riding wonderful. May I have Patty down for Christmas? She's from Honolulu and hasn't anywhere to go. She's swell, you'll like her. Howard will. She's better looking than Gwen too and her people have scads of money. She's really Howard's type, if he has one. I've been so busy I don't know if I'm coming or going but everything's fine."

Everything wasn't. There were things you had to learn for yourself and had to decide. She could never tell about Hallie being expelled and why...

After a while she wrote, "Love to all,

Jessie," folded the letter and put it in an envelope. She'd try to write again next week. Her mother wrote every other day. But I haven't time, thought Jessie, and she has all the time in the world.

She felt a little homesick, thinking of the house and the fires snapping. I wish I were as pretty as she is, I wish I could say clever things, I wish she were here. Sometimes, we are really close, I don't know whether I feel over 40 or she feels 17, but really, I mean. Her birthday's next month. I wonder if I could coax Dad to give me an advance on my allowance? I'd like to get her some perfume. She's crazy about perfume. The time she spends on her face and her hair and all... at her age! It's crazy. But it's cute, thought Jessie, lovingly.

How old was her mother. Forty-two, 43? Jessie shivered in the bright red robe. It wasn't old, it wasn't. But it wasn't young either and you heard of such terrible things. Heart failure, strokes, sudden... and fatal.

She ripped open the envelope and wrote hastily, "Mother, I can have one free week end between now and Christmas. Couldn't I come home and have a binge with you in town or something...?"

Emily and Jim went up the hospital steps. He carried the small suitcase, and put his free arm around her shoulders. "It will be all right," he said. "Don't worry, darling, we have had some tough and anxious times, and they have always come out all right."

He was so sorry for her, she was so defenseless. And Emily said, "Of course, it will be all right."

She was praying, she was saying, let it be all right, please let it be all right.

She was thinking of Howard, and also of herself. Howard was thinking of her, and Jessie, and Jim...

Who sees himself clearly, who sees anyone truly. What am I, who are you, which is Emily? +

## Your Child at School

Continued from page 105

to the inspector he met at lodge. Approach to inspectors or trustees should be a last resort. However, don't tolerate the use of sarcasm or attitudes on the part of the teacher that you feel are affecting the mental health of your child. Clear the air with an interview.

**Do invite teacher** to your home and meet her as an adult and a fellow citizen, and do not explain her presence by "she's John's teacher." Don't subject her to a long ordeal of piano playing, recitations, etc., by Mary. Avoid showing off the child—let her have dinner or tea with the family and then go on to her normal routine leaving adults to spend a pleasant hour together. The teacher will understand your child much better if she knows her background.

**Don't try to make** your child the best-dressed, best-equipped one in the class. Avoid fads of dress, fancy crayons, expensive bags, etc., that single a student out and make her feel superior—or embarrass her. Encourage leadership abilities, but watch out for arrogance.

**Do make it your business** to understand why things are done at school—avoid harsh judgments until you know facts. When special events are on that your child is in be sure to give him your loyalty and support. This goes for visiting days, choir concerts, etc.

**Do supplement** school education with outside experience and materials. Encourage your child to go to the library and help him choose books. Watch his movies, comics, music and other interests in a friendly, co-operative way. However, don't feel obliged to teach him before he goes to school. If he is interested and bright in certain directions, encourage the interest; but remember the teaching of a great many things, including the alphabet, has changed since you went to school; and even Cousin Harry, who is a university professor, may be a hindrance rather than a help in giving sonny a start.

**Do join the Home and School Club** or Parent-Teacher Association. Get to know the teachers, the school buildings and equipment, the other parents. Support panel discussions and forums with parents and teachers, learn to understand the school's system of promotions, monthly reports, marking examinations, homework, etc., and let the principal and teachers see how you feel about such things. And don't let dad shirk his responsibilities. He has just as important a part to play as mother in his son's or daughter's education.

**Do try to maintain** a relationship with your child which will encourage him to talk over his difficulties with you, knowing that you will try to be an impartial judge upon the merits of every case and that you will not side with him because he is your son. +

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Ah!  
my

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# Chatelaine

NOVEMBER,  
1948

## Fall Beauty Issue

Vol. 21  
No. 11

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Cover by Larry Harris

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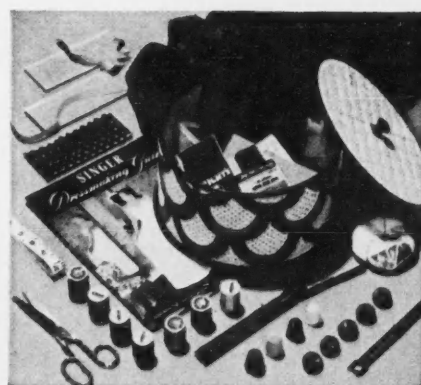
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